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Encounter

MARCH 1972

VOL. XXXVIII NO. 3

Edited by MELVIN J. LASKY *and* D. J. ENRIGHT

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Published monthly by Encounter Ltd. at 59 St Martin's Lane London WC2N 4JS
Per copy: UK 35p: USA & Canada $1.25: Back numbers 35p ($1.25).
Annual subscription: UK £4: USA & Canada $14 (by air $15.50): Elsewhere £4.95.
Full-time students (state place and course of study): UK £3.15: USA and Canada $10: Elsewhere £3.15.
Trade/Subscription Department: Encounter Ltd. 59 St Martin's Lane London WC2N 4JS (01-836 4194).
US news-stand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc. P.O. Box 6014, Long Island City, N.Y. 11106.
Authorised as Second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.
Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. © *1972 by Encounter Ltd.*

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Lord Arran

The Sexual Offences Act

A Personal Memoir

PEOPLE ASK ME why I started the whole damned thing. Looking back I honestly don't know. Exhibitionism? Because I went to Eton and I knew what it was all about? A hatred of injustice as exemplified in a case ten years earlier when a newspaper colleague went to prison over a case so contrived as to stink for ever in the annals of the police and the judiciary? I do not know my own motives any more. Most probably my—or rather Parliament's—"liberation" of the male homosexual here and elsewhere derives from my unhappiness at that time over a purely domestic matter (nothing to do with homosexuality!). I have known more than one man in his distress turn to matters which will give him a new anxiety—a counter-irritant as it were. Of such distress was "William", as I called the Bill facetiously, born.

In fact I was lucky. The time was ripe. There existed a monstrous anomaly. No Government would remove it for fear of losing votes. *"Prince ne peut, Roi ne deigne, Rohan [Arran] suit,* the motto of the Rohan family. I thought, if others have dared why not I? It simply needed someone to grasp the nettle, and a damned prickly nettle it was too. I grasped it.

Now the situation was this. Under our Parliamentary system a member of the House of Commons can only introduce a Bill under the so-called Ten Minute Rule or if he is one of the M.P.s lucky in the annual Ballot, a Peer can introduce a Bill into the Lords at more or less any time. We Peers have unique opportunities.

I was of course not by any means the first in the field. The Wolfenden Report had been published some eight years previously, and various attempts had been made, notably by Mr Kenneth Robinson, to implement Part II of it which was concerned with homosexual offences. But at that time the Government of the day was afraid for political or "moral" reasons to introduce legislation. And indeed the feeling of many members of the House of Lords still ran high against a change.

I bided my time. To fail could have meant delaying legislation for another five or ten years or even more, and this although the tide of public opinion was flowing strongly in a more liberal direction.

FINALLY, without pressure from anyone or any group—and at no stage was I subject to any pressures—I took the plunge on 12 May, 1965. I had laid my plans carefully. The first step was to introduce a Motion in general terms calling for reform. I wrote to some two hundred Peers whom I thought likely to be sympathetic, asking for their support, not by any means all on the liberal and Socialist benches. Indeed during the enactment of the Bill I sent out more than 2,000 "whips" in all (not to mention two telegrams to Bishops on the High Seas at £15 apiece!). When the motion was debated there were some 23 speakers in favour and only four against.

The way now lay clear. I had been given a green light. I pressed on immediately. On the advice of the wisest man I know, Mr Peter

THE AUTHOR *is the 8th Earl of Arran, sits in the House of Lords (his 18th-century ancestor was created first Earl of Arran of the Arran Islands), and is a regular columnist for the London "Evening News". He was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, and subsequently served as an attaché in the British Diplomatic Service (Berne, Lisbon). He has been a broadcaster and journalist for many years and has contributed to "The Guardian", "The Observer" and other London newspapers.*

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Henderson, then Clerk of Public Bills,[1] I introduced a one Clause Bill which in effect simply said, "Do you think that the law should be changed?"

On second Reading my opponents mustered their forces. I found myself faced with the might and majesty of the law. Opposed to me were two ex-Lord Chancellors, the late Lord Kilmuir, Lord Dilhorne and a former Lord Chief Justice, Lord Goddard, not to mention such awesome public figures as Lord Montgomery and the former Chief Scout Lord Rowallan. Dire and dreadful were the warnings of these distinguished gentlemen. Over and over again we were threatened with the same fate as that of the Greek and Roman Empires. As a classicist, this annoyed me, since in fact Greece, *i.e.* Athens, fell because the Athenians were defeated in battle by the Spartans who were ten times more homosexual than the Athenians themselves.

MY OWN ARGUMENT was simple. I said that no man deliberately chose to be a homosexual or to do something unnatural to him. There was no ultimate standard of "natural" behaviour; indeed nature herself was always breaking her own rules. Who would be so obstinate as deliberately to forgo the love of a woman and children? As an M.P. had said in the Commons, "Look what they're missing!" Homosexuals, I said, were the odd men out, the ones with the limp. Was it right to persecute them still further when nature had already bestowed on them a cursed heritage?

At the end of the day I divided the House. When the Lord Chancellor asked "Content?" there was hardly a murmur. "Not content?", there was a roar. I was convinced we had lost. But as I stood in the lobby holding my wand —I was a Teller—I saw coming towards me a sweet and seemingly endless stream of "contents." Lord Stonham, the Home Office Under-Secretary, my strong though officially neutral supporter, gave me the thumbs-up sign, and I knew we had won. *The Guardian* called the majority of 94 to 49 "a splendid palindrome." It was I think the only great moment of my small life.

A week earlier, Mr Leo Abse had sought leave to introduce a Bill in the Commons and been defeated though by a fairly small majority. I did not mind this overmuch. I believed that the Lords would show the way. In the event they did.

BUT THEN the real slog began. I had to draft with legal but not parliamentary lawyers' aid a full Bill. This was torn in pieces in the Committee stage, and eventually the Government, whose hearts and views were for the most part personally with me, in sheer exasperation and at the suggestion of Lord Boothby, gave me the help of the parliamentary draftsmen.

By now I was on the way to victory. Numerous amendments, some frivolous—Field-Marshal Montgomery wanted to raise the age of consent to 80!—some reasoned and closely argued, were put down and I had to find Peers who felt as I did to help me through. I could not argue every amendment myself, so I dealt them out like a pack of cards to various allies, more capable and substantial than myself. Eventually we got through with only one amendment by Lord Dilhorne; this was to the effect that intercourse between consenting adults should be deemed criminal if a third party was present. I opposed the amendment but inasmuch as it was aimed against homosexual assemblies, sometimes known as "gang-bangs", I have come round to the view that Lord Dilhorne was right.

I was also happy to support the exclusion of the Armed Forces from the Bill on disciplinary grounds. This too was clearly right. Lord Kilmuir, who wanted also to exclude the police, conjured up a fearful picture of one senior policeman ringing up another and "propositioning" him. ("That you, Super? Chief-Inspector here. How about it tonight?") The imagination boggled; but then we were constantly being warned against the most extraordinary eventualities. Later on the Merchant Navy was also excluded, though from what I am told if there ever was a horse in those stables it has long since bolted.

Meanwhile I was going through a little private hell of my own. My wife loyally supported me, though clearly she didn't like the whole thing ("Why don't you take up something decent like litter?"); but I began to receive personal abuse to which even as a newspaper-columnist I was not accustomed. Some of it was based on instinctive emotional distaste, some on ethical grounds. It varied from a letter from a retired General living abroad, who accused me of having a love affair with a very high dignitary of the

[1] It is no exaggeration to say that without Mr Henderson's advice and encouragement the Sexual Offences Bill would not be on the Statute Book today.

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Anglican Church, to an envelope containing human excrement.

Furthermore I began to live in constant fear of blackmail by framing. A clear conscience, I learned, was not enough. I knew that a considerable number of blackmailers were living on the pickings from their victims and that suddenly they stood to lose their source of income. This was frightening. But the letters from homosexuals, pathetic in their sincerity and placing their trust in me, were burdens even harder to bear. A man wrote to me anonymously—almost everyone who wrote to me was anonymous—"For twenty years I have been meeting a man on Westminster Bridge on the first of the month and giving him £100 which I cannot afford and which I must conceal from my wife. Today for the first time, thanks to your Bill, I shall not be keeping my appointment."

In the end his refusal to be blackmailed proved to be justified.

BUT "William" and I were still in danger. On 1 November 1966 I was rung up by the Personnel Officer of my Company to say that a gang had written on the office-walls in red-lead the words "*Arran Homo*." Subsequently I heard that the same words had been written on my Club, and on every railway terminus and every tube station in the London area. To them add Buckingham Palace (side-entrance!) and Kensington Palace. This of course was a sign of success though it caused considerable gloom in the family. I had drawn blood and some Fascist or fanatic religious group had been stung into action. These, however, were far from being my personal reactions at the time. I hardly dared to hold my head high. Indeed I thought of resigning from my Club until I woke up and said to myself "Why the bloody hell should I?" (The Club, the best Club in London, took no action. Clubs have changed since Oscar Wilde's day.)

But I had henceforth to take extreme precautions. I would not see any young man in my office without my secretary being present. I had —and this is a sheer statistical fact—the happiness of perhaps a million men (as it turned out, many more) in my hands. One indiscreet step and their case would have been put back perhaps indefinitely.

It was at this time that I began to drink, not heavily or, I like to think, noticeably. But for over a year I was permanently if slightly pickled (I have had great difficulty in curing myself since). One noble Lord, now my friend, said in Parliament that he was glad to see that the noble Earl "having refreshed himself" was back in the Chamber. How right he was! I had always liked alcohol and perhaps, like most of my friends, to excess. But at this time I lived from drink to drink. The most difficult thing was to lead my ordinary social life and pretend that I was still the happy, lightweight buffoon which is my role in life; not to mention writing my column which is my livelihood.

Meanwhile Parliament continued its solemn quadrille. It seemed as though we were heading for success at any rate in the Lords, but the session came to an end. My Bill went automatically into limbo. When the new Parliament reassembled I had to introduce it all over again. By this time the Lords were beginning to be sick of the business, and it required all my persuasions to muster a majority at each stage. On one occasion it was down to 18, not through a change of heart on the part of their Lordships but through sheer non-attendance. We had a formal Committee and Report stage on this occasion and we passed the Bill more or less on the nod.

BUT NOW THERE loomed up that most formidable obstacle, the Commons. To this, having given my whole effort to the Lords, I had heedlessly paid scant attention. But now it was a question of finding someone lucky in the ballot who would introduce the Bill in the "other place", though I knew there were stalwart reformers ready to pick up the load. Alas the winners that year were such M.P.s as Mr Duncan Sandys, or elderly, though admirable, Welsh miners such as Mr S. O. Davies. To neither did my Bill make instinctive appeal. There remained my Liberal colleague, Mr David Steel. But he opted for Abortion, that other reform also initiated in the House of Lords by Lord Silkin, and a far hotter potato. I warned him, but in his unwisdom he decided to abort. In view of what has happened since I wager he regrets his decision. At least there are no sectional religious issues on buggery, though it must be recorded that throughout my Bill the Catholic Church sat shamefully on the sidelines, unlike the Anglican Bishops (particularly the Archbishop of Canterbury) who gave it their strong support. I used to telephone to Lambeth Palace asking what help I could hope for from the episcopal benches. Usually I was assured of four or five Bishops.

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AT THIS MOMENT I decided to take a risk and play my trump card. I was by now firmly convinced that I had popular support; so I asked the Editor of the *Daily Mail* to commission a National Opinion Poll with the simple question

> *Do you think that homosexual acts committed in private between consenting adults should be liable to criminal prosecution?*

"We'll have to print the answers however they come out," the Editor said primly. I said I was content. The outcome was as I had expected. Sixty-three per cent were in favour of changing the law. Once again all seemed plain sailing, but still the Bill had to go through the Commons. We were through the Lords for the second time, and the indefatigable Mr Leo Abse, M.P. and the brave Mr Humphry Berkeley, M.P. were always waiting in the wings, ready to introduce if an opportunity occurred.

An opportunity did occur when, in November, Mr Berkeley won second place in the Commons ballot. He introduced in February the same Bill which I had introduced in the Lords and which was in effect pure Wolfenden. Mr Berkeley triumphed by 164 votes to 107. All seemed set fair, but in March the Prime Minister, Mr Harold Wilson, called a General Election and "William" went back once again into limbo.

A Socialist Government was again returned, and though Mr Humphry Berkeley lost his seat, Mr Leo Abse was quick to introduce the same Bill under the 10-minute rule. He won a resounding victory of 194 votes to 84, and he showed great good sense. That is to say he accepted without question the proposal to exempt the Merchant Navy from the Act (though, as I have said, it was a pretty meaningless gesture), and he refused to lower the age of consent from 21 to 18 both because he thought it wrong and also because I had told him that I could not get such an amendment past the Bishops when the time came for me to pilot the Bill through the Lords —and I still had to do this (for the third time) before it became law.

On this last occasion I had an easier ride. But on Second Reading the House again divided. My noble cousin, Lord Salisbury (who had taken no part in our previous debates) unexpectedly and *ex cathedra* denounced the Bill on the ground that "our moral fibre is being steadily deteriorated." This condemnation of which he had not informed me in advance alarmed me, bearing in mind the Hatfield pronunciamenti which had so influenced British political life over the last 70 or 80 years. But in the event it turned out to be a bust flush. Lord Annan who spoke immediately afterwards, and with authority as a former Provost of King's College, Cambridge and now Vice-Chancellor of University College, London, pointed out that homosexuality was on the decrease for the obvious reason that "nowadays boys go out with girls." I got a bigger majority (115 to 48) than ever before.

AFTER THIS THE OPPOSITION melted away and there was little or no discussion. On 21 July 1967 I made my last speech on the Motion "that this Bill do now pass." Perhaps I may quote from it. I said:

"When we first debated these affairs—and how long ago it seems!—I said that your Lordships had it in your power to remove fear from the hearts of men. This you have done. It was this House which gave the lead. Because of the Bill now to be enacted, perhaps a million human beings will be able to live in greater peace. I find this an awesome and marvellous thing. The late Oscar Wilde, on his release from Reading Gaol, wrote to a friend:

> Yes, we shall win in the end; but the road will be long and red with monstrous martyrdoms.

My Lords, Mr Wilde was right: the road has been long and the martyrdoms many, monstrous and bloody. Today, please God! sees the end of that road.

"I ask one thing and I ask it earnestly. I ask those who have, as it were, been in bondage and for whom the prison doors are now open to show their thanks by comporting themselves quietly and with dignity. This is no occasion for jubilation; certainly not for celebration. Any form of ostentatious behaviour now, or in the future, any form of public flaunting, would be utterly distasteful and would, I believe, make the sponsors of the Bill regret that they have done what they have done. Homosexuals must continue to remember that while there may be nothing bad in being a homosexual, there is certainly nothing good. Lest the opponents of the Bill think that a new freedom, a new privileged class, has been created, let me remind them that no amount of legislation will prevent homosexuals from being the subject of dislike and derision or at best of pity. We shall always, I fear,

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resent the odd man out. That is their burden for all time, and they must shoulder it like men—for men they are.

"For my own part, just this. In the last two years I have been navigating in deep and troubled waters, so deep and so troubled that at times I feared I would be engulfed. At such times I have been strengthened and sustained by the knowledge that I had the approval and support of the majority of this House, including the Lords Spiritual and, in particular, of my new and neutral friends, the noble and learned Lord the Lord Chancellor and the noble Lord, Lord Stonham, to whom I owe so much. These things have meant much to me. I count myself privileged to be a very minor member of this generous and, in the truest sense, noble assembly."

LOOKING BACK, while Mr Berkeley and Mr Abse (whose Act it is incidentally, though comma for comma identical with mine)[2] had a hard fight which I did not envy them, I must record in fairness to the House of Lords that the real battle-ground was in our Chamber and the issue decided there. I proudly and truthfully put the Sexual Offences Act on record as the achievement of the Upper House. It cannot be stated too often that the two great social reforms during the Labour Government's term of office, Abortion and Sexual Offences (Sex came first) originated in the Lords, perhaps the least reactionary and most flexible of any western Parliamentary chambers; and, in my opinion, the two Bills justified—on this ground alone—the existence of that seeming anachronism. Certainly neither the then Government nor Opposition can claim credit or (if you prefer) debit, though certain individuals from all three parties, particularly the Liberals and of course the Church, showed strength of purpose for which they deserve high praise. Indeed it is a statistical fact that the Bill would have been passed by the hereditary peers alone.

What have been the results? At home, I would say that from the statistics there is no evidence that homosexual practices have increased. Doubtless what is done and has indeed always been done continues to be done, but without fear of legal prosecution.

[2] Under the 10-minute rule, the Bill which the House of Commons gives an M.P. leave to introduce has in theory to be a new Bill.

Abroad others have followed our example. In Canada Mr Pierre Trudeau took the British Parliament's Act and incorporated it in his own Criminal Offences Act. In West Germany the famous Paragraph 175 has been abolished and legislation in accordance with our own has been substituted. In the United States which has for centuries accepted the Puritan code which we originally gave them (an American judge said to me, "You gave us your laws—now help us to bring them up to date"), reform can only come slowly and State by State. A Federal enactment seems unlikely.

To the million British men then, add 240,000 Canadians and 840,000 West Germans (on the basis of one to twenty-five adult homosexuals) and we get a total of 2,080,000. Whether you regard them as "liberated" or condemned to perdition depends on your individual point of view.

Looking back on it all, I don't know how I dared. I have a totally irrational belief that we are each of us given one opportunity in life to do something difficult and dangerous, and that if we do not take it we cannot live with ourselves again. It was a challenge I had to accept or opt out from for ever.

In accepting it and overcoming it, I lost my personal reputation. When I gave my name in a shop, I would get a look of surprise or sometimes of positive distaste. One Peer, admittedly not Britain's wisest, refused to have me in his house. I was of course throughout suffering from advanced persecution mania and I imagined slights where none were intended. But the letters were there all right. Few men, I can truthfully boast, have been subjected to such a stream of concentrated filth—or indirectly few women too, for I want to record the loyalty of my secretary, Mrs Stella Fenn, who read letters not fit for female eyes, and who when finding the "*Arran Homo*" slogan on a wall in Kensington wiped it out with spittle on her handkerchief. We went through much together.

WHO WERE my supporters? A mixed bunch: indeed I should imagine that many of them had never before voted in the same lobby. The Socialists (with exceptions) and the Liberals I expected, but I was amazed by the number of those I had previously thought of as strong reactionaries who did not speak but quietly voted. They were what President Nixon has called the silent majority. To them I owe special thanks.

I owe too a lot to those of my opponents who

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through sheer stupidity succeeded in persuading the House that whoever else was right they themselves must be wrong. "Old so-and-so speaking again?" I used to say. "Good, that's another ten votes for us." That arch-reactionary, the late Lord Brocket was a particular friend in this regard, so too was the late Lord Goddard. Though of course in most respects a brilliant if harsh man, he took it upon himself solemnly to remind us of the "Buggers' Clubs," of which frankly I had never heard. But he warned us. I asked him a week or so later whether the letters he had received had supported him. Dead-pan, he replied "Almost all the letters I have received wanted to know the names and addresses and telephone numbers of the buggers' clubs. . . ." Because of his humanity and humour, I could have kissed him. I don't think his learned Lordship would have welcomed my salute.

There were other jolly incidents. Some I still cannot record but one at least I can. There are two Peers of the same names; indeed there are several such couples. To one such Peer, a close friend and married to my cousin, I began one of my "whips" facetiously "*Darling*" and ended up *xxx*; to the other, a somewhat austere gentleman, I began formally "*Dear Lord X*". The first indication that all was not well was when my cousin wrote to me and asked what the hell I meant by writing to him "*Dear Lord X*" and calling me a pompous ass. "Oh dear," I thought to myself, "Oh dear." To this day I cannot look the other Lord *X* in the face.

WHERE DOES THE CREDIT—or the debit—lie? With Sir John Wolfenden and his courageous Committee first and foremost; with Parliament, and especially the House of Lords who, as I have said, by this and other similar reforms have once again re-established themselves in the country as a force to reckon with and a source for good; with the Socialist Government as such very little, though in fairness I doubt whether I could have got the Bill through under the Conservatives; with Lord Gardiner and with Lord Stonham, then Under-Secretary for the Home Office, who were unofficially as unneutral as any country or person can be without actually declaring war; with the Archbishop of Canterbury who dared to say things such as I, who can say anything without it mattering, would not have dared; with Lady Gaitskell who among the simple, sensible things she said challenged flatly Lord Montgomery for claiming that he had never known a single case of homosexuality among his armies and suggested he hadn't known his men very well; with Lady Wootton whose dry, caustic logic destroyed many of the more ridiculous emotional arguments put forward; with Lord James of Rusholme, who as an outstanding educationalist and former High Master of Manchester Grammar School made it clear that the modern school-master's attitude to homosexuality is not so primaeval as his predecessor's; with lion-hearted Mr Leo Abse whose Act it is; with Lord Queensberry—thus avenging history—and Lord Hertford who spoke for the youth for which we were legislating; with Mr Edgar Wright, then Secretary of the Albany Trust, who shared closely my work and my anxieties and had his health seriously undermined.

What will history say? Very little probably. In the years ahead people will be amazed by our sexual shibboleths as indeed is the Arab world already today.

I confess I worry about my own small part in those happenings. If history does take note, will it think of me as the man who, like Socrates, corrupted the youth but on a massive, even world-wide scale? Or shall I be judged by my successors and my God as someone who helped to make men feel less frightened and less guilty? If perchance the latter then I can only say that the Almighty chooses curious instruments for his divine purpose.

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Edward J. Mishan

Making the World Safe for Pornography

THE "PERMISSIVE REVOLUTION" which gathered pace in the 1960s encompasses a number of related aspects, a minor one perhaps being the growing use in popular writing, in pop songs, and in ordinary discourse, of vulgar expressions and four-letter words. The joys of shocking the gentry are drawing to a close, however. Obscene words and phrases are now an inescapable part of the flotsam and jetsam of today's admass argot of communication, this being but one of the several consequences of the rapid inter-permeation of Western cultures, styles, customs, and techniques that threaten to culminate in an unrelieved uniformity the world over. In the scramble for taking off, getting there, anywhere, there is time no longer for fine distinctions. The pressures of time (which paradoxically appear to grow *pari passu* with per capita "real" income), the expansion of visual media, the impatience of the current generation with forms and procedures combine to breed contempt for linguistic precision and to foster a relish for multi-purpose clichés and the vulgar vernacular.[1]

Permissiveness of dress has an affinity with that of language. Both are part of a commercially-sponsored "youth culture" that has become a little too self-conscious in its studied defiance of a nanny image of adult authority. Quasi-exhibitionist attire, from being a fashion of the '60s, appears to have settled down to become a trend. Leaving out the cult of grubbiness, regarded as one of the more pathetic forms of protest against "the System", one of the ambitions of the wide-eyed young is that of being seen in the accoutrements of the ad man's "jet set", enjoying the glossy privileges of the "new Europeans"—coolly smoking the finest Virginian, carelessly leaning against the hoods of high-powered Mercedes, drinking vodka by candle-light, flying to popular resorts along the Mediterranean and, above all, sporting gaudy and daring attire. At the age of peak desire for self-display, the young in an affluent society lend themselves admirably to being a ubiquitous part of the erotic scene.

Never have styles among women during the summer months been so openly flaunting. Knee-high black boots focus the spectator's eye on the full length of a thigh that, through a vestigial skirt, can be seen to merge, on seating, into the opulent rotundities of the buttocks. Picking one's way through a railway station, the bouncing jaunt of girls in over-tight silk slacks offers tantalising visions of pneumatic bliss. "Hot pants", with their familiar barrack-room connotations, vie with undulating see-through blouses and, on special occasions, with see-through pants, panties, and chemises—vie also with topless or bottomless costumes that are uncertain as yet whether to move from private beaches, restaurants, and night clubs into the broad daylight of the streets. One cannot but sympathise with those members of Women's Lib who watch aghast a trend that so blatantly sub-

[1] Along with other terms having about them a penumbra of doubt or irony, I put the term "permissive" in quotes. As has been remarked by a number of persons, and recently by Professor George Allen in a letter to *The Times* (30 March 1971), the apparent growth of sex permissiveness is a poor consolation prize for the mounting frustrations of individuals in the modern industrial welfare state. Indeed, Quintin Hogg once observed that, sex aside, modern society with its increasing number of regulations and controls (all for our own good, of course) has become the antithesis of permissive.

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merges the individual character of women in a flesh pond of sexuality. For men can hardly be expected continually to avert their eyes from the manifest eroticism of fashions that have made of otherwise ordinary females an essential part of the furnishings of the sex-permissive society. Unless a man can somehow become de-sensitised over time, it will remain something of an effort to have to remind himself dutifully, from time to time, that such temptuous flesh-obtruding beings are really "persons" after all.[2]

ANOTHER PRODUCT of the "permissive revolution" is the cornucopia of female flesh currently exhibited at night-spots all over the country. Yet the conventional strip-tease act, though it continues to attract a varied clientele, does not rate as daring compared with the live shows—openly advertised in Denmark—depicting a diversity of sexual activities between members of the same and opposite sexes, in couples, threesomes, foursomes, and "moresomes", with the occasional animal thrown in as a zesty treat. In contrast, the public cinema has confined itself to more intimate shots of "normal" or heterosexual activity, often discreetly admixed with violence or horror, although the more conventional forms of deviancy such as homosexuality, lesbianism, incest, and the sexual involvement of minors are manifestly on the increase. As for books, magazines, and blue films, they range from men's magazines, "naughty" sex, and "pop porn", appearing on the newsstands, to those that probe the nethermost fantasies of sexuality, with manuals specialising in the depiction of improbable feats plus photographs of outsize organs taken from every conceivable angle.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that much of this matter appearing in manuals and booklets is commercially promoted as "educational": case studies in the history of pathologies, and the like, though today such rationalisations are hardly thought necessary. The literature on sexual experience and the psychology of sex has wandered far from the trail left by the earnest pioneering efforts of Marie Stopes or Havelock Ellis. Far from muting the sensory aspects of the sexual experience in favour of the therapeutic, the former are magnified to the point of obsession. The accent is now unabashedly on the orgasmic, on the techniques for the attainment of the uttermost. Even on a superficial plane one begins to feel uneasy, nostalgic almost. For it would seem that, just as the old-time leisurely wayfarer has given place to the tight-scheduled packaged tourist who, with guide-book in one hand and camera at the ready, aims to "do" Florence in one day and Paris in two, so, it now seems, is the old-time lover who followed his impulse and fancy destined to give way to the new sex technician, trained by film and guide-book to save on time, to avoid making "potentially disastrous mistakes", and to master advanced methods which cannot be learned "by instinct or trial and error" but that will enable him "to bring any woman to heights of ecstasy she has never known before."[3]

I confess that my heart falters at the prospect of mastering the athletics of forty-nine different positions, to say nothing of the timing and location of a variety of slaps, scratches, blows, bites, licks, and pinches. If the taste for this new high-powered sex catches on, it is good-bye to the old-fashioned notion of sex as one of the nicer pleasures of life; at least as a dependable form of reprieve from the daily hum-drum and stress of circumstance. For this new concern with norms of sexual performance lends itself too easily to statistical charts and self-rating devices in modern technological societies. And the search for maximum sexual satisfaction (or should it be "optimal"?) is likely to add yet another item to the weird list of new "rights" espoused by factions of the discontented citizenry of the world's wealthier communities.

WHAT IS SIGNIFICANT is not, of course, the mere existence of such literature and such entertainment. In different forms they can be found in other periods of history. What is significant is the scale and the "publicness" of the phen-

[2] Academic colleagues have agreed with me that we, of the older generation, are wanting perhaps in that "maturity" which would enable us to regard these scantily-clad nubile figures with the detached complacency proper to an art form. It may well be the case—though the young people I have spoken with deny the fact—that a new generation is emerging which is able to regard highly erotic attire without any sexual interest.

Whether true or not, I confess that I should feel just a little alarmed if I discovered that the sight of bouncing bosoms and buttocks no longer stirred my lusts a little—from which declaration the reader is *not* to infer that I approve of current fashions. Sex stimulation arising from the sight of erotically clad females has its place and its function. But sexual stimulation as an all-pervasive phenomenon is as much an abuse of liberty as it is a perversion of taste. To put it mildly, it is a nuisance for an ordinary healthy man to be exposed to sexually-inviting attire on the way to work, on the streets, in buses, in trains, and in offices; sexuality forcing itself continually on the privacy of his thoughts and feelings. There is, in fact, a good liberal case against "sex pollution" too. I shall touch on this aspect in a separate article.

[3] The quoted phrases are from a brochure issued in 1970 by a firm under the name of John Amslow & Associates (Culver City, California), a business concern offering the "adult public" an "advanced sexual techniques kit" consisting of 8 mm. movie films plus seven photographically illustrated manuals.

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omenon; the fact that obscenity now struts openly in the market place. The latent demand, it could be argued, was always there. But the wealth, technology, and the acquiescence of the law were required before the latent demand could be made effective, before it could be stimulated and promoted.

To choose a fairly recent impression by Ludovic Kennedy in an article, "New York Revisited":

> Times Square was a shock too, despite friends' warnings. In one window, a still life of dildos in a mug, like toothbrushes, all shapes for all seasons, and beside them blown-up rubber girlies, man-size, pink and brown, brunette and blonde, to keep one warm in bed. In another window a picture of two rhinos on the job . . .
>
> *Screw* and *Ban, Orgy* and *Pleasure,* are the depressing pornographic broadsheets available at any kerbside paper-stall. . . . The stories cover the usual porno ground from bestiality to analingus, but the ads are almost unbelievable. "Sincere, hairy guy, white, 32, with enviable 8 x 6 wishes to meet sympathetic AC/DC couples, any color, for groovy threesomes. My specialities French and Greek cultures, also watersports and S and M. Discretion assured. Photos please." (*Spectator,* 7 March 1970).

As they say up North, "Where there's muck there's brass." Hardly had the law begun to avert its eyes than the ubiquitous forces of private enterprise moved into the field. Quick fortunes have been and are being made. The commercial opportunities for the "dirty" book, film, or live show, are today brighter than ever. Despite these developments, the movement calling on the law not merely to avert its eyes but to turn its back on all sexual matters, whether of public behaviour or entertainment, has not abated.

Is there cause for concern, or is there not?

Emotional Responses

SINCE MANIFESTATIONS of the new sex "permissiveness" are so varied, a magazine article must of necessity limit itself to particular aspects. In the main I confine myself to the growth over the last decade of the erotic, the "lascivious", the "obscene" and the "pornographic," in literature, art, and entertainment.[4]

As distinct from the argument to which they give form, there are also a number of emotional attitudes tending to favour the "permissive" revolution. One of them is commonly to be found among the lower-middle-class and young middle-age group, in particular among social workers, civil servants, semi-professionals, including some educationalists. What appears to be common to such a group is a deep, almost desperate, desire to be associated with things "progressive." Any doubts about the value of a new "cultural" departure are deemed absurd if not reactionary. "The future" itself is a beacon, while "the past" is seen as a long struggle upward through the darkness toward the present. For this group, the highest virtue is tolerance—tolerance of any kind of social deviancy. You name it—they'll tolerate it.

I choose the words "emotional attitudes" deliberately, since much of what is cast in the form of arguments turns out, on brief inspection, to be no more than rhetorical dicta having historic or emotional overtones calculated to confuse the issues. Four characteristic examples have been selected from a recent statement to the press by John Mortimer, Q.C., defending barrister in the *Oz* case, as reported in *The Times* (9 August 1971).

> *1.* "I do not think it would be possible to embark on a life as a writer on the assumption that there was any area of human activity which you were prevented from exploring."

(The "exploration" of the area of human activity that could be proscribed by law or custom being, in this instance, specifically descriptions of sexual activity, normal and abnormal, his belief is patently false. The greater number of the world's most famous novelists—the Brontës, Dickens, Hardy, Flaubert, Stendhal, Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy (one could go on indefinitely)—all managed well enough "to embark on a life as a writer" even though "exploring" this particular area of human activity (intimate sexual description) was not to be thought of. A more germane question is whether permissiveness to "explore" carnality is producing for us a better society. Irving Kristol has argued the contrary and adds, moreover, that it is producing worse novels.

> *2.* "Obscenity is in the eye and mind of the beholder."

Mortimer is here saying not merely that obscenity is a matter of taste, but that it cannot even be identified. Is cruelty also, then, in the eye of the beholder? Although standards change over time, and although we may approve or enjoy cruelty or pornography in some circumstances, there is generally little difficulty in recognising either. Certainly pornographic writers and film producers have a pretty shrewd idea of what their public wants.

[4] Although there is an affinity between these developments, it is understood that pornography need not use obscene language and that obscene language may have nothing to do with pornography. The frequent recourse to quotation marks in the course of this essay is to be interpreted by the reader as affirming that little purpose is served by the use of more precise terminology at that point in the argument.

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3. "It is part of living to be shocked and nauseated; perhaps it will induce us to do something about it, which is also good for you."

From the fact that cruelty and crime *are* committed, which is a part of living, it does not follow that cruelty and crime *ought* to be committed or depicted. By playing loose with the language of social commitment, Mortimer is confusing the public's shock arising from true *information* of existing injustices, about which remedial action may be taken, with the shock that comes of witnessing, say cruel or obscene practices simply as *entertainment*. But of what social value is it that people, willingly or unwillingly, be shocked in such ways—unless, of course, it leads to the closing of such shows and penalising the actors and promoters?

4. "I think it is absolutely necessary that people be outraged. I do not think there can be any progress without people being outraged."

Here, again, language is used to evoke a crusading spirit in a shoddy cause. For it is manifestly untrue, in any case, that a person, group, or society cannot make any progress without suffering outrage. And even if it is true that *some* sorts of outrage, say those arising from reports of a public scandal, lead to social improvements, not *all* outrages do. I have no difficulty in imagining cultural progress, or the maintenance of a high standard of civilisation, without the necessity of outraging propriety by public displays of sexual activities or sado-masochism.

A RELATED GROUP are today's Pallid Liberals for whom sexual morality poses no problem. "Every man to his taste" is the crucial dictum here, with the occasional proviso that nobody be manifestly hurt in the process. Censorship, they point out with impeccable logic, is an infringement of personal freedom. As for what they, as responsible adults, are allowed to see and read, they will *not* be dictated to by government officials. And that's that! A few remarks on the ambiguity of the law, on the incompetence of bureaucrats, a quotation from John Milton or Stuart Mill or Lord Acton on free speech, and the matter is settled.

Mixed in with these two groups are The Freedom Fighters for whom the promotion of sex permissiveness is part of the unending crusade against those imperishable Victorians—a part of the movement from the dank dungeons of repression into the broad sunlight of erotic freedom and abundance. Among this company are to be found "enlightened" councillors, educationalists and, alas, far too many otherwise undistinguished secondary-school teachers. One is hard put not to suspect that the good fight for some of these teachers is but a part of their personal but futile struggle against their own childhood inhibitions; that their "frank and honest" talks and films depicting cohabitation, masturbation, with an occasional garnishing of lesbianism, provide them with the relief they fondly imagine is being shared also by their captive audiences of somewhat bemused youngsters.[5]

Passing mention should also be made of The Art Critic who makes a speciality of regarding pornography, and the controversy surrounding it, with detached cynicism. Staring in silence at the heaving flesh of coupled lesbians, or at a threesome in frenzied masturbation, the tight mouths and craned necks of the aficionados leave no one in doubt that their excitement at times verges on the excruciating. By dint of dissociation, however, the journalist or art critic chooses to see it all as a form of charades. As such it is not hard to depict its comic and pathetic features. Let it take its ridiculous course, he says in effect, it won't get very far. As an art form, at least, porno is strictly a limited medium. Ere long, we shall all be yawning.

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[5] In regions where even the skilled psychiatrist is as yet unsure of his footing, "progressive" teachers can be found giving pat advice to young people about sexual behaviour much as if they were coaxing tots to eat more buns at a tea party.

"If you are attached to a member of your own sex, and if you both want to give physical expression to your feelings, then do so", advise Messrs M. Hill and M. Lloyd Jones in their booklet, *Sex Education*, put out by the National Secular Society (London, 1970).

Again, according to *The Times* (18 Dec. 1971), the Working Party's Report presented to the Birmingham Educational Committee "felt that many children were not receiving the sex education they needed." (Possibly it would be nearer the mark to say that the children were not receiving as much sex education as some of the teachers were anxious to offer!) With the results in mind of a questionnaire of three-quarters of the city's schools revealing a recent increase in children's sex inquisitiveness, the report alleged that

"teachers were becoming aware that children of this age had a *natural* and *healthy* curiosity [about sex], and it was urged that this should be dealt with simply and truthfully." (My italics).

Why "natural and healthy"? Why not—in view of the mass media's current obsession with erotica—*infectious* curiosity?

In the same issue of *The Times* there happens to be a letter from Lord Elton on the debate of the standards of the BBC in the 1970s: "Let it be recorded before this correspondence closes down that the Corporation contrived to include an attempted rape into (of all books!) *Tom Brown's Schooldays*." Perhaps, after all, we shan't have to wait long for some enterprising pornocrat to make a "modern" film version of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, with Little Nell cast in the role of a juvenile nymphomaniac.

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Will Boredom Set In?

MORE INTERESTING YET, the assertion that pornographic entertainment will in time vanish of itself is made by those who have come to find the whole thing thoroughly distasteful. One reason for this belief, or hope, is the apparent reluctance to invoke legal sanctions, a reluctance illustrated in the following passages taken from a recent editorial of the *New York Times*.[6]

> The explicit portrayal on the stage of sexual intercourse is the final step in the erosion of taste and subtlety in the theater. It reduces actors to mere exhibitionists, turns audiences into voyeurs and debases sexual relationships almost to the level of prostitution.
>
> It is difficult to see any great principle of civil liberties involved when persons indulging themselves on stage in this kind of peep-show activity are arrested for "public lewdness and obscenity"—as were the actors and staff of a recently-opened New York production that, in displaying sodomy and other sexual aberrations, reached the *reductio ad obscenum* of the theatrical art. . . .
>
> The fact that the legally enforceable standards of public decency have been interpreted away by the courts almost to the point of no return does not absolve artists, producers or publishers from all responsibility or restraint in pandering to the lowest possible public taste in quest of the largest possible monetary reward. Nor does the fact that a play, film, article or book attacks the so-called "establishment," revels in gutter language or drools over every known or unknown form of erotica justify the suspension of sophisticated critical judgment. . . .
>
> Far from providing a measure of cultural emancipation, such descents into degeneracy represent caricatures of art, deserving no exemption from the laws of common decency merely because they masquerade as drama or literature. It is preposterous to banish topless waitresses when there is no bottom to voyeurism on the stage or in the movie houses.
>
> In the end, however, there may be an even more effective answer. The insensate pursuit of the urge to shock, carried from one excess to a more abysmal one, is bound to achieve its own antidote in total boredom. When there is no lower depth to descend to, ennui will erase the problem.

Of course, journalists can always be found who would allege that live shows are already a bore. After visting Denmark last summer Peregrine Worsthorne assures us (without, however, describing just what it was he witnessed) that "It was all so unbearably dull," and later surmises that "Left to its own devices, it [pornography] can only slide inexorably down its own slime into the pit of oblivion."[7] In fact, he found the shows not only dull, and lacking in artistic skill, but somehow anti-aphrodisiac: "Not so much disgusting as unpalatable."

On the other hand, Worsthorne found the porno shops in Copenhagen ("which seem to be in every street,") far from dull. And the case for permissiveness changes accordingly from porno as a mild soporific to (or in addition to) porno as a terrible warning. The contents of the porno shops, he declared, were

> a form of evil that every one can understand, not evil disguised or dressed up, but naked and unashamed. May it not be right that we should be forced to live cheek by jowl, as the Danes now do, with the evidence of where our obsession with sex is leading us? . . .
>
> The porno shops *are* awful, and it may well be that a few are corrupted by them. But many more, staring into the abyss they represent, must draw back in terror.

The idea of voyeurs examining the contents of a porno shop and "drawing back in terror" speaks loudly for the imaginative powers of Mr Worsthorne, as does also his plea for abolition of censorship so that we may reap the benefits of exposure to naked porno, benefits that take the form of hell-fire warnings to all of us. It is an attitude which is reminiscent rather of those familiar editorial declarations of firmly refusing to withhold from the British public the true facts of the seamier side of sex, no matter how revolting (a policy pursued with relish and success over many years by some of our well-known Sunday papers). Nonetheless, if one values these "warnings" provided by pornography according to its volume and persistence, the rising trends of such enterprise must be morally gratifying to Mr Worsthorne. Perhaps the medicine may work yet more effectively if the government can be induced to subsidise a porno supplement to the family newspaper.[8]

BE THAT AS IT MAY, the question arises: suppose ennui does *not* set in, or the warning does *not* take hold, or not soon enough, what then? Indeed, is there any evidence to suggest that those who flock to see a "dirty" show become bored, or warned? Although some affect to drop in for a lark, or out of curiosity, or as a perfunctory gesture of emancipation, the compelling power of these spectacles of sexual abandon is not to be underestimated. As in the depiction of scenes of violence, murder, or torture, it is possible to be revolted, or angered, also by promiscuous

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[6] *New York Times*, 1 April 1969. The editorial is more fully quoted by Walter Berns in an excellent article, "Pornography *versus* Democracy: A Case for Censorship," *The Public Interest* (Winter, 1971). As Berns points out, to the regular readers of the *New York Times* literary and drama reviews, the editorial must have appeared as something of a *volte face*.

[7] *The Sunday Telegraph*, (London), 29 August 1971.

[8] Though anticipating later arguments, I must vent my doubts about this sort of reasoning. No country exhibits more crime and violence, actual and fictional, than does the United States today. The grim and ugly consequences are there for all to behold. Yet living "cheek by jowl" with it has not caused any reduction of crimes of violence, least of all among the impressionable young—nor, for that matter, has it caused a decline in the public demand for the depiction of violence in literature or on the screen.

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sexual display. But not really bored. It is a psychological fact that people do not tire of their fantasies, least of all of their sexual fantasies. And the "dirty" show excites the voyeur just because it projects before his eyes the unswerving camera close-up, or the living flesh reality, of his fragmented fantasies. It would be as reasonable to expect voyeurs to tire of this fare as it would be to expect drug addicts to tire of their "trips." It would be more reasonable to suppose, instead, that the appetite grows with the feeding. And though we shall not argue the point here, it is not to be supposed either that the majority of adults are "normal" people, wholly immune from such impressions on their senses, whose tastes cannot be debased over time or their character corrupted.

Notwithstanding the complaisant pronouncement of such liberals as Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas—to the effect that people are mature enough "to recognise trash when they see it" and, in rejecting it for more satisfactory experiences, eventually "to move from plateau to plateau and finally reach the world of enduring ideas"—there is no evidence as yet of any slackening of attendance at sexual performances on screen or on stage. From the fact that people are, for the present, able to distinguish between "art and trash" it does not follow that they will invariably choose art. Berns quotes a woman from Connecticut who protested loudly at the showing of an expurgated version of the film, *I am Curious, Yellow*: "I paid to see filth, and I want filth." (According to *Life Magazine* this film cost $160,000 to make and, up to 1970, had made $5 million—for the Grove Press, its *avant-garde* distributor—in the United States alone.)

At all events the purveyors of pornography take a more sanguine view of their commercial prospects. According to a recent report in *Life Magazine:*

> Behind the torrent of erotica are some opportunistic businessmen, in the U.S. and abroad, some of them backed by money from organised crime. They keep a watchful eye on the shifting tastes of their customers—with good reason, for it is a $1 billion-a-year low-overhead business where profit margins run up to 10,000 per cent. Watching *them* is a whole host of largely baffled government officials, local, state and national, who can barely stay informed about what's new on their beat, let alone control it.

Again, "Mail order houses abound, with some 200 firms in Los Angeles alone changing their corporate names as fast as the postal officials strike."

This report, however, provides but a fraction of the evidence that could be documented to challenge such bland reassurances as appear from time to time in the press, such as "The idea that sexual heresies, way out intercourse . . . are so overwhelmingly attractive . . . that only censoring their propagation can prevent them from spreading . . . seems to me manifest nonsense." The words are those of Peregrine Worsthorne, again, writing in *The Sunday Telegraph* (8 August 1971).

Ironically, the very next week *The Sunday Telegraph* carried an article, "The Profits of Pornography," which described the rapid expansion of the hard porn and pop porn industry. Stating that the real money-spinners are not, just now, the epics in the 2,000-seater cinemas but the sex films running in the 250-seaters, it revealed that Andy Warhol's *Flesh* "was made in a week-end for £8,000 and has already earned over £1 million in Germany. It has now been taken up by all the major circuits after playing for 22 weeks to crowded houses at the Chelsea Essoldo." As for uncensored films, they may be shown by "Film Clubs." Apparently this is one of Britain's growth industries. The "Classic/Tatler" chain of 35 cinemas has 130,000 members and is still expanding. After describing the financial success of Mr David Grant's two most popular sex films—"The first, *Love Variations*, had a cast of two demonstrating 69 positions for sexual intercourse, and a number of doctors talking about different aspects of sex. It cost £20,000 to make and has grossed over £600,000 at the box office"—the article remarks that "The moguls of the film industry, though late on the scene, are realising that there is a huge potential audience who would never normally go to an *X*-film but flock to the cinema when they can get 'culture' and sensation."

Can the Law Help?

ALONG WITH THE HOPE of some eventual reaction by the public to the "torrent of erotica" goes the belief that the law is in any case unfitting as an instrument of moral improvement. Moral improvement, it is thought, is something which, like personal responsibility, must grow with the passage of time. In a liberal democratic state, the only acceptable censorship[9] is self-

[9] W. C. McWilliams, writing in *The Public Interest* (Winter, 1971) offers the following comment on Berns' proposal for legal censorship on pornography:

> "In one area, censorship would be both safe and possibly helpful: the censorship of one's self. Artists, scientists, philosophers and intellectuals generally owe themselves and their fellow citizens the duty of gauging their utterances, works, and writings in terms of their likely impact on the life of men."

One can perhaps see "artists, scientists, philosophers, and intellectuals" taking this solemn advice to heart, but it is hardly likely to restrain the enterprise of the producers of erotic and pornographic films. To quote the words of Mr David Grant, producer of the film *Love Variations:* "I am not interested in the sort of films I make, I'm interested in arses on seats.' (Reported in *The Sunday Telegraph*, 15 August 1971.) There is no reason to doubt that that his attitude is altogether typical of the other producers of such films.

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censorship. An article of faith among would-be Progressives, they are most ready to affirm it when thinking strictly of sexual morality.

They would apparently be less inclined to sit back and do no more than merely provide opportunities for moral growth in *other* directions. For it could not be denied, surely, that the virtues of Charity and Benevolence would have more scope if all state aid to the infirm, the aged, and the destitute, were to be abolished. Perhaps private corporations also ought not to be denied the opportunity of growing in moral stature, or at least in social responsibility, in the expectation that sooner or later they will voluntarily incur all necessary expenses to prevent noise and to curb pollution of air and water. Yet one is assailed by misgivings, for society is not only liberal and democratic, but also commercial. With respect to environmental pollution, there is far more money to be made by a firm ignoring the pollution it produces, wherever the law is permissive of it, than by attempting to combat it. In consequence one can be reasonably sure that little will be done about it until the government takes action. And what applies to environmental pollution applies with greater force to "sex pollution" inasmuch as the latter is not simply an *incidental* by-product arising in the manufacture of a range of goods but is the highly profitable product itself.

BEFORE COMING TO GRIPS with the real issues let us first weed out some popular but irrelevant arguments. To assert that any censorship of the press, or of any form of entertainment, constitutes an infringement of personal liberty is true. Indeed, it is a tautology. Restriction on any particular choice of activity is, by the ordinary meaning of words, a restriction on a person's freedom.[10]

Factory-owners in the early part of the nineteenth century argued powerfully against the withdrawal of child labour, against the regulation of hours, against the compulsory installation of safety devices, and so on, all on the grounds of "freedom of contract", ignoring that there were principles other than freedom of contract to be taken into consideration. The notion that personal freedom is, or has ever been, the predominant consideration in political decisions is at variance with the facts. The whole body of law, from traffic regulations to the criminal code, from taxation to tort law, constitutes a tight network of restraints on our individual freedom. Without law, there is only the total freedom of anarchy, a state of affairs less secure yet than its counterpart, tyranny.

Every change of the law imposes or removes constraints on some or all citizens in the pursuit of one objective or another. And a law that effectively reduces the area of an individual's discretion properly does so only in the reasonable expectation of some increase in society's advantage, convenience, or moral satisfaction. Whether a new law is to be introduced that undeniably circumscribes liberties hitherto enjoyed is, then, a pragmatic question to be settled in each instance by considerations of the likely effect on the general welfare. Such being the case, a person who opposes legislation designed to contain the movement toward increased sexual exhibitionism and obscenity cannot validly do so *solely* on the grounds that individual liberty is thereby restricted.

Nor can a person properly oppose such measures by invoking the vision of a free market that reflects the diverse wants of the community. The law is not, nor was it ever, indifferent to what appeared on the market or what could be made to appear. Nor, for that matter, can he oppose such measures on alleged libertarian grounds that any citizen or group, whether a majority or minority, has a *right* to follow its own bent or tastes. Such opposition has to be referred back to our original thesis concerning the balance between individual

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[10] An argument related to the issue of personal liberty, that of political liberty, arose during the trial of the editors of *Oz* magazine during the summer of 1971. It was alleged in the correspondence columns of *The Times*, and other newspapers, that the trial was really a "political trial", on the grounds that the "sexually obscene" matters in the magazine were an integral part of the political protest against the "Establishment."

Now the temptation to choose offensive forms of behaviour or expression to "get at" a society that appears quite indifferent to a protest movement so long as its ideology is explicated in plain language is quite understandable. But it is manifestly untrue to assert that there is, in the plural societies of the West, any censorship on the expression of views however radical. It is not the expression *per se* of political dissent that falls foul of the law; not, in this instance, the belief or explicit argument that the depiction of scenes deemed lewd and pornographic by society liberates the personality and leads to the joyous life. Just as the law is directed *not* against any statement of the creed of Nihilism or of Violence, but is directed against the *act* of violence or against the activity (including exhortation) that in the given circumstances is likely to result in violence, so the law does *not* forbid any person's expressing his belief that the widespread depiction of sexual scenes of any sort has therapeutic or transcendental value. What the law does—or rather should do—is to forbid sexually obscene actions, or activities, that are likely in the circumstances to promote the spread of sexually obscene entertainment or literature.

I have added the words "or rather should do" in the above sentence in recognition of the inadequacy of the existing laws and of their uneven application. It is a fact, however, that (as I shall argue later) calls for reform of the law, not its abolition.

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liberty and the welfare of society. More specifically, in the case at issue, the contemplated reduction in opportunities for voyeurs, performers, and writers of porno, has to be set against the other interests and purposes of society.

BY SUCH REFLECTIONS we are led to recognise Dicey's thesis that, in a constitutional democracy at least, law is the ultimate expression of public opinion. More affirmatively perhaps, the law embodies the expression of the public's moral sentiments—which is as much as to say that the law is a force giving moral direction to the development of society and to the realisation of its aspirations. Thus, provided always that public opinion is behind it,[11] the law can indeed exert an influence on the moral behaviour and, therefore, the moral tone of society. Although it cannot make each one of us virtuous, the law can be so framed as to discourage us from activities that are deemed by society to be patently immoral or offensive. And in an imperfect world, one in which there are plenty of people who are selfish, weak, short-sighted, and corrupt, one cannot reasonably expect more. The particular methods adopted will, of course, vary with the particular issues and their significance. In an otherwise stable society, it would be costly and socially impractical to attempt to eradicate every vestige of pornography as it would be to attempt, say, to eradicate all sexual promiscuity. Only a police state attempts to control what goes on behind closed doors.

With respect to the issue in question, then, what the law can easily do is to stop sexual obscenity flaunting itself openly in the market place. It can make the peddling of pornographic literature difficult and costly. Some porno literature and blue films would no doubt continue to be available, but they would not appear openly on sale in rows of shop windows or at kerbside kiosks in central parts of the city. As before the War, those whose craving for such items is strong enough would have to go to some trouble and incur costs in order to obtain them. (Such books and films would, presumably, also be available in libraries to psychologists, pathologists, and other interested scholars.) But they would no longer be part of the social scene.

The Existing Laws

TO ASSERT that the law can be made effective in curbing the spread of public sexuality is not, however, to deny that the existing laws are manifestly ineffectual. Indeed, the Arts Council's Working Party, set up in 1968, for the purpose of investigating "the workings of the Obscene Publications Acts, 1959 and 1964, and other relevant Acts...", had an invitingly easy target.[12] For the definition of obscenity as "a tendency to deprave and corrupt" serves to obscure the interests and apprehensions of society, and the formula hardly lends itself in particular cases to a clear determination based upon the facts.

The members of the Working Party, therefore, had a field day. They made a picnic of the law's discomforts, enjoyed themselves hugely, and waxed merry in contemplating the problems facing judges and juries. "Apparently," they quipped,

> it is fair enough and perfectly acceptable that a man should deprave a few people and corrupt a few more, but not too many. It is for the jury to

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[11] I pause at this juncture to remark the popularity, at the time of writing (Winter 1971), of editorial phrases about the government's duty to "lead" public opinion, as distinct, that is, from "following" it.

It is astonishing that a phrase so frequently employed by Lenin and other leading Bolsheviks should be found congenial by today's would-be enlightened liberals in Fleet Street; and in both parties whenever their views conflict with popular sentiment on critical political issues—as they did in Britain, for instance, on the abolition of capital punishment, on metrication and decimalisation, on Concorde, on Commonwealth immigration, and on the Common Market.

Irrespective of the merits of any of these policies, the only interpretation of the phrase that can be acceptable to a consistent liberal democrat is that of *leading public opinion to accept one's point of view by reasoned argument*. The alternative interpretation that has been and (at the time of writing) continues to be practised, implies contempt for the electorate, and constitutes an arbitrary and unwarranted exercise of political power.

It was, therefore, with no little satisfaction that I read in *The Times* (6 March 1971) that the West German government has been having second thoughts about "getting ahead of public opinion" on the subject of pornography. Since its draft to liberalise the law in this respect was published in September 1970, there has been a storm of criticism. Suggested amendments by the Minister of Justice included a ban on the showing of pornographic films in public or on television, and on any sexual acts involving animals. According to Dr Jaeger, former Minister of Justice in Bavaria, 72% of the public want a total ban. "There are things," he said, "which are pretty nice in the bedroom, but nauseating on the stage." The issue, as he saw it, was whether the Germans would remain a people of culture or sink into "a new barbarism."

[12] Their findings appeared in a book, *The Obscenity Laws* (a report by the Working Party set up by a Conference convened by the Chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain), published in 1969 by André Deutsch (London), with a Foreword by John Montgomerie. With the exception of Professor Frank Kermode and John Mortimer, Q.C., the sixteen members of the Working Party were writers, booksellers, publishers, or in societies promoting (or defending) literature and art.

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> decide how many is too many. Nor is this the end of the juror's dilemma.... He must then ask himself whether an ounce of depravity spreading is more or less potent than an ounce of artistic merit....

Now, as David Holbrook observed in his review article in *The Times* (20 March 1971), officials of the Director of Public Prosecutions cannot cope with the growth of obscenity just because by these Acts they are obliged "to define the word obscene in terms of whether or not they could convince a jury of ordinary people that individuals are likely to be depraved or corrupted—in the sense that they immediately went off and did some perverted act." By such criteria "for people to simulate masturbation, engage in sadistic titillation . . . for couples to engage in lesbianism and actual copulation on the public stage in *Council of Lovers* was not obscene."

But, as indicated above, from the correct judgment that the Obscene Publication Acts of 1959 and 1964 make very poor law, it does not follow that a system of censorship of works believed to be obscene, in the ordinary use of language, cannot be made to operate in a satisfactory way. The Arts Council's Working Party makes too much of the difficulty of "founding a law that can be accepted on so subjective a concept as obscenity." Indeed, it went so far as to recommend that other relevant acts containing such words as "indecent" and "profane" be amended or repealed on the grounds that they "are no more capable of definition than 'obscene'."

BUT IT IS SURELY NOT the ambiguity, or not *necessarily* the ambiguity, of such words that makes censorship of obscene works difficult, but simply the method of leaving it to a jury to decide whether *as a matter of fact* a particular work "tends to deprave and corrupt." A board of censors, surely, would not find it unduly difficult to decide whether a work was obscene or not. Or if in a particular case it did find some difficulty, it would not be because the word obscene is hopelessly ambiguous or "subjective." Words such as "indecent . . . profane . . . obscene" are defined well enough in a good dictionary; and if judgments differ as to whether any particular work is obscene or not, the same can be said of a large number of other terms strewn liberally throughout the Working Party's Report, such as "vital . . . breach of taste . . . ordinary sexual desire . . . social reprobation . . . artistic merit . . . repression . . . common sense . . . great insight . . ." and so on. It is possible to go on being awkward in this way indefinitely in a civilisation where the larger number of adjectives in ordinary discourse derive from personal judgment and assessment.

The dividing line between any attribute and its negation can seldom be ascertained in all circumstances, and if the application of the law were to depend on its prior and exact determination we should dwell forever in anarchy. Cases have come to light in which medical men were unable to agree whether, at a particular time, a man was dead or alive—notwithstanding which, we are, for most practical purposes, able to decide whether a being is alive or dead, or, for that matter, whether he or she is awake or asleep. And although it is also true that history and geography operate, within limits, on people's customs and values, every viable civilisation has some awareness of a difference between decent and indecent, between order and disorder, between sacred and profane, even though they may prefer the latter, and even though controversies may arise in particular cases.

Thus, the degree of consensus in a society should be large enough to ensure that a body of disinterested citizens could, from day to day, pass judgments on the question of obscenity with a tolerable degree of consistency[13]; allowing, that is, for occasional disagreements between members of the board of censors, or as between the board and other groups in society. If, out of a sample of a thousand works of fiction some thirty were branded as obscene, but agreement could not be reached by the board on three others, it would not matter that much. Three or so wrongly suppressed books out of one thousand would not deprive the public unduly. Good literature over the ages is available today in such quantity that no one person can possibly hope to read more than the tiniest fraction of the total. And, for whatever it is worth, I am amenable to the argument that no great damage would be done either if the three books in question were wrongly released. Provided that censorship of obscene works is, in principle, believed to be desirable, an inevitably imperfect system of censorship can

[13] It has recently been alleged by Michael Foot in *The Times* that D. H. Lawrence once declared that the most pornographic novel of the nineteenth century was Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*. It does not matter much in this case that Lawrence had highly idiosyncratic opinions, or that he used words in unconventional ways to give expression to his approval or disapproval, or that he would hardly have given his blessing to the current flood of smutty writing to be found in bookshops and corner book stalls. If Michael Foot's point is simply that standards of obscenity change over time then it follows only that the law, as an expression of public opinion, should also change over time.

The question of whether censorship, legal or conventional, can be justified in any period by other than contemporary values or sentiments is, again, a separate issue.

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ensure that the more flagrant examples of obscene works do not appear on the market, and that those eager to make a fortune by promoting the spread of the wantonly offensive are duly discouraged. Only in a society in which a consensus on, say, sexual obscenity has wholly disintegrated does censorship become unworkable. And if at times it seems as if we are moving toward such a society, the mushroom growth of pornographic entertainment and literature over the last few years is clearly an aggravating factor, one which could surely have been checked by the maintenance of stricter censorship.

Should the Law Be Invoked?

SO FAR I HAVE SUGGESTED that the trend toward increasing sexual obscenity in literature, and on the stage and screen, is unlikely to reverse itself either as a result of eventual boredom or as a result of moral improvement—which moral improvement, as some have curiously alleged, will come only after our being steeped deeper in pornography—but that it can be contained and reversed by appropriate legal sanctions. We now come to the heart of the matter. Granted the trend can be reversed, do we wish to reverse it? Since there are many who would not hesitate to answer in the negative, let us briefly appraise the arguments in favour of letting the movement toward increased pornography drift on.

The dogmatic opposition to any infringement of personal liberty has been touched on earlier, and it is no more impressive in this context. Confining the doctrine to freedom of expression, and taking a purely abstract view of the issue, we can perhaps be persuaded that censorship in any form is unwarrantable. Our minds have a habit of going back to the trial of Socrates, to John Milton's noble plea in *Areopagitica*, to John Stuart Mill's elegant reasoning in his tract *On Liberty*, and so forth.[14] Yet in so far as the specific freedom in question is that of depicting, or enacting, scenes of sexual titillation it must be admitted that it is hardly one to stir the hearts of men, or to raise them to heights of eloquence. Such a cause, if not ignoble, is certainly pathetic. And it is symptomatic of the times we live in, where moral paralysis passes for tolerance, that apparently intelligent people can bring themselves to think of the removal of any residual censorship of sexual obscenities in terms of a consummation of a heritage of liberties.

Regarding the matter in this light, the question of *quis custodiet ipsos custodes* is hardly significant. As already observed, the worst that can happen is that some works will be censored that are not overly offensive, or left uncensored when they are. Either contingency can be comfortably borne with in a society already having at its disposal a surfeit of good literature and art.

Nor can an affected alarm about thin edges of wedges be taken seriously. As well one might discern a potential homicide in a man using an insect spray. The freedom to articulate radical political views (always provided the language is not obscene) has existed for over two centuries in Britain and America and, up to the last few years, existed along with the legal suppression of the sexually obscene.

We may also dispose in passing of a high heap of euphoric verbiage with the word "healthy" at the apex. A typical example of its use is found in the opening remarks of Dr G. B. Barker in his "Evidence relating to the Effects of Literature and the Arts." According to Barker "Sex and nudity are now much more openly portrayed on film and described in literature, and nudity is now accepted, if in context, on the stage. This would seem to me utterly healthy" (*Report of the Arts Council's Working Party*, p. 55). The phrase "utterly healthy" has about it an uncompromisingly affirmative ring. Yet the discreet proviso "if in context" should not be overlooked. Is sex and nudity properly in context in the show *Oh! Calcutta!*, in the film *Flesh*, or *Pork*, or *Love Variations*?[15]

In addition to "healthy" we have "natural . . . beautiful . . . God-given . . . artistic . . . stirring . . . strangely moving" and, of course, "exciting", often mingled with heroic metaphors about "pushing open doors", "breaking down barriers" or "reaching into new dimensions," plus a lot of

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[14] Just because of such habits it was hardly surprising that John Mortimer, Q.C., who apparently sees connections everywhere and distinctions nowhere, should remind the jury, in his defence of the *Oz* editors, that Socrates was condemned to death for seeking the truth on the alleged grounds that he was thereby corrupting the morals of the people.

As Keith Botsford aptly remarked at the beginning of his fascinating piece on "The Innocence of Oz" (ENCOUNTER, November 1971), such a parallel "is offensive to history, to due proportion and to plain fact."

[15] Barker later hazards the remarkable view that "it is the puritanical pressure groups in this country that cause pornography to flourish. If this pressure ceased then the problem would fall into quite a different perspective."

Presumably the same puritanical pressure groups have begun their nefarious activities in America also, for pornography there flourishes more than it does as yet in Britain. And what of Denmark where it flourishes most? Presumably we are to infer that these Puritan Pressure Groups gained enormously in strength during the later 1960s and were at their weakest during the mid-Victorian era.

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trumpety sound that can mean almost anything; to wit,

> There is nothing obscene whatever in the portrayal, however explicit, of the erotic as such. The erotic is something to be enjoyed.

Or, again,

> The heart of the sexual revolution in our time is that potentially now we have within our grasp a freedom *over* sex, as over the rest of nature, undreamed of before.[16]

Such vacuous declarations contribute nothing to the debate, however, and we need not tarry to contemplate them.

THE CASE FOR DRIFTING further into "sexual permissiveness" wants something more than *simpliste* arguments and engaging metaphors against an alternative policy of tighter censorship, and more is provided.

Let us move on then to consider the connection, if any, between "obscenity" and art. Two common contentions may be distinguished. One is implicit in the arguments for the defence in the case of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, of *Ulysses*, and of similar works commonly acknowledged to have some literary value; namely, that because a work has literary value or artistic merit it cannot be, or *should* not be, judged obscene.

I should have thought that if Rembrandt had a mind to depict sexual orgies he would have made an excellent job of it. Judged by artistic standards, such pictures would have been acclaimed masterpieces, notwithstanding which they could have been sexually obscene by any standards. A work of unparalleled artistic execution is, therefore, altogether compatible with it simultaneously being a work of undiluted pornography. And if it is the case that the circulation of pornographic works does tend to deprave and corrupt in some sense, then, in that sense the public exhibition of such pornographic masterpieces would also do so. The cases that come to public attention, however, are more usually those of high or modest artistic accomplishment that are "marred" by occasional obscenity (which is invariably alleged to be "essential" to the narrative). Since we are chiefly concerned with the profusion today of works that are unambiguously crude, salacious or obscene, and having no redeeming merit whatsoever, we can by-pass the question of criteria for the selection of works that are both artistic and obscene.

The other contention is basically semantic: that pornography be recognised as an art form in its own right on the grounds simply that it affords pleasure and excitement to some people—a brazen but hardly an attractive proposal.

Neither form of assertion, incidentally, has any bearing on the substantive issue, the effects on society. The former contention, in effect, demands of the public that it withholds judgment on the pornographic elements in a work whenever the pundits agree to perceive artistic merit in the work as a whole. The latter is tantamount to the proposal that the criterion of art be extended to cover the depiction of anything that succeeds in stirring our feelings, apparently *any* feelings. Grant but this, and art will encompass the uttermost in what is sick and sordid. For who denies that scenes of homosexual copulation, scenes of sadism and physical torture, the crucifixion of squealing girls, scenes of unhinged bestiality, do not pluck at the raw ends of the nerves. On this criterion, the concentration camp at Auschwitz during the last War would have to be accounted as a veritable power house of artistic achievement.

Abolishing All Censorship

TURNING, FINALLY, to the substantive issue concerning the social consequences of the spread of the erotic and the pornographic, two opinions in favour are offered by "permitters." The strong opinion is that it is positively beneficial, and the more cautious opinion is that the the growing availability of such stuff does no harm—or, more cautious still, that it does no more harm than a number of other things that are socially acceptable. Let us examine these beliefs in that order.

Supporting the first opinion is the *Report* of the Arts Council's Working Party: "The so-called permissive society may have its casualities: the

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[16] Both quotations are from an article, "Obscenity and Maturity," which, by any standards, is a model of vacuity, ambiguity, and inconclusiveness, written by Dr John Robinson (formerly Bishop of Woolwich) which appeared in *The Sunday Times* (14 December 1969).

Dr Robinson contrives a distinction between the erotic, which he enjoys, and the obscene, which he does not—apparently because the latter does not involve "human relationships." One wonders casually just what human relationships were involved in his declared enjoyment of the photographs of "Paula Kelly dancing completely in the nude, pubic hair and all. Nothing could be more beautiful and entrancing." (The construction of the sentences does, I'm afraid, leave one a trifle uncertain whether the prelate's enjoyment arose from the contemplation of Paula dancing in the nude or from his contemplation of her "pubic hair and all.").

Dr Robinson's solution to the problem of pornography, needless to say, does not include penal legislation. It is simply that of "encouraging values and relationships which will make people *not want* to do dirt on sex or anything else." It is a solution, apparently, that would not withhold licence from any one in search of profits to produce films or entertainment in which actors would indeed "do dirt on sex."

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repressive society almost certainly has a great deal more.[17] Repressed sexuality can be toxic both to the individual and society. Repression can deprave and corrupt." In this connection, as one might expect, the hapless Victorians come in for ritual abuse.

Like so many of today's insular liberals, the authors of the *Report* tend to judge their forbears from the lofty, albeit shaky peaks of permissiveness in today's affluent and welfare states. The apparent optimism and self-satisfaction of the Victorian middle classes at a time of Britain's industrial pre-eminence was but one side of the coin. Turn it about and one discerns the unease and alarm at the cataclysmic changes taking place in the towns and cities. Above all, there was the fear, particularly among the lower middle classes, of losing their precarious hold on the edges of respectability and of being drawn in to the morass of vice, misery, and destitution left in the train of rapid industrialisation. The costs of economic growth did not begin with post-war affluence.

Nonetheless, the Victorians are damned as hypocrites since, despite the seeming need to maintain a façade of respectability, and to subscribe to strict codes of sexual behaviour, they managed well enough to enjoy their sex in discreet ways. The Dr Barker of the *Report*, for instance, talks righteously of "the flagrant existence of a second world of illicit sexuality on the part of men. . . ." (Not being quite up to date with his history, he makes no mention of the "illicit sexuality" of the women.)

It is hard to take this sort of condemnation seriously. Indeed, to do so would suggest that our Victorian forbears knew just what they were about. After all, secrecy adds an element of excitement to sexual adventures—at least according to the Working Party's *Report*. For, in recommending more openness (p. 34), the members tell us that "custom and acceptance are great anti-aphrodisiacs." And when they add gratuitously that "Nothing could be more antiseptic sexually than a nudist colony," one is left uncertain whether such statements are in praise of, or in condemnation of, "more openness." (I cannot pretend that I have had as much experience of nudist colonies as the members of the Working Party; but I should have thought that the degree of erotic experience would vary with the age, shape, posture, and activities of the nude colonists.)

BE THAT AS IT MAY, let us return to the emphatic assertions about the evils of "repression." I place the word in quotes because it is not properly indicative of psychological malaise. As understood by psychiatrists, repression is a mechanism for dealing with emotional phenomena—memories, desires, impulses, fantasies—a mechanism whose proper function is necessary to a person's mental health. It is *over*-repression—which is what people usually mean by the word repression —that entails emotional maladjustment. So also does *under*-repression.[18]

However, under- and over-repression are not social but *individual* maladies. Over-repression of sexuality results in a reduced ability, or total inability, to enjoy physically the sexual act. Its causes lie deeply embedded in the psyche. Though it can sometimes be treated successfully by psychiatry, so far as I know, exposure to erotica, or pornography, is not reckoned by the profession to be an essential part of the treatment. On the contrary, although the over-repressed individual might well become a voyeur, such exposure can only aggravate his sexual frustration. No matter how "permissive" the cinema or theatre becomes, no matter how vividly copulation is depicted, sexual gratification eludes the victim of over-repression. While those well-enough adjusted to enjoy sexual activity are not unduly arrested by erotic images, these can have a pathological attraction for the sexually unfulfilled. Some of the starved inmates of Nazi concentration camps were so far obsessed with visions of food that, when rescued and offered food, they would not eat it. They either gazed at it rapturously or sought to hoard it. The parallel

[17] Pp. 33-4. This is as good a place as any to remind the reader that the terms "permissiveness" and the "permissive society", even where they are restricted to sexual aspects, are misleading. The "permissiveness" being debated is that which, if extended, initially offers the public increased opportunities for excitation, not for gratification. For nobody in authority is challenging any person's right to engage in sexual activity with other persons in any way he wishes, as often as he wishes, with willing adult partners. Permission to indulge and enjoy is not the issue at all. The permissiveness that is at issue is whether complete licence should be extended to writers, impresarios, actors, and film producers to depict sexual activity of any variety in public places, and permission for the public to pay and stare.

[18] The fashionable protests and violence of the young have been explained (*inter alia* by Robert Nisbet in his ENCOUNTER article of Feb. 1970, "Who Killed the Student Revolution?") in terms of *too little* repression. Middle-class liberals, having imbibed Freudian tit-bits from hack journalists, and eager to rear the Ideal Uninhibited Child Prodigy, mistook the master's message, and more often than not found themselves the harassed parents of a litter of snarling pups.

The absence of conscience, the absence of a sense of guilt even, can be regarded as a psychological defect. The propensity of some of today's students to protest at any imagined deprivation, to rant and rampage at the slightest grievance, real or imaginary, can plausibly be interpreted as a vengeful search for the strong father figure they were denied in their infancy.

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with orgasmic starvation may be thought forced, but not by all psychiatrists.

Yet hope springs eternal in the human breast, and if repeated failure depresses, it can also feed an inner fury that seeks somehow to force egress into the citadels of sensation. But drinking the salt water of pop porno—gazing fixedly at live shows—contemplating photos of swollen proportions, staring orifices, and bizarre postures—act on the victim's fevered imagination, generating exaggerated visions of sexual gratification quite unrelated to that which is naturally attainable—so adding further to his frustrations and tempting him into sado-masochistic practices, or into intemperate attacks on his image of a grudging "establishment," in the vain hope of release.

Indeed, if it is true, as John Calder argues, that "violence is always the direct result of frustration," the growth of pornography has much to answer for.[19]

TO SUM UP on the alleged virtues of "permissiveness" in contrast to the so-called toxicity of "repression", if the stricter proprieties of the Victorians presented no real barrier to sexual adventures (though one was well advised to have decent regard to the establishment hypocrisies of society to get the best out of it), it is perhaps unnecessary to seek "liberation" by the defiant cultivation of sexual "permissiveness." What is more to the point, the causes of frigidity and sexual despair are manifold—over-repression being rather a loose way of referring to some of them. And there is no evidence whatsoever that their incidence has diminished along with the growth of erotica and pornography. Frigidity and other forms of sexual failure may yield to medical and psychiatric skills. They do not yield to public manifestations of increased "sexual permissiveness", though they are likely to be aggravated by them.

The Sex Lobby

TURNING NOW to the more cautious proposition that the spread of sexual content in literature and public entertainment can do no harm, three things may be said.

1. First, that the "evidence" from the Danish experiment is worthless for two minor reasons: (*a*) that the data on sex offences cover too short a period to have any statistical significance; and (*b*) that comparability with the years immediately preceding abolition is invalid for the simple reason that what were once recognised as sexual offences ceased to be so under the new laws and conventions. The study of the Danish experiment is worthless for the *major* reason that the damage to the social fabric envisaged by the opponents of abolition does not take the form of a rise in the incidence of sexual offences but of other and more far-reaching consequences which we will touch on presently.

2. Secondly, the so-called "cathartic theory" advanced, though somewhat awkwardly, by the members of the Arts Council's Working Party is controversial, to put it mildly. Again we have the urgent voice of Dr Barker—whose representations we are meant to take very seriously since the *Report* naively asserts that he had "plenty of clinical experience behind him"—declaring roundly that the sadistic material read by his patients did have a "cathartic effect", and that a withdrawal of the aforementioned sadistic materials "would cause tension" (p. 58), by which phrase he means, presumably, that if they were deprived one bright day of their customary quantum of pop porno they would clamour for its return.

This gem of evidence, plus a Mr Wedmore's fumbling speculation about witnessing the enactment of violence to the effect that "there is a slightly stronger suggestion that we sleep and even behave better after witnessing scenes that 'get it out of our system' " (p. 106), is about all that is offered in support of the by-now discredited Catharsis Hypothesis. In contrast members of the Working Party made a point of emphasising that the statement offered by a Mr James Halloran—pointing out that experimental studies in the United States offered no support for the catharsis theory but rather for the contrary theory—was to be regarded as tentative only.[20]

3. In asserting that "Nobody can demonstrate that anybody has been depraved or

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[19] "A Reply to Pamela Hansford Johnson," ENCOUNTER April 1970. I say "*if* it is true" because the statement also lends itself to a tautological interpretation; to wit, a person who wants to be violent about anything will feel frustrated unless he is being violent.

[20] The relevant passage from Halloran's testimony is as follows: "The evidence from American studies offers little support for the catharsis argument. However, there is slight support from one or two Italian studies, and some Australian work suggests the possibility of a double effect. In general the evidence from these laboratory studies is usually taken as indicating that heavy exposure to media violence increases the possibility of violent behaviour in the post-exposure situation." (p. 69).

This statement (made presumably in 1968), applies to media portrayal of violence and aggression, not to pornography as such. Since that time, however, further experiments conducted in this country and in the United States have tended to confirm the common sense view that repeated exposure to scenes of violence increases the likelihood of violent reactions in the viewer. For a comment on these experiments see the study by Professor H. J. Eysenck, "The Use and Abuse of Pornography" in his forthcoming book *Psychology is About People* (Allen Lane The Penguin Press, London; Library Press, New York).

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corrupted by a particular obscene article" (p. 72), Professor Jackson is batting on a safe wicket. It is obviously going to be extremely difficult to prove that after reading a particular piece of sadistic literature—or, for that matter, watching a bear-baiting show or a public hanging—a certain person became "depraved and corrupted", if only because depravity and corruption are attributes that do not lend themselves to fine measurement.

To go further than Professor Jackson's ultra-cautious statement, however, and to insist that, say, a reading of literature in general can *never* do harm is to take up an indefensible position. For it is commonly believed by those who condemn censorship of art and literature that they can do a powerful lot of good. Taken at its face value such a position amounts to the belief that, *although art and literature can do a great deal of good, they can never do any harm*—reassuring, perhaps, but hardly convincing. They knew better than this in Antiquity. If Plato would ban poets from the ideal city it was because, aware of the power of art for good and evil in society, he did not wish to risk the stability of the social order in order to entertain the populace.

IT WOULD BE MORE CONVINCING, then, if those favouring the abolition of all censorship explicitly acknowledged the influence of art and literature, and also of the screen, theatre, and television, in moulding people's behaviour and character. They could reasonably add that, in any particular case, the resultant effect might not be clearly perceived; that one might not always be able to determine in advance whether the impact of certain works would be benign or otherwise. But they could hardly avoid the conclusion that continued exposure to some sorts of art and literature was better than, or worse than, others in their effect on the character of people and, therefore, on society as a whole.[21]

[21] Apart from its disregard of the ultimate consequences on the character of *society*, those supporting the abolition of all censorship mistake the consequences for *literature* itself. Irving Kristol (*New York Times Magazine*, 28 March 1971) puts the question: how much has literature lost from the fact that practically anything can be published today in America? He argues that in a free market,

> "Gresham's Law can work for books or theater as efficiently as it does for coinage—driving out the good, establishing the debased. The cultural market in the United States today is being pre-empted by dirty books, dirty movies, dirty theater. A pornographic novel has a far better chance of being published today than a non-pornographic one, and quite a few pretty good novels are not being published at all simply because they are not pornographic, and are therefore less likely to sell. Our cultural condition has not improved as a result of the new freedom."

Just for the record, it may be noted in passing that the members of the Arts Council's Working Party also go over to the attack, though only by brandishing the still weaker argument that the art and literature of porno-violence is *no more harmful* than many widely read and justly famous works. To quote them:

> Is there no tendency to corrupt in a handbook for pickpockets, such as Dickens incorporated in *Oliver Twist*? What about the multitudinous thrillers that offer guidance on the disposal of corpses, or of "Westerns" whose hero is pre-eminent in violence and slaughter?

It went on to include some canvases by Goya, newspaper reports of robbery, rape, and violence —and who would disagree with them here? Surprisingly, it did not include children's fairy tales although other abolitionists have attacked them as fair game, and made much of blood-thirsty giants and granny-eating wolves.

Since a consideration of this favourite, though superficial, argument would take us out of our way, being directed more toward the effects of violence than pornography, I have placed my comments on it in a box adjoined to this article.

The Pornographic Society

FAMILIAR ARGUMENTS, used to persuade us that the growth of sexual permissiveness has wholesome effects on the personality, and increases the capacity for enjoyment, are, to say the least, inconclusive, while those attempting to persuade us that, no matter what the degree of depravity in a work, it cannot really harm anyone, are wholly unconvincing. It is time, therefore, to bring some thought to bear on the harmful consequences society may suffer if current trends toward increasing pornography continue.

I begin by acknowledging the fact that not all those favouring the abolition of censorship are equally comfortable at the turn of events. Some are prepared to admit that things have gone "too far," or far enough. Yet, as indicated, they continue for the most part to rest their hopes for containment, or improvement, on some eventual recoil from current excesses, or on some re-assertion of an imagined natural law that is latent in liberal democracies, or, in the last resort, on the gradual onset of ennui. However, since there is no evidence at present of any slackening in the growth of the market in pornography, hard or soft, it is just possible that—unless the state takes action—our innocent Sex Lobbyists will be proved wrong by events. If so, the question of the consequences for Western societies of an unarrested trend toward increased public pornography becomes very pertinent. In addressing myself to so large a question, I

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On Porno-Violence

THE VISION *of some aspirant of the underworld today scouring the pages of "Oliver Twist" for hints on "how to do it" is surely a bit far-fetched, though it is not impossible that an ambitious criminal might glean some new ideas from a close reading of Agatha Christie's murder mysteries. Nonetheless, information on* how *to do it does not necessarily make a person* want *to do it. And it is certainly not information, or not information alone, that is provided by the literature of sex obscenity and violence. The assertion that repeated exposure to brutalising scenes can brutalise a person, or make him more callous to the suffering of others, depends for its force on the character and the purposes of the protagonists and upon the moral implications of the story.*

No one will deny that the "Iliad", the "Aeneid," parts of the Old Testament, the Norse Sagas, and the legends and fairy tales from all over the world are richly strewn with incidents of cruelty and violence. Yet they are unreservedly accepted as an integral part of our culture. Wherein, then, lies the difference, if any, between such literature and the modern literature of violence, of sadistic violence or what we might call Porno-Violence?

CONSIDER, FIRST, *the Fairy Tale. Whereas wolves and witches and giants do seem to be addicted to unfortunate eating habits, the fact that these creatures are wolves and witches and giants does tend to place them in a world of make-believe and of long ago; at any rate in a world outside the child's immediate range of experience. The world of Porno-Violence, on the other hand, though it occasionally harks back to some historical period, is for the most part recognisable as the here-and-now. The characters are credible enough, and not too different from the types of peoples we read about in our newspapers.*

Again, if there are wicked Step-mothers and fierce Dragons, there are also good fairies, faithful servants, and brave princes who—the child soon realises—can be counted upon to tidy up the most unpromising situations: to slay the cruel monster in a single stroke, to rescue the fair maiden, and to live happily ever after. Invariably, then, good triumphs over evil ere the tale is done with. In the fiction of Porno-Violence, however, good cannot be relied upon to conquer evil—if only because there may be no good characters in the story. In the more blatant pieces of this genre, the hero (or, rather, the anti-hero) is a depraved specimen distinguishable from the other characters, if at all, only by his being more cunning and ruthless. It is unlikely that a normal child would accept such a story as a reasonable substitute for a fairy tale.

Finally, while Granny is indeed gobbled up by the bad Wolf (later to be released intact, and apparently unruffled), and the Giant is frequently depicted as joyfully crunching up little children in his hungry jaws, the cruelty is but a prelude to the retribution that is sure to follow. It is a pattern of narrative that is apparently very satisfying to children, and to adults too. The sort of ritual violence in such tales has the significant psychological effect of helping the child to come to terms with his inner conflicts of love and hate in which, inevitably, though on an unconscious level, his parents, brothers, and sisters, are involved.

For in almost every tale, the conflict is satisfactorily resolved. Envy and cruelty are clearly recognised, and are sometimes perhaps a little alarming. But goodness and love prevail in the end. The Fairy Tale points a moral, and provides much-needed assurance for the child that all will end well. For, though only vaguely apprehended by him, such tales act over time to strengthen the child's confidence in his own good impulses, notwithstanding the fears arising from his more primitive and cruel urges.

IN TODAY'S POPULAR PULPS *laden with sadistic violence, all will not end well. They do not aim to reassure. On the contrary, they aim to excite, alarm, and disturb. Far from being affirmed by the narrative, the moral order is repeatedly violated by it. Such "literature" sets out to shock, to impart savage sensations, to whet sadistic appetites, the successful repression of which is one of the pre-conditions of civilised living. The relish with which there is depicted in such writings the uses and abuses of human beings as wonderfully tormentable things, instrumental to the degraded appetites of another, excites both fury and lust, confuses identity, and can aggravate emotional conflict and disorder.*

Now, much that has been said of Fairy Tales can be said also of the world's myths and sagas which are, after all, only fairy tales for "grown-ups." True, there is violence, blood-shed, cruelty, and endless battles, feuds, and tragedies. There is also the anger of the Gods, inter-tribal hatreds, and the sworn enmity between men. But though there are apparent injustices through the caprice of the Gods, the narrative as a whole tends to move with the moral grain of man's psyche, and not against it.

The course of events is never such as to weaken the reader's compassion or to confuse his loyalties. Even among scenes of carnage, the heroic narrative speaks loudly for those attributes of men that span time and space; of comradeship and courage in adversity, of sacrifices willingly made in the common cause. The traitor is spurned, the coward scorned, the victim pitied. Honour and justice are recognised and applauded And, above all, there is eloquent testimony to the enduring power of love.

Such qualities do not, however, emerge in Porno-Violence, in the literature of pornography, sadistic violence and crime. **E.J.M.**

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admittedly enter the realm of speculation though without, I hope, forsaking the conventions of reasoned discourse.

In order to avoid tedious qualifications at every turn in the argument, let us project existing trends and think in terms of an emergent "Pornographic Society," one in which all existing restraints have vanished. There are no legal checks on any form of erotic experience, "natural" or "unnatural", and no limit with respect to place, time, scale, or medium, in the depiction of what today would be called the carnal and lascivious. Neither are there any limits placed on the facilities for auto-eroticism, or for participating in any activity, heterosexual, homosexual, bestial, or incestuous, sado-masochistic, fetishistic, or just plain cruel. Provided actors, audience, and participants are willing, provided there is a market for the "product", no objection is entertained.

Any who would accuse me of being an alarmist merely for proposing the concept as an aid to enquiry would surely be revealing also that, were such a society to come into being, there would indeed be grounds for alarm. Since, however, they would reject this possible outcome (in the absence of state action) it would be of some interest if they could be more articulate on the nature and strength of the forces they believe can be depended upon to stem the tide. It would be of further interest to know just how far they expect society to travel along the primrose path to all-out pornography. How far would they themselves wish to travel along this road or, to be more fastidious, what existing or possible features would they wish to admit or prohibit, extend or contract? In short, where would they wish to "draw the line", and, having drawn it, on what principles would they defend it, and by what sanctions? Finally, if they could be persuaded that the forces they once relied upon to restore some sort of equilibrium are too weak to operate, what measures would they favour now in order to stay the pace of movement toward the pornographic society?

Perforce we leave open these questions until the abolitionists stir themselves to think on them. The really crucial question of whether such a society could be realised, or if realised could endure—whether, that is, such an altogether amoral dispensation is compatible with the minimal degree of sanity and order that allows a society, especially a highly technological society, to function at all—I shall also leave open for the present.[22] Notwithstanding doubts about its viability, the concept serves the useful purposes attributed to it in the preceding paragraph: by reference to it, each of us can define his own position.

[22] Irving Kristol rightly points out that whereas the doctrinaire libertarians tell us not to take pornography seriously, the nihilists and those dedicated to subverting the existing social order—people like Herbert Marcuse, Susan Sontag, Norman Brown, and even Jerry Rubin—take pornography and obscenity very seriously indeed.

Pornography, Past & Present

A CAVEAT HAS TO BE ENTERED before we enter the domain of conjecture. Those who distil their complacency about the future from historical gossip, whether true or otherwise, about the "goings on" in past civilisations are as likely to deceive themselves about the course of events as economic expansionists do when they look back upon the dismal prophecies of the last two centuries concerning diminishing resources, growing population, and fears of pollution. Such phenomena today have an altogether different scale of effect from their counterparts before the last War. It has begun to dawn on us during the last decade that the earth, or at least the biosphere on which we depend, is indeed finite, if not as fragile also as the civilisations dwelling within it.

While no person can speak with authority of events covering a period of recorded history going back 4,000 years, there does seem to be a consensus on some broad features. The fertility rites of primitive peoples would strike us, or our fathers, as sexually exotic if not weird. But they were not searching to extend the bounds of promiscuity. The fertility or sexual aspects were an essential part of the life and religion of such peoples. Apart from such ceremonies for encouraging the Harvest and propitiating the Gods, tribal sex life was for the most part closely regulated by custom and tabu. A "golden age" of innocent sexual abandon was no more than a part of the dream world of the latter half of the eighteenth century. The vision of such an age has never faded, though its chronology has been altered by the more impetuous from a remote or mythical past to a future toward which we are moving.

Again, the idea that public orgies or spectacular displays of sexual practices were commonplace in Antiquity bears no relation to the known facts. Although sexual conventions differed from those of the West today, there was, in Islam at least, apparently no pornographic literature. As for ancient Greece, the sexually obscene went little beyond the familiar bawdy matter found on some vases and in popular plays such as those of Aristophanes. And if there was something like a pornographic literature circulating during various periods of the Roman Empire, its circulation was rather limited and never such as to cause much stir.

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But even if my impressions are mistaken, or if evidence were to be unearthed which suggested that there were, indeed, from time to time, public orgies or public exhibitions of carnal virtuosity[23], no reassuring conclusion could validly be drawn about our own future. For there were, in any case, natural checks in the past to the spread of sexual promiscuity among the masses that no longer operate today in the affluent societies of the West.

1. In all earlier periods the vast majority of the inhabitants lived, not in the towns and cities, but in villages and farms. Even of those who dwelt in the cities, by far the greater number, in daily toil for their livelihood, had neither the time nor the money for regular attendance at sex carnivals, even if they were available. Clearly this is no longer the case in the West. The growing excess of "real" income per capita above comfortable subsistence levels now enables people to indulge their appetites, without financial strain, for all the forms of hard and soft porno the market can offer.

2. Illiteracy among the masses limited the size of the public for erotic reading matter. And while today's cinema and television can bring its quota of sadism and prurience right into the home of every humble hamlet in the country, the scope for such entertainment in other ages would be limited to the occasional private and local performance.

3. Up to the middle of the nineteenth century, distances were vast and travel slow. What happened in one town or in one country had little immediate influence on other towns and other countries. Thus the aberrations started in one civilisation were not easily spread abroad. Today, in contrast, we are part of a network that enmeshes the globe. And the more violent, obscene, bizarre, or perverse are the events or activities in one part of the globe, the more surely and the more fully will they be reported in all parts of the world.

4. In older times the mass of population lived close to the earth. Innately conservative, and far removed from the temptations and artifice of the cities, their lives passed slowly, regulated by the rhythm of the harvests, by kinship, and by ancient custom. In contrast, the mass of Western populations are today urban dwellers, uprooted from the earth, cut off from all sustaining tradition, mobile, chronically restive, ready to be blown hither and thither by any commercial breeze and sweep of fashion. An easy prey to promises of new forms of titillation and exciting experience, their resistance to insidious cults is minimal.

Can Pornography Be Part of the Good Life?

IT IS TIME TO TURN ABOUT in our minds some of the facets of the problem posed by the concept of the Pornographic Society; namely, whether such a society is compatible with the Good Life, *any* good life.[24]

First, allowing that family life will continue in such a society, what are we to make of the effect on the child's psychology of his apprehension of a society obsessed with carnal indulgence? It has been alleged, occasionally, that children are immune to pornography; that, up to a certain age, it does not signify. Though this allegation cannot draw on any evidence since they are not in fact exposed, when young, to sexual circuses, we need not pursue this controversial question here because, presumably, there does come an age when they begin to understand the significance of what is happening about them. It is appropriate, then, to question the effect on the child's emotional life, in particular his regard and feelings for his parents.

Is it not just possible that the child needs not only to love his parents but to esteem them? In his first gropings for order and security in a world of threatening impulse, does he not need to look up to beings who provide assurance,

[23] I am not, however, denying for a moment the existence of homosexual conventions in ancient Greece or Rome, nor the occurrence of private orgies, private lascivious displays, or other obscene activities not only in the Ancient World but in other civilisations. We are not comparing private practices, or sexual conventions, throughout the ages. The issue is the prevalence of wanton sexual performances as a legitimate form of *public* entertainment.

[24] A possibly idiosyncratic view, though not an implausible one, of the consequences of the abandoning of all sexual tabus may be touched on in passing. Although not unrelated to the main stream of conjecture, it could only be treated adequately by a more thorough-going anthropological and psychological approach. The existence of sexual proprieties and tabus enables and requires a man to hug his sex fantasies to himself—to have and to hold, for his private anxieties and delectation, a world within himself of the outlandish and licentious. The emergence of the Pornographic Society would dissolve the illusion of the peculiarity and power of these sub-surface desires. All potent sources of excitation that lurk like furtive monsters in the dark recesses of his imagination would dissipate and melt away in the glare of public pornography.

For the ordinary man, such a loss could be irreplaceable: the last refuge of his inner world, the guarded sanctuary of his lusts, broken open and all its contents dragged into the market place, there to be made the common stuff of mass entertainment. True, the opportunities for overt sexual titillation become multiplied. But with the loss of each man's secret refuge he might feel much like an animal that has been deprived of its own peculiar odour and identity.

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who appear to him as "good" and wise and just? Will such emotional needs not be thwarted in a society of uninhibited sexual device? I do not pretend to know the answers to these questions, but no one will gainsay their importance. In view of the possibly very grave consequences on our children's children, would it not be an act of culpable negligence to allow current trends toward an increasingly promiscuous society to continue without being in sight of the answers?

Consider next the quality of love in such a society. Three closely related questions arise.

Treated simply as a physical exploit with another body, and divorced from the intrusion of sentiment, is sexual fulfilment possible?[25] David Holbrook, for one, has doubts whether this is possible. Indeed, he concludes that the so-called sexual revolution is "placing limits on people's capacities to develop a rich enjoyment of sexual love by reducing it to sexuality."[26] Nor has Irving Kristol any brief for the more visible manifestations of the sexual revolution:

> There are human sentiments . . . involved in this animal activity. But when sex is public the viewer does not—cannot—see the sentiments. . . . He can only see the animal coupling. And that is why, when men and women make love, as we say, they prefer to be alone—because it is only when you are alone that you can make love, as distinct from merely copulating in an animal and casual way.

The second question that comes to mind in this connection is whether romantic love will become obsolete in a society of unfettered sexual recourse.

The "savage" in Aldous Huxley's brilliant satire, *Brave New World,* who commits suicide in despair, tried for romantic love but could obtain only instant sex. There might well continue to be sexual friendships, sexual rivalries, sexual jealousies. But the sublimation of sex, thought to be the well-spring of creative imagination and of romantic love, would be no more. One of the great sources of inspiration of poetry and song, of chivalry and dedication, throughout the ages would have dried up. To the denizens of the pornographic society the story of Abelard and Heloise or even the theories of Stendhal *On Love* would be implausible, if not incomprehensible.

The third related question is about the quality of love in general that can be expected to emerge along the road to such a society. One wonders if it would really be possible to love other people very much, or to care for them as persons very much in a world without opportunity for sublimation. Can such virtues as loyalty, honour, compassion, sacrifice, charity, or tenderness, flourish in an environment of uninhibited public exhibitionism and pornography?

TAKING A WIDER PERSPECTIVE of the scene, one wonders whether it is possible to unite unchecked public sexual indulgence with the continued progress of any civilisation—thinking of civilisation in terms not merely of increasing scientific advance and technological innovation but in those, also, of a refinement of taste and sensibility. Let the reader ponder on the question at his leisure, bearing in mind the reflection that whereas the emergence in the past of a new civilisation, or of a new age within the matrix of an existing civilisation, has indeed always been associated with a rapid displacement of old conceptions, values, and purposes by new ones, it has never been associated with a mass movement toward unbridled sexual licentiousness. For, aside from the sexually neurotic elements at large in Western societies, there are in each of us—among "normal" people, that is—infantile and regressive elements that are for the most part dormant though deeply imbedded. "Emotional maturity" is a frail plant that can sustain itself only by clinging to an appropriate social structure. Familiar tabus that place a variety of constraints on freedom of sexual practices reflect a society's desire to guard against the activation of such elements. Until recently the laws of all Western societies sanctioned and reinforced tabus against an unlimited sexual freedom that, if actively sought, could be destructive of organised society.

Thus, a first experiment of this kind just might be the last experiment ever. Goaded on by the predatory forces of commercial opportunism, expectations of carnal gratification—aroused by increasingly salacious spectacles, and increasing facilities for new sexual perversions—would soar beyond the physical limits of attainments. In the unrelenting search for the uttermost in orgiastic experience, cruel passions might be unleashed, impelling humanity into regions beyond barbarism. One has only to recall the fantastic sadistic barbarities of the Nazi era—and to recall also that in 1941 the Nazis were within an ace of winning the War—to accept this conjecture as neither far-fetched nor fanciful, and to recognise that civilisation is indeed but skin-deep.

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[25] In order to avoid turning the question into a semantic issue, it could be rephrased more precisely as follows: Does suspension of sentiment *vis-à-vis* the sexual partner strengthen the physical sensations of pleasure or does it weaken them?

[26] See his review of the books written by Dr Viktor Frankl, *The Doctor and the Soul* and *Psychotherapy and Existentialism,* and that written by Dr Rollo May, *Love and the Will,* in *The Times,* 20 March 1971.

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FINALLY, and returning to this question of the viability of such a society, we are led into thinking about those things that hold together the members of a tribe, a folk, a race, or nation—a fondness for the myths that tell of their origins, a pride in their common ancestry, beliefs about kith and kin, an esteem for their traditional institutions, a concern for their survival as a people and sometimes, too, a confidence in their future.[27] Such sentiments wax and wane with the passage of the years and centuries. Whether they will survive the growth of the scientific spirit and the unifying forces of technology is a moot question. But (since we are nowhere in sight of any form of world government that would command our allegiance) once such common feelings vanish, and there is nothing but self-interest to move people, society itself will surely disintegrate. Although, for a time, the forces of law and the power of bureaucracy may preserve it from anarchy, without a common myth, without a common pride and sense of purpose, the vitality of such a society ebbs, and it lingers on like a body wasted by disease, a prey to internal convulsions and external aggression.

Is it not likely, then, that the universal and daily display of pornographic activity will contribute toward the destruction of a people's image of itself? Today an educated man may sympathise with those given to voyeurism, to homosexuality, or to more perverted sex practices, without however being altogether indifferent to an increase in their numbers. He may shrug at the sight of long queues of "Peeping Toms" shuffling with impatience to gorge their eyes on live flesh performances. He may, if determinedly and indiscriminately libertarian, affect a tolerance even of the spread of the "little shops", of sex boutiques, sex fairs, and sex supermarkets, all waxing prosperous from the sale of blue films, fantastic photographs, porno-literature and sexual gadgetry; a tolerance also of the overt sexual advertisements and hyper-erotic billboards. He may stubbornly continue to assert that "in matters of taste" there can be no debate. For all that, he would readily admit that such sights do not inspire him. They are not such sights as to sustain in a man, much less produce in him, a sense of civic pride. Well might he ask: Are these the sort of people for whose society he must stand ready to make sacrifices? Do they comprise a nation in whose defence he should be willing, if necessary, to take up arms? Can any one *care* very much what happens to a society whose members are continually and visibly obsessed with sexual carousal—to a society where, in effect, the human animal has been reduced to a life-style that consists in the main of alternatively inflaming itself and relieving itself?

Such questions need not be regarded as merely rhetorical. They may be thought of as genuine questions. But unless the answers to them are quite other than what I suspect they are, there are clear and present dangers in the current drift toward increased sexual permissiveness.

IT WOULD BE WELL TO SUMMARISE the main features of the argument prior to my final section and conclusion. I began by indicating some of the varied manifestations of the "permissive revolution", and the emotional attitudes of those who welcome it. Those less happy at the turn of recent developments, however, seem unable as yet to reconcile their libertarianism with a return to stricter censorship. Despite all evidence to the contrary, they continue to hope for a reaction by the public arising from disgust or, in the last resort, from eventual boredom—a reaction, however, that would not need to invoke legal prohibitions.

After examining briefly some of the more familiar arguments against the censorship of sexually obscene matter, and finding them wanting in substance, I affirmed the view that the law is ultimately an expression of the moral sentiments of society. Though the law cannot instil virtue it can discourage vice. While conceding that the existing statutes—*e.g.*, the Obscene Publications Acts in Britain—make very poor law, there was no reason to doubt that the law could be made more effective in reducing sexual obscenity in literature and entertainment if we so wished.

The arguments favouring the trend toward increased permissiveness were then considered. I dismissed the idea that great art could never be obscene; also the idea that, just because it could stir people's emotions, pornography should qualify as a legitimate art form. The familiar assertion of abolitionists that the current trend toward greater sexual permissiveness has therapeutic value was challenged as being both implausible in itself and at variance with the limited evidence at our disposal. Nor is it possible to take seriously the proposition that Art and Literature can never be injurious to the character of society.

Moving on to speculate on the nature of the corruption to society, I first gave reasons for believing that the experience of history, however

[27] It should be unnecessary to remark that such feelings have, of themselves, nothing to do with xenophobia. They are in fact wholly consistent with a love of racial diversity, a respect for the achievements of other peoples, and a sympathetic understanding and, possibly, admiration for their institutions.

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we interpret it, would not be relevant to our own times. I then raised the question about the provision for children in a Pornographic Society; about the effects of such a society on our ability to love, care, cherish, and trust one another. Finally, I pondered upon the sources of conflict between, on the one hand, the aims of the good life and the needs of civic virtue to sustain society, and, on the other hand, the trend toward manifest obsession with orgiastic experience promoted by the spread of pornography in the market place. Without answers to such questions we cannot tell just where the "permissive revolution" is taking us. But we cannot rule out the possibility that, if it is given its head, it will take us past the point of no return.

Taking Crucial Decisions in the Presence of Uncertainty

IF A CRUCIAL SOCIAL DECISION has to be taken in circumstances of great uncertainty how do we proceed? The answer is that the procedure, and the solution it yields, will depend almost wholly in such cases upon which of the two opposing principles we adopt. The first principle, put bluntly, says: make the change if there is a chance of some (incalculable) gain, even though there is also a chance of some (incalculable) loss. The alternative and opposing principle takes a conservative form, Put bluntly, it bids us *not* to make the change if there is a chance of loss, even though there is also a chance of gain.

The first principle is operative in a society whose material development is guided in large measure by criteria favoured by private enterprise, especially in a growing economy. For the prospect of profits can induce the production of "goods" that have harmful consequences for society at large. No one seriously alleges that everything that appears on the market has equal value for civilised living. Indeed, though pro-market economists may fear to admit it, few ordinary people would have much difficulty in branding as trivial, if not positively inimical, many existing products in large demand. Apart from the fact that the marketing of some goods produces serious environmental damage, a growing range of chemical products that may prove, over time, to be highly toxic continues to be offered on the market simply because the existing evidence—often of a short-term and experimental nature—of damage to health is not conclusive. Since the newspapers have impressed us recently with some of the more distressing consequences of these business norms, it is unnecessary to labour the recent findings on such diverse items as *DDT* and other chemical pesticides, cyclamates, detergents, radio-active wastes, tranquillisers, and such drugs as thalidomide. The harm done to a species, to human beings, or to parts of the earth's surface, is sometimes irrevocable. Yet just as rapid technological innovations entail unforeseeable ecological and health hazards, so also can rapid "cultural" innovation produce unforeseeable social hazards. In an age in which technology is gaining pace and power, the determination of our actions by this first principle exposes us to grave risks.

The second principle has an affinity with the method adopted in the sciences. Despite occasional disclaimers, the practice has been to hold on to an existing scientific view or theory until evidence in favour of a new view or theory has so accumulated as to be overwhelming. Whatever the importance we attach to this methodology, there are particular reasons for adopting the more conservative principle where the issue is that of a "sexual revolution" whose consequences we cannot foresee. No civilisation, as far as we know, has ever left the choice of sexual morals or propriety wholly to the discretion of the individual.

INDEED, IN THE LAST RESORT, it is the same complex of distinctions that demarcates the social acceptability of homosexuality as a form of experience and love, from its basic non-acceptability on equal terms with heterosexuality. Nature produced heterosexuality as humanity's mechanism of survival. Physically, psychologically, emotionally, we have been fashioned by an evolutionary process for heterosexual intercourse, not homosexual. Culturally too, and through the centuries, *romantic* (sexual) love has been exalted in song, sonnet, art, and great literature, as that which springs between man and woman; not between man and man or between woman and woman. Homosexual love and practice can, then, be properly regarded as an aberration from nature, from culture, and from custom. Notwithstanding "newspeak" terms like "gay liberation", there is nothing healthy or heroic, nothing virile or beautiful about homosexuality. At best it invites sympathy, as being the symptom of a pathological condition—one, incidentally, that can be induced in lower animals by experimentally exposing them to "unnatural" or stress conditions, sometimes by over-crowding.

The common libertarian assertion that if a particular indulgence affords pleasure of some sort to consenting adults, and does no obvious harm to others, society should have no further interest in the matter, has only a superficial appeal. And to contend further that *there is no reason why* sexual activity should be prescribed

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according to gender amounts to an appeal directed to the first principle. It is equally valid to argue that *there is no reason why* sexual activity should be prescribed according to animal species.

The second, and more conservative, principle views the question in a different light. Confining oneself only to historical experience, a decision to abandon sexual mores that have endured for ages, mores on which the family is based and which have shaped our thought, language, literature, and culture, over thousands of years, is surely a matter deserving of prolonged and serious reflection—inasmuch as the consequences for society can be far-reaching and perhaps irrevocable. So momentous a social and legal change, one that recognises homosexuality as *in all respects* on a par with heterosexuality, can be contemplated with equanimity only by the ultra-doctrinaire, the light-headed, and the sexually afflicted.

No one should infer from such considerations alone that such an alteration in our laws should never be undertaken, but simply that it is up to those who propose it to provide arguments in its favour potent enough to satisfy the natural apprehensions of those having an abiding concern for the future of mankind and aspirations toward the good life. Until this condition has been met, the law should act to uphold custom and that which for ages has been accepted as normal and natural. Exactly how the law is to be applied, whether with severity or leniency, is an auxiliary question to be decided in the light of prevailing circumstances; and it has been so decided in the recent British legislation introduced by Lord Arran and Mr. Leo Abse.

THERE IS NO REASON to feel much confidence about the outcome of the "permissive" experiments undertaken in the fevered atmosphere of the post-war world. We can hardly describe the age we live in as the natural inheritor of the Enlightenment that began in the eighteenth century. The upsurge over the last decade of sadistic, prurient, and obscene literature and entertainment cannot seriously be considered as marking a further advance in our liberties. Such developments have taken place during a period that has witnessed the emergence of the beatnik, the provo, the drop-out, the hippie, the skin-head, the yippie, the weatherman, and a number of smaller but even more exotic movements, to say nothing of the revival of witchcraft in America. It is a period that has witnessed an intensification of racial strife the world over, not unrelated to the "population explosion"; a period of growing student unrest and intolerance; a period of direct-action movements, of near hysteria and, most insidious of all, of the growing popularity of violence and blackmail—and this not merely among delinquents, but among otherwise intelligent, idealistic, and well-meaning people. For they have come to regard violence, and threats of violence, as a legitimate means of asserting one's claims, and of promoting good causes, in societies grown too large and bureaucratic to respond flexibly. Such a period is evidently not one in which to discern the culmination of a heritage of liberties.

To put the matter more assertively, the view that we are living in a stricken society, a sick society, a dissolving society, fits the observed facts better. At all events, it is a society in which the great religions, and the great myths from which mankind once drew inspiration and comfort, have been eroded by the spread of secular knowledge and scientific "objectivity." With the easing of economic circumstances in the West, and with the growth of the Welfare State, the older virtues of frugality, stoicism, moral responsibility, and self-discipline have more limited scope and more limited appeal. What is more, the sense of community is being irreparably fractured by the developments of modern technology, by automation, computerisation, and motorisation. Everywhere, and not only in the West, there appears to be a growing restlessness and discontent. In the expanding cities and suburbs, frustrations continue to mount, and the sanity of ordinary citizens is being increasingly threatened by the unabating assault of mass media, and by the inescapable noise, fume, and traffic congestion. It is all too likely that we are becoming unhinged, and nearer to social disintegration than we dare imagine.

Seen against this backdrop, the current obsession with sexual gimmickry may be properly regarded also as a symptom of the mounting frustrations that have brought about a new crisis of confidence in the West, and perhaps a new Failure of Nerve. Gate-crashing into sex is not too surprising a response of the denizens of the consumer society, long reared in institutions dedicated to bloating men's appetites. It is a foredoomed attempt to combat their growing despair and the stresses produced by being subjected to, and having to keep up with, rapid technological change.

TO GENERALISE THUS is not to deny, however, that over the last few years we have also witnessed the beginnings of a movement of profound concern for what we have done, and what we are continuing to do, to our lives and to our unique planet in the name of "Progress." Many in this movement reject the idea of a future

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society impelled by technology or shaped by economic growth and currently operating market forces. From this movement there are emerging the first uncertain attempts to formulate a philosophy that will break with the ethos of the last two hundred years and will, instead, create institutions designed to promote a social order more attuned to men's instinctual needs and more in harmony with the ambient ecology of our planetary home.

But these are, as yet, tender shoots struggling for life in an urban civilisation growing in on itself and made callous by the habitual commercially-inspired clamour for speed and spice, and the inveterate strife between sects and colours, between haves and have-nots. Alas there is no historical law or transcendental dialectic to assure that the new forces of understanding and humility will prevail in time against deeply-entrenched interests, financial, bureaucratic, technocratic, and ideological.

In any period other than the present, a failure to check the commercial pressures impelling a community toward overt pornographic spectacles and revelry would, indeed, cause the rot to set in. It would destroy the morale and vigour of the community, leaving it a prey to tyranny or to foreign conquest. In the world of today, however, a world lurching towards a variety of ecological crises, and moving closer over time to the perils of a nuclear Armageddon, the exhilarating descent into the pornographic maelstrom can be more aptly regarded as but one more insidious form of distraction added to the many that already blind the fast-scurrying members of the affluent society to the impending holocaust of the human species.

Makassar General Hospital

The Pasar Grahan fronts Makassar Sea
Its still slate harbour roamed by pale sea terns
And circle-bottomed cutlass-sailed white prows

The ambulance fresh washed despite the squall
Replaced the antique Ford that Taufiq found
Which hung me twenty hours on Lino road
Then brought me to my self-appointed round

"The intravenous serum is not right
We fear convulsions when administered
Three patients gone last week," said Taufiq's voice

"Our thirteen doctors all are foreign trained
It's money that we lack, we have the skill,"
He mewed a cocky Arab beggar whine
This tennis-playing smug white-tailored shill

"And here we always use electric shock
Routinely where you tend to tranquillise—
The cost of drugs," he shrugged falsetto thin

"At Ramadan the ambulant patients leave
But in this ward we cannot let them free"
And Taufiq winked me into brotherhood
As twenty grey-sacked girls guffawed at me

My bearded freckled fake public disguise
My white official strut and bleached white eyes

Marshall Brement

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Orhan Veli Kanik

Four Poems

Free

We live free
air is free, clouds are free
valleys and hills are free
rain and mud are free
the outside of cars
the entrances of cinemas
and the shop windows are free
bread and cheese cost money, but
stale water is free
freedom can cost your head
but prison is free
we live free.

Bell-Song

We are officials
at 9 o'clock, 12 o'clock, 5 o'clock,
we form our private clusters in the streets.
Thus did Almighty God record our fate
we wait for the break-bell
or the first of the month.

Fine days

These fine days have been my ruin.
On this kind of day I resigned
my job in "Pious Foundations"
on this kind of day I started to smoke
on this kind of day I fell in love
on this kind of day I forgot
to bring home bread and salt
on this kind of day I had a relapse
into my versifying disease.
These fine days have been my ruin.

For the Fatherland

What have we not done for this our fatherland!
Some of us have died;
Some of us have made speeches.

Orhan Veli Kanik was born in Istanbul in 1914 and died in 1950. His poems, which were the subject of violent controversy during his lifetime, have risen steadily in esteem since his death, and his *Collected Poems* is now a best-seller. These poems have been translated by Bernard Lewis.

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FILM

Modalities of Sex

By John Weightman

MY BEST FRIEND, who is candid almost to a fault, accuses me of wasting my time on trifles, such as the modern theatre and cinema, and says that I always write the same article. "I see you've done your sex piece again", he remarks gloomily, before settling down to put me right about the current political situation and the nobler cultural phenomena of the past two thousand years. "George", I invariably reply, "that is unfair. As you very well know, I have not one article but two—my sex piece and my moral values piece. If the first comes round rather more often, it is obviously because, at a crucial stage, I was deprived of sex and given a surfeit of moral values. Even at this late hour, when the problem has become academic, I am still trying to strike a balance. Being the Prussian you are, you ought to admire my persistence. Anyway, how can you just dismiss the theatre and the cinema, decadent though they may seem to the truly adult mind like your own? Everything is significant; there are no privileged subjects. So why shouldn't I try to squeeze an idea or two out of show business? . . . etc. . . . etc."

Actually, within show business itself, it would be correct to say that there is still a major, privileged subject, which is precisely sex, with or without violence. After giving the cinema a miss for about three months, I recently made an attempt to catch up by going to see six films in a row. In watching four of them (*Straw Dogs; W.R. or The Mysteries of the Organism; Carnal Knowledge;* and *Klute*), I was surprised to notice how much further contemporary taste has moved towards disregarding love and replacing it by sex. One would have thought that, by now, the sexual high-water mark would have been reached, but there may still be some way to go before the tide turns, if it ever does. Four-letter words, displays of pudenda, galumphing animality—all these prove that Puritanism has now been almost completely reversed. Whereas, in the old days of the cinema, the characters first fell in love, and then if necessary discovered sex in very discreet forms—*i.e.*, began by the emotional superstructure before moving down to the physiological infrastructure—they now begin by physiology and then, perhaps, look round for some idea or emotion with which it can be linked. They start with the animal and make a gesture in the direction of the spirit. There is no point in being scandalised by this; it is just an alternative approach, to which the whole of culture has been tending for generations. When so much of culture is anti-cultural, this means that man is trying to animalise himself in the hope of discovering his true nature. He is caught, of course, in a vicious circle. Even Diogenes the cynic, one of those forgotten fellows who lived "in B.C.", did not succeed in being totally dog-like. He performed his organic functions (including masturbation, if I remember rightly) in public, in a very modern manner; but he went on using language and even said that he was looking for "a man." In other words, the soul may be a fiction, but man is the animal who knows he is an animal, and the knowledge makes all the difference. The rough, ugly, hairy, contemporary hero may be trying to look pubic all over, but he is not simply a set of walking genitalia, as someone has claimed. To exaggerate the animal within oneself is to do something beyond the scope of any animal.

THESE THOUGHTS occurred to me as I was reading some shocked reactions to the new Sam Peckinpah film, *Straw Dogs*, and wondering why it had left me quite unmoved. I have only one slight intellectual worry; I haven't been able to discover what the title means. Can it be a learned pun on the Diogenes complex? The characters think they are dogs, but are only dogs of straw? However, the film itself I take to be an entertainment in the Gothic mode, incredible in many of its details, but good fun while it lasts. The theme is sub-Lawrentian. An American professor of mathematics (Dustin Hoffman) is on leave in a remote Cornwall village, where he is writing a book on mathematical problems in astronomy and, possibly, taking refuge from the political confusions of the United States. His English wife, a former native of the village, mopes around the house because, instead of making love to her during the day as well as during the night, he tries to get on with his work. Half-a-dozen male

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villagers, one of them an ex-lover of the wife, are sniffing around the couple like a pack of hounds. The air is heavy with menace. The American is conscious of primeval British lusts whenever he goes into the local pub to buy a packet of cigarettes. The yokels hang the wife's cat in her wardrobe; they try to involve the husband in a road-accident; they decoy him away from the house with the oldest trick in the book, so that two of them can rape the wife at leisure.

None of this part can be taken very seriously, because it is based on unlikely assumptions. Most British villages, in my experience, have the normal quota of peculiarities, but they do not reek overtly with sex, like Sodom and Gomorrah. Professors are not necessarily less sexy than farm-labourers or game-keepers. On the whole, intellectuals seem to do more than their fair share of copulation, and by now it appears rather comic that D. H. Lawrence should have thought of Keynes and Russell as sexless brains. Women do not depend simply on brute force for their sexual stimulus. Any manifestation of power can arouse them: money, eloquence, or intelligence. I am willing to bet that many a wife would be highly excited to have a husband who could cover a blackboard with abstruse formulae and would never dream in that situation of showing frustrated breasts to the builders mending the garage. In human beings, sex is hardly ever straightforwardly animal; if it were, a great many happy relationships between the ugly and the beautiful or the old and the young would be incomprehensible.

As for the rape scene, it is not really shocking, since the young woman wants to be raped, at least by one man, and the second can be looked upon as a bonus. In any case, the elaborate simulation signifies nothing but the bestial adjustment of bodies, which is scientific or medical. Years ago, when my grandfather took a cow to the bull, we small boys would accompany him and look on while, with a similar alternation of thwacks and expletives, exhibit *A* would be brought into line with orifice *B*. This free rustic entertainment (now replaced, I suppose, by men in white coats operating quietly with syringes) provided a definite satisfaction, because it was a real event in nature and a powerful statement of generation. But why pay 75 new pence to see a phoney performance in Piccadilly? I found myself wondering *in petto* what my grandfather would have said—he who never set foot inside a theatre or cinema—and I thought I could sense rumblings of deep, dialectal mirth.

THE LAST THIRD OF THE FILM moves on from sex to more purely physical violence. Because the American has acted as Good Samaritan to the village idiot, whom the yokels propose to beat up, they lay siege to his house on the outskirts of the village. He does not know that his wife has been raped; she has not told him, no doubt because of the ambiguous pleasure of the experience. What irks him is that the sanctity of his house is being violated. The American's sabbatical home in Britain is his castle; or, to put it another way, his virility is only fully aroused by Ardrey's "territorial imperative." He therefore resists with all the stubbornness of which the meek are capable and, in a splendidly organised sequence, kills in turn all five or six of his assailants. Again, the whole thing is totally unrealistic, because no group of contemporary British yokels would behave like this, and in any case the noise would have attracted a crowd from miles around. But the episode is enjoyable as a mythic battle between a goodie, a human being, and a group of baddies, bestial brutes with no higher feelings at all. The American may be unable to satisfy his insatiable wife, but he has slaughtered half-a-dozen rival phalluses. Before the last fade, he smiles quietly to himself at the thought of having wiped the slate clean. The appeal of this film is really escapism through violence. Life would be so simple and satisfactory if, like animals in the jungle, we could kill each other with a clear conscience, or with no conscience at all.

THERE IS NO LOVE in *Straw Dogs;* the American does not really love his wife, nor she him. Lust is rampant, and the only disinterested emotion is the American's feeling that he ought, in common decency, to protect the village idiot, and this is only a liberal reflex. No love either in two other films: *W.R. or The Mysteries of the Organism* by Makavejev and *Carnal Knowledge* (Mike Nichols, scenario by Jules Feiffer).

W.R. has been referred to as a "great" film. It seems to me to be far too scrappy and uncertain in its intentions to be that, but it is undoubtedly a curio. The overt thesis appears to be that sexual liberation can be used to loosen up totalitarian oppressiveness. The starting-point is Wilhelm Reich, the post-Freudian crank, who had the idea that happy orgasms put one in tune with the cosmic process. A good part of the film consists of documentary snippets, in the Godard manner, about Reich's disciples in America, his institute which still belongs to his widow, and the Encounter (no relation) groups which try to apply his principles. However, none of this adds up to a comprehensible statement of Reich's views, and it is impossible to say whether Makavejev takes him seriously or not. Probably the Yugoslav director is just using him as a stick

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with which to beat East European Victorianism; on the other hand, the vistas of crankiness opened up by these glimpses of the Neo-Reichians would give any average liberationist the creeps.

As a matter of fact, Reich is not necessary to the argument that sexual emancipation would further the cause of political freedom. Nor is the argument itself developed very convincingly. I suspect that Makavejev has not bothered to think out the problem; he has probably not read Huxley's *Brave New World*, in which total sexual promiscuity coexists with perfect social regimentation, sex being merely the opium of the people. For sexual freedom to have a pervasive moral influence, it would have to be more than casual; it would have to be accompanied by genuine human relationships, that is by love. There is little sign of this in *W.R.*, and the most notable sequence, the one for which the film will remain famous, is fascinatingly inhuman.

It was presumably shot in America, since the man and woman concerned are American and the interior has the elaborate messiness one associates with a certain kind of hippie mentality. The lady appears to specialise in making plaster casts of penises, which she then reproduces in glossy plastic. The young man takes off his trousers and lies down on a couch; she caresses him with absent-minded professionalism until he reaches the required state of firmness, and then she covers his member with a transparent sheet —none too clean, by the look of it—and builds a little plaster mound over it. Cut to the point where she is putting the finished red object on a shelf alongside other trophies. Cut again immediately from the red phallus to Stalin, standing among his group of sycophants. Stalin was, presumably, a big phallus, in a field (politics) where phalluses should be irrelevant. The implication may be that all power tends mistakenly to be sexual; Stalin was everybody's Big Daddy through the confusion between crypto-sexual authoritarianism and genuine political health.

This is quite a good joke, but I cannot claim to have understood the sequence as a whole. Why has the American lady taken to making these plastic replicas? Has sex without the accompanying personality become so important that we have got to a stage when the individual lingam is to be perpetuated as the significant part of the whole? Instead of saying: "Here is a bust of my late husband", the widow will point to the mantelpiece, murmuring "That was Percy in his prime. . . ." Divorcées, loose women, and homosexuals will make collections. One foresees moments of great suspense at Christie's and Sotheby's and Parke-Bernet when some prestigious piece comes on to the market and, through a Freudian reversion, there will no longer be any demand for souvenir models of the Eiffel Tower.

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE could be sub-titled "Or Spiritual Ignorance." As a film, I found it rather slow-moving and tedious, like so many big-screen pictures in which the vastness of the frame is inappropriate to the intimate nature of the theme; but it fits perfectly into my argument, since it deals with the American male's inability to move on from sex to a heterosexual relationship.

Jack Nicholson and Arthur Garfunkel are two college friends, one handsome and brash, the other ugly and fairly sensitive, who are obsessed with the need to get rid of their virginity. The former is the dominant partner, and in fact, although there is no suggestion of homosexuality, their friendship has a slightly male/female pattern. Perhaps, in a culture where the "buddy" is a dominant concept, it is difficult for men to graduate to a full relationship with women. When I was young, it seemed to me that this was to some extent the case even in France. All young men tended to have a best friend, with whom they lived on terms of close intellectual and emotional intimacy, which made women seem rather unnecessary, except on the physical level. Hence the curious mixture of ceremoniousness and insensitivity which often characterised inter-sexual relations. Why this pattern should be repeated in America, where the bourgeois mentality and arranged marriages are much less prevalent, I don't know. Perhaps it is a survival from the pioneer days, when male friendship was more important than the sexual bond.

At any rate, we are asked to believe that these two buddies are eminently successful in their professional lives (one is a lawyer, the other a doctor), but that their sexual relationships all fizzle out in disappointment. Garfunkel gets married and has children, and claims for a while to have a "mature" understanding with his wife, but then quickly reverts to bachelor adventurism with Nicholson. The latter can think of women only in terms of their vital statistics; an inch too many or too few on the erogenous protuberances and his operational capacities are jeopardised. Sexual attractiveness is not a subtle perfume compounded of psychology and physiology; it is a question of physical "points", as if one were dealing with prize dogs or horses. Here, again, I am reminded of a traditional French approach. I remember a middle-aged Frenchman at a male dinner-party explaining his current dilemma in solemn tones, as if it were a really serious matter. His new secretary had indicated her willingness to go to bed,

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but he was not sure that he could do himself justice, because she was a shade too thin: "*Moi, il me faut de la viande!*"

The development of the two friends is parallel but different: Garfunkel has a series of mistresses with whom he becomes bored; he ends up, long-haired and mustachio'd, as a middle-aged, week-end hippie with a shaggy teen-age girl who, he claims, is initiating him into the secrets of the younger generation; in other words, he has become a self-deceiving verbaliser. Nicholson at least is honest about the onset of impotence; the film closes tragically on a vision of him lying back on a divan and being ministered to, at a hundred dollars a time, by a plain, flat-chested prostitute who, with a mixture of words and osculations, can conjure up a phantom tumescence. In manner, she is uncannily like the plaster-cast lady in *W.R.* An efficient prostitute, it would seem, like any other woman, is not a person with whom a man has a reciprocal relationship. She is a mirror in which he reflects his own virility, and that virility is a recurrent and pointless finality, a perpetually exploding short-term *project*, that is, the most poignant symbol of contingency. On reflection, I think *Carnal Knowledge* is one of the saddest films I have seen. It presents heterosexuality as being as barren as the most sterile forms of homosexuality.

FOR A RAY OF HOPE, we have to look at the last of the four films, *Klute*, which on the surface is just a well-made thriller. The title is the name of the private detective who is investigating the disappearance of a friend, an impeccable business and family man who has gone missing in Chicago. There is a slight lead to a New York call-girl (Jane Fonda), and the basic subject of the film is really a study of her mentality, so that the title is a misnomer. It is not surprising that Jane Fonda should have got the Best Actress award; she gives a quite remarkable performance as the New Woman who has only got rid of her bra the better to flaunt her advantages under the noses of gullible males.

She forms a more intelligent counterpart to the Jack Nicholson character in *Carnal Knowledge*. Whereas he, the Don Juan type, is in the grip of an insatiable hunger which takes him from woman to woman, because he can see no woman as a person (they are all the same anonymous pudenda surrounded by different but necessary frills), she sees all men as lustful adolescents who can be milked of their substance by a bright woman who treats sex as a form of mental and physical massage that men need and that women can do without. Being up to date, she actually encourages her clients to indulge in their extreme whims and, as usual, the greater the perversion the higher the price. In her professional patter, which we hear several times, she puts forward the view that everything is natural and cannot therefore be wrong. However, it is precisely by this argument that she has revealed to the villain of the piece that he has repressed homicidal tendencies associated with sex. He is responsible for a series of murders, including that of the missing business man, his colleague, and he would murder her too, did Klute not come to her rescue in the final sequence.

Klute, of course, is the "good" individual who, by his patience, firmness and kindness, brings her to the realisation that happiness is to be found in loving one man, not in treating them all as enemies whom she can exploit one by one. We know from her long conversations with her psychiatrist (all prostitutes have, traditionally, gone to fortune-tellers, but this is the first time I have come across a prostitute-character who discusses herself with her analyst, as if she were the subject of an Existentialist or Freudian seminar) that she has non-sexual ambitions. She wants to be an actress or a stage-designer. Meanwhile, prostitution gives her a comfortable living and she also enjoys it, because she derives pleasure from treating men as objects whom she can manipulate. When Klute is first kind to her, she seduces him to put herself in a position of dominance but then, when he persists in being decent, she suddenly discovers that her body is responding to his, and that she has made the acquaintance of love. Instead of the old stereotype of the warm-hearted whore comforting the distressed male, we have the stony-hearted prostitute being thawed into humanity by a virtuous dick. Although the film makes no pretence to be other than commercial, the development is managed without sentimentality and the obvious happy ending is avoided; the two people will go their separate ways, now that her sentimental education has been achieved.

THERE REMAINS THE QUESTION of the "naturalistic" view of sex. The villain, after making a speech in which he proclaims his feeling of innocence, is allowed to commit suicide by defenestration. It is thus more or less recognised that he is not really a villain; he is just an unfortunate person for whom orgasm happens to be linked with killing and destruction, just as for some middle-aged men it is associated with stealing female underwear from washing-lines. This makes one wonder what happens in Encounter groups if a liberated individual begins strangling another in the interests of the perfect orgasm.

Pace Wilhelm Reich, it is difficult to imagine an orgasm which is not in line with the cosmic process. But what one has doubts about is the cosmic process itself.

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Three Poems

The Villetta

Here is your villetta
With its view over the sea
Owned by the crooked lawyer.

Here is the shack
Of the fisherman
Ready to hire out his daughter.

Here is the office
Of the head of police
Who can fix a permit of sojourn
And might not be blind
To a gift
If the gift is made
In mortification,
The coin of the realm.

Dan Huws

Warning to Instructors

I think it only wise
that those among us
who offer men eternity
as if it was a package deal
available to all with the right money,
should also explain some of the hazards
attendant upon the ascent.

It would be kind perhaps to indicate
that even the lower slopes
can be dangerous
and indeed are not always suitable for beginners.

For instance,
during a communal meal at a mental home,
the room filled slowly with a silence
which tried to scream.

A man plucked out his eye.

He was only acting according to instructions.

It *had* offended him.

Jean MacVean

The Captain

I liked the Captain, all the seams
He fell apart at, going mad

Because he thought the shivered elms
Would fall upon his ashen head

And swifts would peck his eyes. Bad dreams
Can't take the quickness that he had

Who flighted slow leg-breaks that swung
In from the off, then looped away

Or, lolled on August vapours, hung
And came through flat and how was that?

I liked the Captain, all his schemes
For harassing the right-hand bat.

I liked the Captain, all his themes
And each strange learned word he said

Who read solely Victoriana
And had by heart half *Silas Marner*

Along with odd tunes in his head.
He thought the swifts would peck his eyes.

They shall not cut him down to size
Nor break his flighted, single mind

In institutions. Nothing dead
But he shall be restored again:

Elms shall respect unshaven brain
And birds his wisdom. World needs him.

Come all, come any revolution,
The Captain is the man for spin.

Kit Wright

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NOTES & TOPICS

George Seferis

THE FUNERAL of the Greek poet George Seferis on 22 September 1971 proved to be a more or less spontaneous public event, not to say political demonstration, of a kind normally reserved in Greece for the passing of popular prime ministers illegally out of office. The drama and symbolism of it—thousands of young people raising the victory sign at the poet's grave, shouting "immortal", "freedom", "elections", and singing an early Seferis lyric set to the music of former EDA deputy Mikis Theodorakis—would surely have surprised the poet himself even more than it may have surprised his readers in England and America. Less than three years before his death at 71, Seferis declared, in one of the few interviews he allowed to appear in print:

> I am sorry to say that I never felt I was the spokesman for anything or anybody .... I've never felt the obligation .... Others think they are the voices of the country. All right. God bless them.[1]

How Seferis could become a symbolic voice of a kind he never aspired to be, even resisted intellectually and psychologically during his long public career as a diplomat, serves to explain much about the cultural and political climate that surrounded his last years of uneasy retirement in Athens. It also serves to define the man in ways barely visible to those who know him from his poetry alone.

The vehemence of Seferis's refusal to act the spokesman in 1968 suggests a bitter history. In Greece, tradition has it that there must be a major poet on the scene—a poet laureate self-declared or popularly indicated—who is willing to serve as the voice of his country, and in years past one has always come forward to fill the need: Solomos, Palamas, and Sikelianos are the most obvious examples. After the death of the last in 1951, Seferis became, willy-nilly, the acknowledged heir to this tradition. He was Counsellor of Embassy in London at the time, and during the decade that followed, as a member of the Greek delegation to the United Nations and as Ambassador in London, he was frequently involved in the diplomatic negotiations over the Cyprus issue that darkened British-Greek relations throughout the 1950s. His direct participation in this area of international politics gave additional ammunition to those who wanted him to serve as the voice of Greece.

When Seferis published a volume of poems dedicated to the people of Cyprus in 1955—his first volume since the death of Sikelianos—critics in Greece, quick to dress him in the mantle of national poet, either celebrated the publication as an eloquent defence of Greek interests in the Cyprus dispute or criticised the poet for beginning to write what was understood to be propaganda in verse form. The new volume was, in fact, typical of the kind of poetry that Seferis had been writing since the middle 1930s and especially during World War II, "political" poetry only in the broadest sense of the term: a persona brooding over the "*new idiocies of men/or of the gods*" that had brought on renewed suffering, fearful always that he is "*fated to hear news-bearers coming to tell him*" that the latest war is "*all for an empty tunic, all for a Helen*" (as he puts it in his 1955 poem alluding to Euripides' heroine). The persona of the Cyprus volume is much the same as that of "The Last Stop", written ten years earlier, at the end of World War II, just as the poet was returning to Greece from Italy after his long service with the Greek Government-in-exile:

> *Man frays easily in wars;*
> *man is soft, a sheaf of grass,*
> *lips and fingers that hunger for a white breast,*
> *eyes that half-close in the radiance of day*
> *and feet that would run, no matter how tired,*
> *at the slightest call of profit.*
> *Man is soft and thirsty like grass,*
> *insatiable like grass, his nerves roots that spread;*
> *when the harvest comes*
> *he would rather have the scythes whistle in some other field.*[2]

What the critics of the Cyprus volume failed to recognise was that the poet had succeeded in transcending propaganda—and anything approaching it—by taking the same large view, by giving expression to the same mythologising sensibility that had characterised his vision of the contemporary predicament (including that of his own nation) since *Mythistorima*, the 1935 volume of mythologised history that had established his as the most important new voice in Greek letters. It was understandable that the narrow response to the Cyprus volume might irritate the poet enough to make him dismiss any sort of public role for the kind of poet he chose to be. At the same time Seferis remained Greek through to his bones. As I have previously suggested, he continued to be a "national" poet in his capacity for dramatising personal preoccupations in those terms that help to define the

[1] I conducted this interview for the *Paris Review* in December 1968, but it was not published until the fall of 1970 (issue 50).

[2] From *George Seferis: Collected Poems, 1924-1955*, trans. Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard (Jonathan Cape, London, 1969).

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enduring qualities of his nation, for example, its landscape, its legends, its demotic traditions in literature. This is true to an extent even of his most private volume, significantly entitled *Three Secret Poems*, which came out some ten years after his Cyprus poems and a few months before the military coup of April 1967.

SEFERIS'S IRRITATION regarding the public role he was supposed to play became acute after the Nobel Prize award of 1963 moved him on to an international stage. He was now not only poet laureate, but the first Greek Nobel laureate of any kind, with a fame that quickly spread far beyond national boundaries. And if those of his countrymen who never read poetry sometimes confused him with a Greek soccer star of similar name and renown, many of those who knew better began to look to him for the sort of prophetic leadership that nobody else was providing after the military dictatorship gave even the most conservative intellectuals cause for despair. But whatever Seferis's private sentiments, he remained adamant at first about avoiding public pronouncements. In the same 1968 interview quoted above, he was asked whether or not he felt any responsibility, given his unique position as Greece's only Nobel laureate, toward younger poets and the cultural life around him. Seferis, catching the barb in the question, answered rather petulantly:

> . . . the Nobel Prize is an accident, no more than an accident. It's not an appointment. And I have no feeling that I have been appointed to any sort of function . . . . I don't recognise the right of anybody to take you by the back of your neck and throw you into a sort of ocean of empty responsibilities. Why, that's scandalous after all.

These remarks were made toward the end of Seferis's three-month term as Fellow of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. It was an interlude free of the external tensions that he had felt building up around him in Athens after April 1967, but not entirely free of the inner tensions that any poet of his sensibilities would carry with him wherever he might seek relief, especially one so acutely sensitive to his nation's pulse and so conscious of the dangers that lay in censorship and in the arbitrary regulation of the mind's enterprises. (Hadn't he and other intellectuals encountered the same sort of despotism under the Metaxas dictatorship and the German occupation?)

His inner discomfort came to the surface at a reading that he gave at the Y.M.H.A. Poetry Center in New York in December of 1968. During the discussion period several people in the audience questioned him directly about his attitude toward the régime in Greece. Seferis evaded the questions by implying that they were inappropriate for the occasion, which hardly satisfied the more fanatic element in his audience and clearly served to upset the poet himself, because he pursued the matter at a small dinner following the reading. His actual motive for not answering such questions, he said in private, was that he did not consider it proper for him to criticise his government while he was in a foreign country, safely outside the range of the government's displeasure (and, presumably, its possible revenge).

Some who heard this explanation thought it equally evasive, but Seferis gave the lie to all doubting some three months later, after his return to Athens, when the pressure he had been under found its liberation in the dramatic statement that he issued on 28 March, 1969:

> Long ago I resolved to remain out of the country's internal politics. This did not mean . . . that I was indifferent to our political life. For years now I have in principle abstained from such matters. But what I said in print up to early 1967 and the stand that I have since taken (for since freedom was muzzled I have published nothing in Greece) showed clearly enough what my attitude was.
>
> Now for some months, however, I have felt, within me and around me, that more and more it is becoming imperative for me to speak out on our present situation. To put it as briefly as possible, this is what I would say . . . .[3]

Throughout the morning of the 28th, word had spread among Seferis' friends in Athens that the poet had smuggled some sort of recorded statement out of the country for broadcast over the BBC at 9:00 that evening, and there was much activity through the day by those in the know searching out a good short-wave set and a safe gathering place, as though the broadcast was one of those that used to come through to Greece under the Nazi occupation, when the voice of courage from England was the only free voice left to feed the morale of a harassed and starving people. The voice that came over the set that evening was heavier than Churchill's, certainly slower and less overtly rhetorical, yet it carried some of the same prophetic resonance, the same invocation of doom, as it spoke of the "state of *enforced torpor*", "the *stagnant waters*" in which the ideals and intellectual values fought for in World War II were now being submerged, and of the tragedy that "waits at the end, inescapably" for dictatorial régimes that have a seemingly easy beginning. The poet concluded:

> I am a man completely without political ties and I speak without fear and without passion. I see before us the precipice towards which the oppression that covers the land is leading us. This

[3] The translation, supervised by the poet, is that which was issued to the press. The complete statement appeared in the July 1969 issue of ENCOUNTER.

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abnormality must come to an end. It is the nation's command.

Now I return to silence. I pray to God that never again may I find myself under such compulsion to speak.

IF SEFERIS SPOKE without fear and passion, there was enough of both in the audience listening to him to bring on some restless hours following the broadcast. What would the régime do now? Arrest him? Imprison him? Send him into exile? Take away his home? Seferis himself admitted some time later that each of these possibilities had crossed his mind as he prepared to break his silence, but real as they may have seemed at moments, all such thoughts had to be dismissed.

"I ended up ready for anything but expecting nothing," he told me. "The only emotion I felt once I'd made the decision to speak was intense liberation." And virtually nothing is what he got —at least in the beginning. Several friends were daring enough to cruise by his house late that evening to see how many police and plain-clothes men a delinquent poet merited in the eyes of the régime, but all that showed in the street outside his house were strolling lovers looking for a dead-end retreat.

The first official response was a series of harsh, sometimes incoherent editorials on the front page of the leading pro-government newspaper, the aim to discredit this Seferiadis ("Seferis" is a nom-de-plume) as a Communist sympathiser. One piece made out that Mr Seferiadis had visited and congratulated a leading ELAS guerrilla leader in his mountain-hideout during the occupation, but it proved to be the wrong Seferiadis, as the paper itself had to admit on being informed by one of its own who had an unrevised memory that George Seferiadis was abroad at the time with his country's Government-in-exile. Several days after the broadcast a plain-clothes man did show up at the Seferis home to make some inquiries—questions that seemed to be directed toward verifying the existence of a poet by some such name—but the plain-clothes man remained so mild, so painfully ill at ease, that he ended up apologising to the maid for having intruded on her hospitality.

The one substantial indication of the régime's displeasure came some weeks after the government newspapers decided to let the case against Seferis rest. Anticipating a trip abroad for a physical check-up with a specialist, the poet applied to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for a renewal of his diplomatic passport, which, by convention, was his for life as a former Ambassador. The régime's Foreign Minister, Pipinellis, who had been the poet's colleague for years, personally issued a note denying the passport renewal. After protests from various sources, Seferis was informed that Pattakos' Ministry of

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the Interior was prepared to issue him a regular passport if he were to appear personally and request it. Seferis vowed that he would never submit to that kind of humiliation because it would bring discredit on all former civil servants who had served their country in a capacity similar to his. The one exception to this posture that he allowed, privately, was the possibility of travelling outside Greece for urgent medical assistance—an exception that he reluctantly had to invoke two years later, during the spring before his death.

IF THE OFFICIAL ATTITUDE towards Seferis in the months following his statement was essentially one of pretending that he was too senile to be taken seriously, the attitude of intellectual circles in Athens, from students to fellow writers, was one of homage that soon approached adoration. "The Poet" became "Our Poet." It was not merely that Seferis had finally acceded with full heart to his expected role of laureate-spokesman, but as the first independent man of mind with the courage to speak out on an international stage against the régime and the drift of its ambitions, he served to free others with less opportunity for courage and a smaller platform. The immediate result of his influence was the coming together of a group of writers, with disparate political affiliations but a common distaste for the Junta, a rather motley but nevertheless committed intellectual underground that produced a strong anti-régime statement supporting Seferis' position, and, eventually, a volume of anti-régime stories, poems, and essays entitled *Eighteen Texts*, with the lead contribution Seferis's latest poem, "The Cats of St. Nicholas", set off by a pointed epigraph from Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*:

> *But deep inside me sings*
> *the Fury's lyreless threnody:*
> *my heart, self-taught, has lost*
> *the precious confidence of hope. . . .*[4]

The quality of the volume as literature was inconsistent, as one might expect of a work made up largely out of materials that the writers had on hand at the time and that had been produced under the stress of censorship. But the publication of it called for unusual nerve, given the régime's capricious modes of exercising reprisal for published opposition: everything from heavy irony to long jail sentences. The response in this instance was an attempt to discredit the volume on *aesthetic* grounds ("bourgeois literary criticism" always seems to be among the first weapons that Left or Right dictatorships claim the right to wield in self-defence), and an attempt, also, to exploit the publication of it under censorship as an example of the government's tolerance. The effect was to make it an immediate best-seller (in Greek terms) and to inspire two additional collections that were increasingly overt in their satirical comment on conditions in Greece. The effect was also to put Seferis at the centre of opposition to the régime's control over the intellectual life of the country, to make him gradually the unacknowledged leader of dispossessed students and the silent voice of those with no public outlet for their own brooding sense of injustice—until the feeling he had engendered found an ultimate release in the surprises of his funeral.

INDICATIONS OF THE ROLE that had been given him began to appear during the agony of his last days in the intensive care ward of Evangelismos Hospital.

When an emergency call went out to friends and relatives for blood after the second operation to relieve the poet's haemorrhaging ulcer, dozens of unknown young people appeared out of nowhere to give their blood, and during the weeks of waiting for the end—the poet suffering from increasingly critical complications—others, unidentified, came to sit in the dreary waiting-room beside those close to the poet, as though a secret honorary guard. A representative of the Junta also appeared eventually, the head of the new Ministry of Civilisation, and after paying his respects to Mrs Seferiadis, reputedly sat down and wept—until he was asked, please, to try and control his emotions because it was difficult enough for those who had been controlling theirs all this time with more than one cause for weeping. There was talk in the waiting-room, and at private meetings elsewhere, about who ought to be asked to deliver what sort of eulogy, and what might be the most effective way of dramatising Seferis' recent political role, and what international political figures might be encouraged to take part. There was also more restrained talk about what might be legitimately done to prevent the poet's funeral from being exploited for political purposes of any kind. Mrs Seferiadis wanted it to remain an essentially private occasion in the small chapel where she had married the poet, with no eulogies or other manifestations except for a few words from a student at the grave. And the poet himself remained unconscious of the debate going on around him, almost totally immobile during the final stages, except very near the end when a young girl was wheeled into the ward beside him for her own battle with death. He was then seen

[4] Translations of both the statement and Seferis' poem appeared in ENCOUNTER, July 1969. An English edition of *Eighteen Texts* will be published by the Harvard University Press during 1972.

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to turn his head for the first time in days and look at her with wide unmoving eyes, as though feeding for his last breath on what youth and beauty there was still in her to give.

I HAVE TO RELY on the witness of others for images of the funeral itself (I left Athens to return for the fall semester at Princeton a few days before it took place). One such witness who reached the small church an hour and a half early was the poet's friend Philip Sherrard, co-translator of his collected poems. As Sherrard reported:

> The church was more than half full when I arrived and the police were already in position. . . . I looked about at the people gathered there—several hundred already, there must have been—and suddenly I became alarmed. I thought I'd made a mistake: among all those faces, of seated or standing people, there was not one I recognised: literally not one. Then I looked at the "honorary guard" of four men standing around the coffin. Again, completely unknown faces. Was I in the wrong church? But for whom else could so many have gathered? I tried to find the name of the church, but couldn't see it anywhere. I was ashamed to ask my neighbours: who is being buried? I stayed put: it couldn't be anyone else. Then I saw how foolish my fears about being respectfully dressed had been; half the crowd around me were wearing the most casual clothes, shirts and dresses of gay colours, tieless, jacketless. It was strange: rather like a students' gathering at the end of term. Which in a way it was, because 80% of the people must have been students, with some fine faces among them, of both sexes. I wondered what lay behind it all—behind, or within, this youthfulness, I mean—and I remembered Yanni Peltekis saying a few months before he died that this generation of Greek youth was the best Greece had known since the age of Pericles (though I've doubts about the virtues of the youth of that particular age). Will anything come out of it?[5]

When the Archbishop, Ieronymos, appeared and was greeted by "a barrage of coughs and hisses" from those who considered him a Junta collaborator, and when the voices outside the church drowned out the liturgy in their recognition of a wreath allegedly sent by Andreas Papandreou (though others report the wreath to have been from a group of prisoners in Tripoli), the political colouring of the occasion became blatant, to the gratification of some and the dismay of others. There were wreaths from the Left and the Right, including one from the exiled King. There were also wreaths from political prisoners held in Trikala, Corfu, and elsewhere, ribboned with quotations from the poet's work that had been removed during the night only to be restored at dawn: "*In a little while we will see the almond trees blossoming*", and "*The axle creaks, the axle burns, when will the axle burst*

[5] This quotation and those that follow are excerpted from letters written to me following the funeral.

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into flame?" And one "To Uncle George, from his six Salonika nephews" (the "nephews" all once promising democrats of the centre and still relatively young, but sentenced to serve the best part of their youth in jail for distributing pamphlets proclaiming the Junta illegal during the first months after the coup).

The way to the cemetery, crowded by thousands, also roused confused emotions in those who knew the poet. The novelist Kay Cicellis described the liberating side of it:

> The moment we emerged from the church into the open was overwhelming. We suddenly became aware of the enormous waiting crowd—then, quite spontaneously, untidily but unanimously, they all began singing [the Seferis lyric set to music by Theodorakis]. And with the song rising up, up, the sadness began to lift too and we floated along as if on air, the stream widening as we went along until it flooded the cemetery. Have you ever seen that quiet, tidy, civilised cemetery crowded? People converged to the grave from every alley, every pathway . . . with rallying-cries, more songs.

Some of those already at the grave were overwhelmed in another way by those flooding into the cemetery to climb any available object for a better view. Sherrard reports that "hundreds of photo-reporters, followed by hundreds of others, scrambled over the marble tombs, swarmed up the marble crosses, even perched in the branches of the cypress trees." The Greek friend with him "lost his temper as some oaf, mounting a tomb, butted him in the face with his bottom. 'Donkeys', he shouted. 'Why are we donkeys?' the man on the tomb asked. 'Because you put your ass in my face.' "

Another witness reports that there was almost open violence (so rare among civilians in Greece) when one group of people pushing their way through to the grave encountered another group pushing furiously in a different direction and accused the latter of illiteracy. It turned out that the "illiterate" group was indeed unaware that a great poet was being buried because they were very busy trying to get their own dead body (belonging, some said, to a popular goat-herd) through that mass of literate mourners and into a grave some distance beyond the poet's. The one person who might have brought these contending factions together with an amused chuckle was the one person there who had to miss it all.

WHAT KIND OF FUNERAL would it have been had the circumstances leading up to it been otherwise —had the poet not been compelled, by his conscience and the tragic destiny of his nation, to play a role he never wanted to play? Was the political gesturing of so many who knew the poet largely through a popular song and a courageous act really appropriate, really justified? Philip Sherrard offers a plausible answer:

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> Somewhere within this scene the real dirge was going on, the dark note. Even the [Theodorakis] song had something of it now: *"but the sea breeze blew/and the writing vanished."* And—who knows? —perhaps that life had changed at the heart of itself, or at least gone elsewhere. Anyway, how else could these young people express themselves? Yes, perhaps it was justified. But it was impossible not to wonder how many of them would have been there had it not been for politics, had it all taken place when there was no need or pressure to make a demonstration of this kind. . . . It was impossible not to wonder how many of them who followed this dead man and who were capable of making this political gesture, perhaps even of sacrificing their lives, at a moment of excitement or violence, in the name of a "cause" or a "movement"—how many of them were capable of making that greater sacrifice of devoting years of their lives to patient study of, and reflection on, those inner currents of beauty and meaning which finally alone make it bearable to go on living at all? Because that surely was his example, his lesson. . . . "What is going to become of this race?" our Greek friend said. "It's missing exactly what he had in such abundance: the control that comes with breeding."

Another answer might be that given the kind of race it is and the kind of poets who emerge as the voice of that race, it is as natural that Seferis be celebrated in his death for an act of conscience as it is that Aeschylus be honoured in his epitaph for the valour he showed in the grove of Marathon. As I have suggested, Seferis himself would probably have been surprised by the tone and the range of the event that his funeral became; but I doubt that he would have felt in any way diminished by it.

Edmund Keeley

Onward from "Oz"

The Quandary of the Law—By Michael Beloff

THE DEBATE about the extent to which the criminal law should seek to enforce the supposed morality of the silent majority, which in the 1960s focussed on the issues of homosexuality and abortion, seems destined in the 1970s to shift to the questions of drugs and obscenity. Once again the heavy artillery of James Fitzjames Stephen and Lord Devlin, of John Stuart Mill and Professor H. L. A. Hart are wheeled into position to be deployed on behalf of the prudes of suburbia and the Peter Pans of NW1. The armistice which succeeded the liberalising legislation of the Roy Jenkins era at the Home Office is terminated; and the war without end has begun anew.

It is the obscenity laws which provide the terrain for the first battle. For the year 1970-71 was the occasion for ever more startling assaults on the senses of the adult public and their offspring. Theatrical producers, liberated from the censorship of the Lord Chamberlain by the Theatres Act 1968, felt obliged rather than simply able to exploit their new freedom. In classics and contemporary works alike it became compulsory to strip. Where Shakespeare had used clothed boys to play his female roles, modern directors used naked women in the name of fidelity to the author's intention; and critics commented not on the star's verse speaking but on her vital (but not always vitalising) statistics. In the cinema their counterparts took their cue from the Swedish sex-feast *I Am Curious, Yellow* to satisfy in celluloid those who were curious in, or alternatively about, any other shade or shape; *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* was where the rainbow ended. It was *Oh! Calcutta!* on the boards; and *Casanova* on the box. Publishers, who had assuaged the popular taste for books in instalment form in the manner of the Victorian novel with such staid subjects as *The First World War* or *The History of Football,* now produced serials on "the biology of the human species" although those who had the stamina to maintain their interest in each successive folio noticed that, strange to relate, the authors never trespassed below the knee or above the navel.

Nor were the youngest in society allowed to enjoy what remained of their innocence. Compulsory sex education became a cause of the hour. *Passé,* alas, were the birds and the bees. Now pupils could watch teacher making it with her lover, or (an offshoot of the do-it-yourself craze) indulging in public masturbation—Muscutt's complaint. Small wonder then that the forces of the counter-revolution closed ranks, debating in the Cambridge Union or the House of Lords, organising a Festival of Light in Trafalgar Square, sitting on a commission of autonomic jurisdiction. In the fore were the Cleanly Trinity, Mary Whitehouse, St Mugg, and Lord Porn, regarding his recent acquisition of the Order of the Garter as some symbolic spur, and cavorting in the carnal clubland of Copenhagen like a latter-day Don Quixote with, as his Sancho Panza, Gyles Brandreth, a former President of the Oxford Union, ever ready to retail his master's voice to an avid press.

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Such was the context in which the law was to intervene with such doubtful effect. For the year, in which these marvels occurred, also bid fair to become an *annus mirabilis* for obscenity prosecutions akin to 1928-9, when *The Well of Loneliness* received a temporary quietus at the hands of the Old Street Stipendiary Magistrate, or 1954-5, when *The Decameron* was banned in Swindon, and when Mr Justice Stable's memorable summing up in the *Philanderer* case proved only a temporary check on the puritan zeal of the authorities. The *International Times, The Mouth and Oral Sex, The Little Red Schoolbook*, and lesser known publications like *Brutus* (ancient orgies) and *Curious* (contemporary kinks) found themselves successively in the dock with uneven results. And in high summer came the showpiece, the trial of the editors of *Oz 28*, by now more in the realm of myth than history, with books, posters and plays already in existence, and the future promise of a film and a musical, so that one may confidently expect in centuries to come an annual festival like Guy Fawkes day (*Oz* week) in which little children may swear without punishment at their parents, and the bear shall lie down with the gran.

WHAT, THEN, WERE the weapons with which the forces of law could seek to restrain the manifestations in print, picture, or performance of the permissive society?

There was the ancient common law arquebus of the conspiracy to corrupt public morals or to outrage public decency, thought to have been consigned to the museum of obsolete laws, until it was rescued, repaired, and polished by the House of Lords in Shaw *v* D.P.P. (1962.A.C.220) ("the *Ladies Directory* case") and was still found capable of use against the *International Times* in R *v* Knuller and Ors (1971.3.W.L.R.125) ("the *International Times* case").[1]

There are a variety of statutes of general and diverse purpose which, however, contain clauses relevant to the obscenity issue: The Vagrancy Acts 1824 and 1838; The Town Police Clauses Act, 1847; The Customs Consolidation Act, 1876; The Post Office Act, 1953—and a still greater number of bye-laws. There are other Acts which are solely concerned with obscenity and indecency; The Indecent Advertisements Act, 1889; The Children and Young Persons (Harmful Publications) Act, 1955; and The Obscene Publications Acts, 1959 and 1964. It is the Obscene Publications Act, 1959, which reflects the most recent attempt to civilise the law,[2] but which supplied the basic charge in the *Oz 28* case, and which lies at the centre of the current controversy.

The purpose of the 1959 Act (the "Jenkins Act") was, in broad terms, to distinguish between hard-core pornographers and better intentioned (or, at any rate, more talented) authors. Hitherto the law, whether judge-made or statutory, ignored the author's motives and purpose, closed its eyes to the literary or artistic merit of the work in question, and allowed the prosecution to pick and choose isolated passages from a work rather than to look at it as a coherent whole.[3] The aims of the reformers could be aptly summed up in E. M. Forster's dictum: "Children should be protected; pornography should be checked. Otherwise books should be left alone."

The Act attempted to achieve this and in the following fashion. Section I states:

> An article shall be deemed to be obscene if its effect . . . is, taken as a whole, such as to tend to deprave and corrupt persons who are likely, having regard to all the relevant circumstances, to read, see or hear the matter contained and embodied in it.

But there is a defence under Section 4, that

> a person shall not be convicted of an offence . . . if it is proved that the publication of the article in question is justified as being for the public good on the ground that it is in the interests of science, literature, art or learning or of other objects of general concern.

The language of the statute, the liberal aspiration made word, has created a law neither clear nor reasonable. It has defined what is obscene in terms that owe nothing to normal usage, and has merely adopted the common law definition of Chief Justice Cockburn in Hicklin's case (1868) L.R.3.Q.B.360. The *Oxford English Dictionary* selects as synonyms for obscene "repulsive, filthy, loathsome, indecent, lewd", but Judge Argyle strayed into appealable error in the *Oz* case when he resorted to its aid in his summing up, for the lay and legal meanings are distinct. To add absurdity to confusion, under the Post Office Act, 1953, which prohibits the mailing of "obscene or indecent" matter, the word "obscene" is allowed its customary and broader meaning. It thus becomes unlawful to send by post what it is lawful to sell in a shop.

The definition of the Obscene Publications Act is not only maladroit, but also obscure. For what is the meaning of the phrase "to deprave and corrupt"? The statute is silent, only asserting by omission that the intention of the writer is irrelevant; but in R *v* Calder and Boyars Limited (1965.1.Q.B.509) ("the *Last Exit to Brooklyn* case") Lord Justice Salmon added a judicial gloss. He held that depravity and corruption

[1] Currently on appeal to the House of Lords.

[2] See Roy Jenkins' own account of his legislation, "Obscenity, Censorship, and the Law" (ENCOUNTER, October 1959).

[3] See N. St. John Stevas, *Obscenity and the Law* (Secker and Warburg. 1956) which gives a full history of not always consistent judicial attitudes.

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> may take various forms. It may be to induce erotic desires of a heterosexual kind, or to promote homosexuality or other sexual perversions, or drug-taking or brutal violence.

This dictum, in the context of a successful appeal, could possibly be construed as obiter, and hence not binding. It cannot be the law that it is a criminal offence to "induce erotic desires of a heterosexual kind" in any case where the Section 4 defence cannot be raised, for this would be to extend its ambit beyond the wildest reveries of a Mrs Grundy. Nor, when adult male homosexual activity has been rendered legal by the Sexual Offences Act 1967, should it be unlawful to incite, let alone (as Lord Justice Salmon asserts) unintentionally to induce that which it is lawful to perform. I speak with caution. For while the Court of Appeal in the *Oz* case did not venture any definition of the phrase "to deprave and corrupt", nor advert to Lord Justice Salmon's words, they appeared to assume that to induce oral sexual intercourse between man and woman (a lawful practice recommended in an advertisement for a magazine, *Suck*, at page 28 of *Oz*) was obscene within the meaning of the 1959 Act.[4]

A FURTHER INHERENT WEAKNESS in the 1959 Act is that its definition of obscenity rests on premises that are seriously challenged. If to deprave and corrupt means no more than to stimulate sexual desire or to encourage sexual practices, normal or rare, then it would be generally accepted that a book or other piece of writing or drawing could have such an effect. No one denies that erotica arouse the senses. It is a judgment that people are entitled to make on the basis of their knowledge of themselves. No one could sensibly dispute that certain publications increase, by instruction if by no other means, an appetite for sexual novelty. If this were not so, then sex manuals would have no purpose. But if to deprave and corrupt means something more than this, that is to say to promote criminal behaviour in the sexual field, the coercion of adults, the seduction of minors, then there is a divergence between popular belief and informed opinion. The US Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography whose report was published in October 1970, and which claimed that it had access to the most up-to-date findings of psychiatrists and sociologists, concluded

> In sum, empirical research designed to clarify the question has found no evidence to date that exposure to explicit sexual materials plays a significant role in the causation of delinquent or criminal

[4] Nor would such a construction be alien to the judiciary. In the *International Times* case, Lord Justice Fenton Atkinson said that the essence of the offence of conspiring to corrupt public morals was to encourage "conduct which is *not illegal*" (my italics).

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> behaviour among youth or adults. The Commission cannot conclude that exposure to erotic materials is a factor in the causation of sex crime or sex delinquency.[5]

It was a similar conclusion of the Psychiatric Department of the Council of Forensic Medicine of Denmark in 1965[6] which led to the subsequent repeal of obscenity laws in that country.

IT MAY BE THAT in some very general sense the spread of pornography has engendered a situation in modern Britain where premarital and extra-marital intercourse flourish to an extent hitherto unknown, where the state of virginity is no longer regarded as a state of virtue, where abortion is seen as an operation with no more moral implications than appendicitis (if any of these things be true, which I know not). And it may further be true that this situation is regarded by a majority, silent in most places save the letter columns of the Tory *Daily Telegraph*, as evidence of depravity and corruption. But the connection on which they rely is impossible to prove. That the spread of pornography coincided with such a situation would not establish that it created it; pornography might be as much a symptom as a cause. And, in any event, the law cannot act as a finger in the dyke breached by a myriad of social, cultural and economic forces. It must attach to depravity and corruption some more specific meaning. And, unfortunately, in the sexual context, it has attached meanings that render the law in some ways too rigorous, in other ways without a realisable purpose.

One final comment on this theme. If it could be shown that publications did "deprave and corrupt" in the sense of inducing delinquent activity (and in the field of violence there remains some scope for argument), would we be happy to allow a defence of public good in terms of Section 4 of the 1959 Act? Should we sensibly elevate the claims of art or science above those of human safety?

THE COURT OF APPEAL in the *Oz* case (1971. 3.A.E.R.111) have done nothing to assist in the elucidation of the law—not that there is much scope for astute commentary—and in one way have rendered its operation the more uncertain. The Act demands that the jury, in deciding whether or not an article is obscene, decide not an issue of taste, but a question of fact, *i.e.*, does the article in question "tend to deprave or corrupt?" There is rarely any evidence before juries that an article, the subject-matter of a charge, has depraved or corrupted anyone; although in the *Last Exit to Brooklyn* case, the Rev David Sheppard (now Bishop of Woolwich) did suggest that he *had* been depraved by his perusal of it. Certainly the prosecution almost never adduce any and did not in the *Oz* trial; the *Little Red Schoolbook* case seems to have been an exception.

Juries are therefore left to decide the matter on the basis of their own untutored knowledge of human psychology and personal reaction. (It is incidentally assumed that neither judge, nor advocates, nor police are ever depraved or corrupted.) In the *Oz* trial the defence called a number of witnesses to show that the relevant issue would not deprave and corrupt anyone. Some opined that it was positively aversive. However, the Court of Appeal ruled:

> In the ordinary run of the mill cases in the future the issue "obscene or no" must be tried by the jury without the assistance of expert evidence on the issue.

It has been written elsewhere that "This accords with the rule of evidence that no one, whether expert or not, is entitled to give an opinion about the very issue that the Court has to decide." But an expert who simply described, from the standpoint of a professional psychologist or educationist, the effect that in his view a particular article might have on a particular set of persons would not usurp the function of a jury, who would still have to decide firstly whether or not what he said was true, and secondly, if it was, whether or not it showed that the article tended to "deprave and corrupt" within the meaning of the Act. It may well be that the Court of Appeal have concluded that the average jury is not capable of evaluating rival clinical or other opinions. But where the Act did not expressly forbid the adduction of expert evidence on the "depravity and corruption" point, it seems an extraordinary construction to forbid it, not least because in the current state of expert research (as demonstrated by the findings of the American Commission) such a ruling works to the disadvantage of the defence.

AS A RESULT it is a fair inference that juries do—and will continue to—ignore the tortuous language of the law and fall back on their own sense of whether or not the book in question shocks or disgusts them. This approach was not merely outlawed by the Act, or rather confirmed in its outlawry, for in 1956 in R *v* Secker and Warburg (the *Philanderer* case) Mr Justice Stable had already pointed out the distinction between that which "depraves and corrupts" and that which "shocks and disgusts", but in some cases may produce a result the opposite to that which the law demands. For that which "shocks and disgusts" can hardly "deprave and corrupt" at the same time; that is the whole essence of the

[5] Quoted in the Bantam text (N.Y. 1970) on pp. 31-2.
[6] Quoted in *The Obscenity Laws* (André Deutsch, 1969) p. 120-124.

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aversive argument advanced by the defence counsel and Mr Richard Neville in the *Oz* case. If some practice is truly disgusting, who would rationally want to indulge in it? The prosecution argument in the *Oz* trial, as reproduced in Mr Tony Palmer's book,[7] constantly stresses the "filthy bits" and the closing submissions, which according to those present sounded so effective, equally strove to rub the jury's noses deeply in the dirt. And so it must always be in the present state of the law.

The central obscenity law in the United Kingdom is thus in a state of confusion so extreme that it violates in content and operation many of the most basic precepts of criminal justice. The doubtful meaning of the phrase "to deprave and corrupt" involves the breach of what Professor Herbert Hart has termed the

> principle of legality which requires that criminal offences be as precisely defined as possible so that it can be known with reasonable certainty beforehand what acts are criminal and what are not.

No one can know in the present state of the law whether any particular publication does or does not contravene the law; and still less whether or not he is liable to prosecution as a result. A man who deliberately strikes and injures another is aware that, if his offence is known to the police, he will, save in the most exceptional circumstances, be brought to trial. A man who writes a *risqué* book will not know this; firstly because the prosecuting authorities are inevitably as ignorant of the precise ambit of the law as a potential victim, and secondly because, as a result—and a short walk through Soho will make this clear—it is entirely arbitrary where the prosecution lightning will strike. "Hard porn", unredeemed by any merit, literary or otherwise, remains on sale while *Lady Chatterley, Last Exit to Brooklyn* and *Oz* are challenged.

THAT OFFENCE is furthermore unique in respect of which the prosecution not only need not, but henceforth, must not call any positive evidence to prove what is expressly enacted to be a factual matter—and the only important factual matter for the publication itself is always admitted. Finally, it is clear that the jury are a tribunal wholly unsuited to make findings of guilt under the 1959 Act. In an ordinary criminal trial it can be assumed that a jury's conclusions will not be overly distorted by the social class, education, or sex of its constituent members; or rather that no defendant will normally find himself convicted because of these factors. Where the issue is, "Did *A* hit *B*?" duchess and dustman need not dispute. In an obscenity trial, given its present form, the reverse is patently true. Lord Justice Salmon

[7] *The Trials of Oz* (Blond & Briggs, 1971).

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conceded that a jury will render their opinion of "what is acceptable . . . in the age in which we live". Can it be doubted that a jury of twelve Kenneth Tynans would come to a different conclusion as to what is or is not obscene to that of a jury of twelve Malcolm Muggeridges? This injects a further element of arbitrariness into the proceedings. And as to the defence of public good it has been well said in the standard work on the jury:

> In any case where there is a conflict of evidence on the issue of literacy or other merits, the unskilled nature of the jury must make it as unpredictable, as unsatisfactory a tribunal as any that could be devised.

THESE IMPERFECTIONS would disqualify any criminal law from serious approval, and justified the call of the Arts Council report for its total abolition. But as the *Oz* trial so vividly demonstrated, there is a new dimension in the matter which is of more importance even than the freedom of the artist. The issue in the *Oz* trial was less concerned with the song, than with the singer, less with what was said, than with who was saying it, for it would be hard to argue that if those passages of *Oz* that attracted the obscenity charges had never reached the public eye the public, or any section of it, would have been seriously impoverished thereby.

It is instructive to compare Mr Palmer's account of the trial with the account of the first prosecution under the 1959 Act, that *cause célèbre* of the 1960s, the trial of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.[8] There it was possible to assert that D. H. Lawrence's portrayal of physical passion did not merit the description of "obscene" even in the lay sense. Gerald Gardiner Q.C. (as he then was) could speak of "a high breathlessness about beauty which cancels lust". Only the marvellous erudition of the Warden of All Souls could unearth the deftly concealed perversity.[9] It requires no comparable scholarship to see the obscenity in *Oz 28*: rats' tails from vaginas; schoolmaster and schoolboy post-fellatio; fat boy caught by tough whose kid sister is going down on the former (I quote Keith Botsford's précis). Indeed its obscenity (for if obscenity has any meaning *Oz 28* was obscene) was an integral part of its attraction for its most vehement aficianados. For the members of the "alternative culture", *épater la bourgeoisie* is itself a political act, a potential instrument of necessary change.

Nor could *Oz 28* be seriously defended on the grounds of art, unless that be defined in Feliks Topolski's novel manner as "anything from Mickey Mouse to Rembrandt". For the defence of *Lady Chatterley*, E. M. Forster; for the defence of *Oz 28*, Marty Feldman. One can chart the difference of the issues in that alone. To equiparate the judicial censorship of *Oz 28* with that of *Madame Bovary, Ulysses,* or *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, to talk of Richard Neville as if to him had passed the torch of Hardy, Zola, or Henry Miller was and is an exercise in folly and fantasy.

BUT IF THE ISSUES were different, they were nonetheless important for the law. For the *Oz* trial was commonly seen not as a trial about art, but as a trial about politics—the anti-politics of the young. To quote the August bulletin of the National Council for Civil Liberties,

> Prosecutions of magazines, books and bookshops are a political weapon used to preserve political orthodoxy. The NCCL believes that the prosecution of *Oz* has been a political show-trial to warn the young to "do as we do; think as we think".

What is the basis for this accusation? Firstly there was the very fact of prosecution. Why was *Oz 28* (or for that matter *The Little Red Schoolbook*) prosecuted when magazines that were sex, the whole of sex, and nothing but sex openly sold within a hundred yards of the Old Bailey? Since its sexual content was scarcely more explicit than theirs, must it not have been its ideological content ("pupil power", etc.) that attracted the attention of the authorities?

The prosecution process in the United Kingdom is not a well-illuminated area of the criminal law. In obscenity cases under the 1959 Act it is the Director of Public Prosecutions (acting on the advice of Treasury Counsel) who will decide whether or not to prosecute. But the initiative will always come in the first instance from a member of the public who makes a formal complaint. And so it was in the cases both of *Oz 28* and *The Little Red Schoolbook*. Members of the teaching profession were the prime movers; the police and the Director of Public Prosecutions merely continued the process. The motives of the complainant or of the D.P.P. can only be guessed at. But the D.P.P. is not a politician; and to suggest in any formal sense that he acted under political pressure is to hypothesise wholly unconstitutional behaviour with no evidence to support the hypothesis.

Secondly, it has been thought to be more than coincidence that the trial was allotted to the Court of Judge Argyle, by common consent a stern figure by the standards of the criminal judiciary and a known believer in exemplary punishment. But in fact Judge Argyle became the presiding judge only by accident. Cases are

[8] *The Trial of Lady Chatterley*, ed. C. H. Rolph (Penguin, 1961).

[9] See John Sparrow's famous article, "Regina *v* Penguin Books Ltd." ENCOUNTER, February 1962.

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allocated among judges at the Old Bailey (where *Oz 28* was tried because it is the Assize court with jurisdiction over the Greater London area) on the basis of who is free at any particular time. Judge Argyle in an application to adjourn the trial actually said "I will not be judging this case when it comes up"; and later described himself extra-judicially (at a Rotarians' meeting in Tamworth) as "the unlucky chap" who was landed with the trial case "because he happened to be available."

At root, indeed, the allegation that the *Oz 28* trial was a political trial meant no more than that the Defendants were persons with political and social viewpoints that were certainly hostile to the prevailing consensus. As such it could be linked with the trial of the Cambridge students, the trial of the anarchists Prescott and Purdie, and the "Black Power" trial of the Mangrove Nine. But in fact in none of these cases were the defendants prosecuted for political views, but for offences known to the criminal law and in the eyes of most people essential to it. If those found guilty in the Cambridge students case had confined their demonstration against the Junta to non-violent protest and not invaded the Garden Hotel where a "Greek Week" dinner was being held, they would have been neither prosecuted nor punished. If Prescott had confined his anarchist activities to propaganda, and had not conspired to blow up the homes of prominent politicians, he would now be a free man. If those of the Mangrove Nine who were convicted of various public order offences had pursued their protest about alleged police harassment of a restaurant that served as a centre for the local black community in the peaceful fashion that the jury found their colleagues to have followed, they too would have been acquitted. It is notable that in *none* of these trials did the prosecution secure convictions of *all* the defendants, which does not of itself mean that the prosecution should never have been brought. But juries, not politicians or the establishment, decide cases in the United Kingdom.

Indeed the partial successes by the Defendants in these so-called political trials tend to conceal the reality of the attitude of the Defendants' vocal supporters at the time when the charges are preferred. For that attitude asserts in effect that what are commonly known as crimes are no crimes at all; that politically radical motives can excuse even violent activity; and that the Courts themselves, being an integral institution of a corrupt society, have no authority to try those who wish to change the nature and basis of that society. This attitude has already begun to corrode the very foundations of the criminal process in the United States of America; and there are disturbing similarities in recent British experience. "*Free Angela Davis*" becomes "*Free Prescott*

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and Purdie". "The Chicago Seven" is transmuted into "*The Mangrove Nine*."

On both sides of the Atlantic hitherto unconsidered questions are being forced to the fore. What happens if Defendants attempt to use the Courtroom not for the purposes of defence, but for an exercise in propaganda? What happens if they or their counsel deliberately disrupt the proceedings? What happens if the public galleries become filled with supporters who intrude their presence on to the Court itself? The *Oz* trial never deviated so far from the norm as to pose these problems; but in the continued attempt to introduce political argument, in the casual disrespect shown by some witnesses to the judge, and in the vocal participation of the gallery, certainly in the reported threats to the judge's life, it gave a hint of what might be. It remains a fundamental and ineradicable principle of English justice that a man is deemed innocent until he is proved guilty; but it is a different and dangerous principle that the presumption of innocence is such that the Courts be not permitted to try him according to the proper fashion.

THE DIFFICULTY RAISED by the *Oz* prosecution, however, is that where the law is so arbitrary and so ambiguous, it becomes almost an embarrassment to reaffirm these principles. There were features of the trial itself that alienated even those who had little sympathy with the ideals or life-style of the three Defendants—the refusal of bail between verdict and sentence; the psychiatric reports; the compulsory hair-cuts; the prison sentences, grudgingly revoked by the Court of Appeal. For £100,000 and twenty-seven days of valuable time in a Court with a stubborn backlog of cases, a result so productive of controversy could hardly be claimed to be in the public interest. A bad law brought discredit upon British justice; and the rule of law, so vital an element in restraint of modern anarchy, found itself weakened for more important battles to come.

WHAT THEN is the proper criterion for reform of the obscenity laws? For when two sections of society are so much at odds that they quarrel about a particular judgment not in terms of sentence, which is common, but in terms of whether or not an offence was committed (something, again, inconceivable in any other area of the criminal law), then it is clear that reform must come.

Law reform in analogous areas of the law provides the appropriate guidance. For the criminal law has in recent years beaten a hasty retreat from the Victorian philosophy that its necessary function is to abet the enforcement of the prevailing popular morality, both because of the difficulties in identifying of what that consists at a time of rapid social change, and because of the practical difficulties of enforcement. The Suicide Act, The Abortion Law Reform Act, the Sexual Offences Act, are the landmarks of John Stuart Mill's doctrine rendered statute. The justification for this process was rehearsed in the Wolfenden Report on Homosexuality and Prostitution (Cmnd. 297, paragraph 13). The function of the criminal law

> is to preserve public order and decency, to protect the citizen from what is offensive or injurious, and to provide sufficient safeguards against the exploitation and corruption of others. . . . It is not in our view the function of the law to intervene in the private lives of citizens, or to seek to enforce any particular pattern of behaviour, further than is necessary to carry out the purposes we have outlined.

It follows from these premises that once it is acknowledged that obscenity does not deprave and corrupt, then it should not be proscribed save to preserve public decency. The law otherwise will, in effect, continue to seek to enforce a particular pattern of behaviour, to forbid free expression which harms no one simply because the majority disapprove—an inadequate basis for its operation in any society that claims to value tolerance. By contrast incitement to actual crime, like incitement to racial hatred—another form of "obscenity" in the patois of the New Left—can legitimately remain criminal offences because of the identifiable harm that their commission engenders.

THE FIRST CONSIDERED PROPOSALS for fresh laws to emerge in the wake of the *Oz* trial, however, take two steps backward for one step forward. In their pamphlet *Pollution of the Mind*, the Society of Conservative Lawyers suggest that there should be two types of offences. Obscene publications will be punished if the material

> grossly affronts contemporary community standards of decency and the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole (*a*) appeals to a lewd or filthy interest in sex or (*b*) is repellant.

The defence of public good would be preserved. This proposal would intensify rather than eliminate many of the difficulties in the present law which I have discussed above, especially in the definitional field. Why is it necessary, if one is to adopt in effect a "shock and disgust" test, that the criterion should be something more than that which "grossly affronts contemporary community standards of decency . . ."? What does the second limb of the definition add to the first? How is that which repels distinct from that which is grossly offensive? Should not "appeals to" be rather "is designed to appeal to", focussing on the evil-intentioned author rather than the corrupt reader? The new law would certainly result in an increase

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of convictions and would be as arbitrary as the present one in its operation in that juries would be expressly enjoined to act as society's litmus paper.

The second recommended change proposes that the offence be one of public indecency:

> Any material displayed in any public place shall be indecent if it is grossly offensive to the public at large.

To my mind this should be the only, rather than an alternative or further basis to the law. The approach, which equates public display of offensive material with such "nuisance" offences as indecent exposure, has four chief merits. *Firstly,* it attacks the profiteering side of pornography. It assails the advertisement, the hoarding, the shop-front display. It will make it more difficult (although not impossible), for the exploiters of the prurient to make financial capital from their exploitation. *Secondly,* it assists in the promotion of aesthetic values. The appearance of the side streets of our major cities will be, if only in a minor fashion, improved if the eye is not constantly assailed by lurid photographs of silicone-bosomed nymphs attacking each other with black leather thongs. *Thirdly,* it is adorned with a contemporary moral justification in terms of privacy. It does not deny tolerance; it enhances it. It argues that in a plural society you may say what you like, but you must respect the right of others not to listen to it; you may depict what you like, but you must respect the right of others not to look at it. *Fourthly,* whether or not a defendant has infringed the law can be judged, at least in part, by whether in fact a significant number of the public did make complaint that what he displayed was grossly offensive—a solid practical standard. To this extent it would have more clarity than the law which, in my view, it should supersede.

Above all—and this is to consider again the wider context—no one would any longer be able to argue, on however tenuous grounds, that the voice of art or science or free inquiry was being stifled; or even more simply that freedom of expression of trivial or unlovely things was being curtailed. The law would no longer be an uneasy arbiter of taste or quality, a referee in the war between the generations. No longer will persons like the three editors of *Oz* glitter in the limelight (or arc light), or their leader find himself, like so many good radicals before him, the pampered child of the Beaverbrook press. Insofar as the law has a role to play in protecting existing institutions and modes of behaviour against the challenge of the alternative culture, it should be concerned with paving-stones ripped from the streets, not slogans borrowed from lavatory walls. Sticks and stones are what break the bones of civilized society. Rude words never hurt anyone.

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A SPECTRE is haunting the contemporary mind: the spectre of consciousness. Or, if we prefer, the spectre of identity, of authenticity, of awareness. How to be radical in our day: that is the question. At every hand is to be seen the earnest, dedicated, basically nihilistic mind possessed of everything the historic revolutionary has needed—except a genuine cause. That is, an objective cause, one that emerges from the surrounding social order rather than from the recesses of one's awareness of awareness of awareness. A cause around which the underprivileged and dispossessed can rally for something besides therapy.

How does one build the revolution on reflexiveness? How do the barricades get manned by those seeking first and foremost to understand themselves, to penetrate the ever denser thickets of symbolic interaction as these affect the self, and above all to resolve their identity-crises? What Bastille can be stormed when the enemy is confronted and turns out to be, not private property, not capitalism or the state, but states of consciousness derived from what R. D. Laing, one of radicalism's current heroes, calls

> our looking at ourselves, but also by our looking at others looking at us and our reconstitution and alteration of these views of the others around us.

Within the past quarter of a century in the West, a signal change has come over radical thought—and much other thought too—that is among the central facts of our age. It is not easy to characterise this change succinctly or precisely. Its hallmark is the increasingly subjectivist character of observation, a widening tendency to dissolve the social order into states of consciousness dealt with reflexively. The self, the *reflexive* self, is the sovereign entity, the rock on which approaches to reality are founded. Whatever else radical social thought is today in its advanced salients, it is the very opposite of the objectivism on which modern radicalism was founded in the 17th and 18th centuries.

Modern radicalism begins with the Puritan revolt in the English 17th century. That event was a watershed. What led up to it was the familiar religious-millennialist mind in search of saints and the Divine City. But what came down from it into the 18th century was the political mind looking for citizens and revolutionaries. Reform of the City of Man had come to seem a worthy approach to the City of God. Even for the Puritans, or most of them, the enemy was objective enough. It was the highly visible, external, and oppressive established church. Nor was there anything less than objectivist about the saints' perceptions of themselves as God's elect. Identity-agonies of the saints are, for the most part, creations of modern neo-Freudian psychiatry.

SO WAS THE ENLIGHTENMENT objective so far as revolutionary purpose was concerned. The goal was liberation of man and his reason and his virtue from the corrupting, fettering structure of power that had descended from the Dark Ages. Wipe it out and start afresh, urged the Enlighteners. And this, essentially, was what the Jacobins sought to do. The strategy of reform and revolution was overwhelmingly objective, devoted to the annihilation of such external objects as guilds, monasteries, aristocracy, patriarchal family, local community, monarchy, and Church. The Jacobins were worthy successors to the Puritans whom they resembled in so many ways. Certainly, there was no nonsense about resolving identity-

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crises or seeking the precise degree of love in non-love and of non-love in love. Least of all did Robespierre, Danton, St Just, and others in the forefront feel that "reflexive" politics or revolution was necessary; that is, awareness of themselves through awareness of others' awarenesses of their awareness of themselves. Objectivism remained sovereign.

So was it sovereign in Marx, though he was well enough aware of the dependence of the social consciousness of a class, even of the individual consciousness, upon external, historical factors. The enemy was Private Property, as it had been for Rousseau. Granted that the young Marx wrote of alienation of the worker; it is pure obscurantism to imply that, for Marx, such alienation was rooted anywhere but in the highly objective condition of private property. Abolish private property, Marx wrote, and you abolish alienation. Thus in Marx's own career: the ever-deepening concern with capitalism as an external social structure, with its internal contradictions leading ineluctably toward dissolution of capitalism and, toward a simultaneous emergence of socialism and liberated consciousness.

MARX REMAINS to the present moment a mighty prophet, the Moses or Jesus of modernity. Beads of the Marxist rosary can still be fingered to the advantage of one's authenticity, the Marxist mass mumbled to profit of one's identity-crisis. But to the degree that Marx matters to the semi-demi-quasi-neo-Marxists of the new radicalism, he is a very different Marx from the Marx of *Capital*, from the Marx of Lenin's epistles. Norman Birnbaum sees this very clearly indeed in his learned and sprightly *Toward a Critical Sociology*.[1] Granted the value and interest of reinterpretations of Marxism, the question remains, writes Birnbaum, "how much further can Marxism be opened without itself undergoing a radical transformation?"

Before 1940, as Birnbaum notes, "studies of the inner structure of ideologies were relatively few in number." The real beginnings of contemporary subjectivist radicalism are found in the revisionism that got well under way in the Age of Affluence following World War II. Then it was that Lukács succeeded Lenin as the latter-day prophet of a new, "humanistic" Marxism. Alienation became, in the radical argot of the 1950s in America, everything that Capital or Surplus Value had been in preceding decades. Older concern with consciousness as something

[1] *Toward a Critical Sociology*. By NORMAN BIRNBAUM, Oxford University Press, £3·90; Oxford University Press, New York, $10·95.

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relatively objective, as the derivation of a class culture, became subtly changed. Through such writers as Fromm and Marcuse, the new Marxism became tinctured by a variant of Freudianism. Where the proletariat had once meant something as concrete and objective as the working class, it now was thought to be a state of mind. When Erik Erikson brought his clinic-derived concept of identity-crisis to the scene, radicalism in America was well on the way to transformation from something that had been, for two centuries, primarily concerned with external, objective entities such as capital and labour to something primarily concerned with states of internal, subjective consciousness. Only intellectual peasants would now organise study sessions around the Marx of *Capital.* Or so a great many of the new and more sophisticated radicals seemed to be saying. Consciousness was the thing—the self was king!

IN SO MANY WAYS, it is now clear, this is what the culture of the 1950s and then the 1960s was about: *the self.* Whether in radicalism, in literature, in the performing arts, in philosophy, psychology, music, and art, not to mention sociology (to which I shall come in a moment), the self—the autonomous self, the performing self, the contemplated self, *above all,* the contemplated self—triumphed. It became of mounting concern, as the '50s passed into the '60s, to seek to strip the self of layers of socially-conferred role and identity in much the same way that on the stage intimacies of the body were stripped and exposed to the glare of footlights. What was vital, true, authentic, and good lay deep in the self. And where better to find this still-uncorrupted self than in youth. The American cult of youth among radicals, and then among members of university faculties and the media, really pivoted on the assumption that the free self was good, and culture, as inherited, evil. Consecration of the absurd, the banal, the trivial, and the pornographic was a way of declaring all culture and tradition no more than "waste", to use Professor Poirier's recent word. It was but one side of a coin that had, on the other side, devotion to the self: meaning, of course, the inner self, the self that could best be reached through self-analysis, self-therapy, through encounter sessions, and through drugs.

INCREASINGLY, as is now very clear, the Old Radicalism found itself on the defensive, more and more the butt of jibes and assaults from the New Radicals. What, after all, had the Old Left

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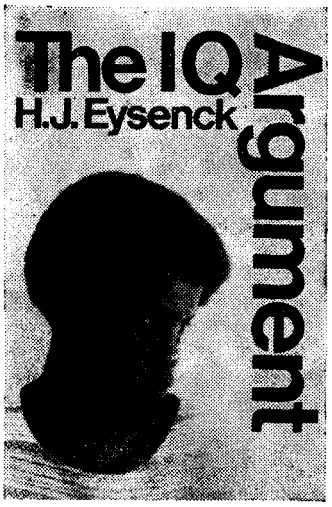

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to offer except more technology, more political action, more bureaucracy; in short, more of a set of forces that could seem to the New Left fully as repressive of individuality, fully as repressive to the self, to one's sacred identity, as anything that came out of callous capitalism. To what avail politics? As Birnbaum observes in his (surprisingly restrained) critique of counter-culture, this movement is in fact an anti-politics. "Its critical argument . . . resides in the analysis of 'the myth of objective consciousness.' " How stupid, then, of the Old Left to counsel working with labour when it was clear that labour, organised or unorganised, was more materialistic in ethos, and far more abusive of individuality in youth than anything to be found among corporation executives.

Woodstock became the modern version of the Paris Commune. In his *The Making of a Counter Culture*, Theodore Roszak shows us how any participation in the works of the Old Radicals must, by the very concentration upon political and economic structures these works reveal, only compound the problem of freedom in our age. What Roszak and his fellow-members of the New Radicalism propose is something that Enlighteners and Marxists and all their numberless progeny in the 20th century would have found worth no more than ridicule: a new religion and ethic of the heart, a turning to the inner self in order that we may

> proclaim a new heaven and a new earth, so vast, so marvellous, that the inordinate claims of technical expertise must of necessity withdraw to a subordinate and marginal status in the lives of men.[2]

The student revolution of the 1960s can be seen, I think, as the watershed of current radicalism. In its way it is the reverse of that earlier watershed, the Puritan revolution. What led up to and indeed generated the student revolution in the 1960s was, on the whole, classic, orthodox, and objective. Concern was with such matters as civil rights, ending of the war, welfare, freedom, and participation in power. All of this was familiar and, as we know, aroused the sympathy of the Old Left almost immediately. But what came out of the student revolution was something very different, something that antagonised old radicals, that earned the New Left the relentless hatred of the Old Left. This was the growing, widening, and deepening concern of the young with unalterably subjective matters, with feeling rather than reason, with consciousness rather than visible social structure, and with the whole set of techniques, including drugs and encounter sessions, by which individual consciousness could be affected.

I THINK IT CAN BE SAID accurately that the Old Left's hatred of the New Left was, and is, based on two fundamental points. The first is obvious enough. It is the New Left's seeming disdain for the nice, bureaucratic-humanitarian society the Old Left had helped build, that had, so to speak, liberalism-and-six-per-cent as its motto, and that now seemed to be going down the drain as the result of the antics of the New Left. The universities in America, from Harvard across the country to Berkeley, had become cherished, increasingly luxurious homes for Old Radicals, exhilarating settings for the permanent politics to which the Old Left was consecrated. When the New Left turned with such ferocity upon these monasteries of privileged affluence, seeking to destroy them along with Pentagon and General Motors, this was more than the Old Left could bear. An adversary culture was all right so long as it directed itself to the corporation, toward capitalism, toward this or that excrescence of bureaucracy, toward the bourgeoisie (properly defined, of course), but it was something else, something wanton and soul-shattering for adversary culture to widen to include the university as a target, for the university, after all, was the source of one's tenure and affluence.

The second point is hardly less fundamental in the Old Left's hatred of the New Left. It lies in the New Left's ever more articulate disdain for the whole rhetoric of rationalism—of objectivism—that for so long had made the Kingdom of Heaven a simple matter of annihilating enough external institutions and pursuing enough ends through the rationalist techniques of politics. From the Old Left's point of view, the increasing references in the New Left to consciousness, to identity, to reflexive states of mind, and to awareness seemed nothing short of a failure of nerve—a recrudescence of the kind of society Gilbert Murray's *Four Phases of Greek Religion* describes in the ancient Athens of the post-Alexandrian period when bizarre beliefs and cults abounded, when the external world seemed nothing more than varied projections of consciousness, when objectivism passed into subjectivism and solipsism.

ALLIED WITH the New Left's repudiation of orthodox rationalism was its growing renunciation of politics, of action in the traditional sense.

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[2] *The Making of a Counter Culture*. By THEODORE ROSZAK. London, Faber & Faber, £2·25, paper 90p; New York, Doubleday, $7·95, paper $1·95.

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For the Old Left politics is the staff of life. Political man is one side of a coin that has rational man on the other. What was one to think of a New Left that showed increasing disdain for taking its apprentice place in the craft of politicisation, for being given benign instruction by the old masters who had perchance known the great days of Weimar and were so eager to fix life for eternity in the image of German Social Democracy? How could one take seriously the New Left's turning of attention away from this glorious image to matters of consciousness—worse, to the creation of communes that represented a flouting of the Old Left's dream of permanent politics, to adoration of rediscovered ethnicity, to religion in both traditional and novel forms, and to experimental patterns of kinship? It was all more than one could be expected to bear.

HOW DEEP THE SPLIT between Old Left and New Left is can be nicely illustrated by the review-fate of *The Greening of America*.[3] That fate, among Old Left types (including conventional academic liberals and progressives in America), was almost monolithically deadly. From one side of America to another, the reaction of the Old Left to the book was devastating. No such piece of nonsense, it was said, had ever before been written. Among members of the youthful New Left, however, Reich's book had profound significance; it was seen as a manifesto of the higher liberation.

That *The Greening of America* is a seriously flawed book stands without question here.[4] But the book would have been just as flawed had it featured Economy I, II, and III, or Society I, II, and III as its constitutive categories instead of the now historic Consciousness I, II, and III. Until a decade or two ago, that is how radical books got written. Think only of the long line of radical effusions in America beginning with Herbert Croly's *The Promise of American Life* more than a half-century ago, coming down through all the Marxist and crypto-Marxist, the New Deal and Fair Deal types of imaginative social writing, all the way to such a book as Michael Tanzer's very recent *The Sick Society* with its prescription of "healthy socialism" for what ails the society. Think of the numberless

[3] Charles Reich, *The Greening of America* (1970). A paperback edition has recently been published by Penguin Books (40p) in the U.K. and by Random House in the U.S.A.

[4] See Henry Fairlie's memorable review-article in ENCOUNTER, August 1971.

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books foretelling the age of classless, bureaucracy-free, equalitarianism just ahead. All of these, not a whit less flawed in their way than Reich's book, got, and continue to get, huzzahs from the Old Left.

Very different, however, the reception for *The Greening of America*. No medieval inquisitor ever pronounced ignorance and heresy more quickly than did Old Left and liberal-progressive reviewers of Reich's book. *The Greening of America* could not honestly be faulted for its boneless utopianism and its conceit of history working toward the good, the true, and the beautiful, for these traits were common in Old Left writings, however concealed they might be in the rhetoric of science or objectivism. But what the Old Left and its fellow-travellers could and did fault Reich's book on was its elevation of something called Consciousness, its preoccupation with self, its declaration that revolution would be psychosocial and cultural rather than political, and its wanton, unforgivable lumping of Old Radicals, progressives, and New Deal liberals with business executives and bureaucrats—all, Reich tells us, equally a part of the problem.

What the Old Left and its minions miss above all else is the *political* view of reality. Read Christopher Lasch's lament in a recent (21 Oct. 1971) issue of *The New York Review*. Buoyed up by a few books appropriate to the occasion, Lasch's article swims in nostalgia for the early days of the student revolution, for all the missed opportunities by which the New Left could have become like the Old Left. He is impatient, even fretful and querulous, about books on ethnicity, kinship, consciousness, self-realisation, and communes. What is needed, writes Lasch sternly, is *organisation*, "a fusion of community politics and trade union politics."

BUT, IN THE CLASSIC LINE of John Wayne Superstar, "That'll be the day!" There will be a lot of porch-rocking by Old Radicals, youthful and aged, an infinity of reminiscence about what radicalism was like in the great days of the 1930s, along with measureless lament about what the student revolution could have been if only the Old Left had been allowed to guide it, before the character of the new radicalism in the West changes appreciably. The rhetoric of consciousness, of self-realisation, of identity, of what is best called *reflexive* radicalism, is here to stay for a good long time. Old Radicals and Marxist exegetes had best look for their rejuvenation elsewhere—possibly in the movement known as Youth for Christ! Or else go back humbly to Plato or the Prophets.

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IF ONE WISHES to get the flavour of the New Radicalism, turn to such a book as Charles Hampden-Turner's *Radical Man*.[5] It is a curious book, a kind of grab-bag of psychosocial oddities, the result, we are told by the author, of incarceration in the Harvard Graduate School of Business. It is hard to know whether to laugh or cry at the thought of this sensitive, brilliant acolyte of the New Left cooped up in those halls getting, we are further told, a doctoral degree for an earlier form of this book, "the first-ever theoretical dissertation accepted by the Harvard Business School." In a way, though, that school's celebrated Case Method has had its revenge. I cannot think of a more disjointed, scattered, and randomly assorted set of contents than are to be found in *Radical Man*. It is as though every instance of inauthenticity, hypocrisy, identity-crisis, and ruptured self-realisation ever uncovered by research with eight radical students at Harvard or Yale—or twenty school-children in a ghetto, or fifteen members of the women's liberation movement—had been gathered, crammed into a mixer, stirred vigorously, and then shot from a scattergun into the printing press. But then, a generation nourished in the schools and colleges on anthologies, readers, and other nonbooks that get assembled rather than thought-out and written, is not likely to find fault with Dr Hampden-Turner. Moreover, in addition to some highly perceptive insights that have come from the author's own mind, there is, frequently to be noted, a sense of humour. God knows, the Old Left never had a sense of humour.

And, I confess, it does my own identity and sense of authenticity good to see the ways in which *Radical Man* zeroes in on the Old Left and demonstrates conclusively how much a part of the problem the Old Left is and has always been, what with its Rousseau-derived belief in the General Will—and acceptance of centralisation and collectivisation as the indispensable means of achieving it—its Marx-derived belief in the objective or historical good justifying any amount of short-run devastation of the social and economic contexts of freedom, its obsession with the mass—and all the other by-now familiar traits of mind and action, not excluding here the rage to politicise everything that could not be eaten or fornicated with. Yes, for all the lunacy-inviting, clinic-comforting, fringe characteristics of the New Left, I confess to a certain sneaking affection for it. They've hit the Old Left harder than anyone else had ever succeeded in doing; and right where it hurts!

SOCIOLOGY, which is our unfailing litmus paper for all ideological compounds, can be counted upon as ever to show the way to the New Radicalism. Precisely as the New Left sees the Old Left as being one, basically, with the corporate and bureaucratic mentality of modernity, so the radical sociologist of our day demonstrates (and very persuasively indeed) that there is far more in common between Marx and Talcott Parsons than there is of difference. Social systems, structuralism, functionalism, with their implied negation of the individual consciousness, have as much Marx in them as they do Durkheim, Marshall, Pareto, and Weber. So say apostles of the new, radical sociology.

Dick Atkinson has given us a generally perceptive and scholarly treatment of this claimed consensus in his recent *Orthodox Consensus and Radical Alternative*.[6] Through the author's eyes we can see, as no other book makes us see, the utter bankruptcy of conventional sociological theory, with its by now ritual devotion to social systems and the generative powers in these systems which have been magically endowed and which are such monuments to sociological credulity. We can see, too, the degree to which the new, subjectively oriented, consciousness-directed sociology represents, for all its frailties, even fatuities, an honest effort to break free of the mumbo-jumbo that lies not too well concealed beneath the pretentious terminology of structuralism-functionalism.

Despite (perhaps because of) its tendentious character, Atkinson's book is a first-rate piece of historical analysis of modern sociology and its tortuous convolutions. If the book concludes, rather lamely, in what the author himself describes as a "kaleidoscopic" burst of hope for the future, we can be grateful for the visibility of the hope. At least it doesn't lie buried underneath some new variation of dialectical determinism or mindless computer narcissism. Atkinson's book makes us understand very well indeed why, as things now stand in conventional sociology, boys are made overnight into old men without ever passing through youthful maturity.

Atkinson's book is valuable on another count. It locates, as no other book does, the ideological and analytical roots of a great deal of what today passes for radical sociology—and also for much of the new radicalism generally. I refer to the crucial writings of such figures as Erik Erikson, Erich Fromm, Herbert Marcuse, Erving Goffman, R. D. Laing, and Harold Garfinkel,

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[5] *Radical Man*. By CHARLES HAMPDEN-TURNER, London, Gerald Duckworth, £4·45; New York, Schenkman Publishing Co., $11·25, Doubleday, paper $2·95.

[6] *Orthodox Consensus and Radical Alternative*. By DICK ATKINSON. London, Heinemann Educational Books, £3·75; New York, Basic Books, $10·00.

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to limit myself here to but a handful of names. What an assortment those names make! The differences among them are incontestably large, but what they have in common, and what has given them their striking appeal during recent years, is their utter abandonment of the cherished categories of social structures and large-scale institutions, and their concern with either the microcosmic and intimate or the subjective consciousness, often both.

SOME TIME BACK, I cannot be sure when, an important marriage in social theory took place: Edmund Husserl and George Herbert Mead. It must have been a lovely wedding, under the best of auspices, for the issue of the marriage is, heaven knows, to be seen everywhere right now, not merely in radical sociology, but in related areas of social psychology and psychiatry. Mead's symbolic interactionism, his own quite objective notion of consciousness and of the social sources of the self, are much to be seen, no doubt of that; but the genetic strain in Husserl proves ever more dominant, For, as I said above, consciousness is the thing, and consciousness tends to become, in a great deal of contemporary sociological writing, increasingly subjectivist, and more and more reflexive.

> The key distinction between the orthodox and alternative approach [Atkinson writes] is introduced in social life by the very factor of subjectivity and the relation between social action, and social constraint. . . . Tom, the individual, is therefore, vital before analysis can begin. He is the empirical grounding for sociological theory and explanation.

But if Tom, the individual, is vital before analysis can begin, what about Dick the individual—Dick Atkinson, that is? Isn't *he* vital? Doesn't *he* require much advance analysis before he can get on with the business of analysing Tom and *his* subjective states? Indeed Dick does, and this is exactly why we have something today known as "Reflexive Sociology". In the final chapter of his smash-hit *The Coming Crisis of Western Sociology*, Alvin Gouldner, who is unique among us today in that he skilfully combines four roles—Old Radical, Old Sociologist, New Radical, New Sociologist—writes:

> The ultimate goal of a Reflexive Sociology is the deepening of the sociologist's own awareness, of who and what he is, in a specific society at any given time and of how both his social role and his personal praxis affects his work as a sociologist.[7]

[7] *The Coming Crisis of Western Sociology*. By ALVIN GOULDNER. London, Heinemann Educational Books, £3·75, paper £1·50; New York, Basic Books, $12·50.

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That kind of self-consciousness wouldn't have appealed to a Marx any more than to a Durkheim. But ours is, as I've said, a very different age, its peculiar involutions not seen in the West since about the 3rd century B.C. *The New York Times* (20 December 1971) tells us that

> at Harvard professors in social relations report a marked growth in "self understanding" courses and a drop in "social action" ones.

I'm not surprised. Too many activist heads have been clouted by police clubs during the past decade. The revolution has gone, not underground but internal. Merely glance at the latest issue of *The American Sociologist*, November 1971. In the lead article, by one T. R. Young, identified as belonging to "The Red Feather Institute for Advanced Studies in Sociology" (I'm sorry, I'd not heard of it before), we are given the heartening message:

> Goffman has helped us to sustain an underlife in Western sociology and to survive; Gouldner has given us the means to liberate our institutions from the custodians of conservative theory. Garfinkel has given us the beginnings of the science of a conflict methodology. The three together have advanced radical sociology.

I rather doubt that even janitors, much less campus police, are apprehensive about such a radicalism, but never mind. Even after a second reading, I cannot be absolutely sure that the article is for real or that there is in fact such a place as The Red Feather Institute of Advanced Studies in Sociology. Ethnomethodology has made me hypersensitive in these matters. I can only say that if the piece is indeed a spoof the author is uncommonly talented.

WHAT A DAZZLING assortment of images of Man the new, the radical, sociology has given us, in addition to its anointed prescriptions for solipsism and narcissism. Gone the image of spiritual man, of rational man, of scholarly man, of heroic man, of enterprising man, and of revolutionary man. New images abound, and it is hard to resist the conclusion that among these new images the neurotic, the psychopath, and the psychotic are highly placed.

Whether it is Erikson's concept of identity-crisis—derived in the first instance, he tells us, from his work with a few psychiatric casualties after World War II—or Erving Goffman and his parade of role-types from the *demi-monde* or R. D. Laing's best-selling accounts of his collection of schizophrenics and their links to one another and to non-schizophrenic society, it is plain that images of the neurotic, the delinquent, the psychotic, and the incarcerated are virtual building-blocks for at least a major wing of Radical Sociology.

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Ethnomethodology has yet to become intelligible to any but members of its cult, but enough is visible to make evident that it is a marvellous technique for achieving, at one and the same time, nihilism and solipsism. How very simple it makes obliteration of the line between the normal and abnormal, the existential and the constructed, the real and the unreal. How like child's play it makes the blurring of difference between one of Laing's schizophrenics and the professor of sociology or physics. And how irrefutable, abstractly and reflexively stated, the proposition that, when you come right down to it, each of us in society is a patient, a prisoner, just like any inmate of an asylum or prison.

So be it. All this may indeed be the case. Pushpin may be as good as poetry, the banging of pots and pans by an idiot as euphonious as a Mozart quartet, the rantings of a paranoiac or schizophrenic as exquisitely textured as a Shakespeare sonnet. Greatness in human life may be no more than struggle with identity-crisis, a Martin Luther not different substantively from some pimpled radical sophomore in a Harvard clinic. All experience, all knowledge, all achievement, may indeed be reducible to ego-contemplation, to concentric circles of consciousness.

Once this route is taken, though, probable consequences had better be understood in advance. Let our sociologists of the absurd, our solipsists, our self-worshippers, our secularised flagellants, our psychiatric thespians, and our navel-gazers beware. If we are, as we are said to be, inmates of the Great Asylum, prisoners of the Great Penitentiary, patients in the Great Clinic, then we must not complain if, some time, the Great Caretaker comes along to take it all seriously. Such a being might well think a wholesale Final Solution not merely asked for but actually demanded.

A Stroll Along the Barricades

Women, & Other Militants—By COLIN BELL

LAST YEAR the British Sociological Association circulated to its members a notice of a vacancy in Addis Ababa for a male sociologist. It was relatively gently pointed out to the BSA that they would hardly advertise a post specifically for a white sociologist in Johannesburg, and the BSA quickly apologised for the original circular. This, though a sign of the times, is nothing compared to the onslaughts faced by the American Sociological Association from the Caucus of Black Sociologists and that of the Women Sociologists. This attack on the sociological establishment was accompanied by massive documentation of the racial and sexual inequalities within the sociological profession in America. Such was the force of these facts—and of the perceived legitimacy of the political demands of the blacks and the women—that the profession immediately reacted by trying to find ways of putting its house in order. This haste in face of the claimed "compelling urgency" of the demands was seen by some not only as ridiculous but as so unseemly as to border on the indecent.

Pierre L. van den Berghe, a distinguished and highly respected scholar of racialism, wrote to the *American Sociologist* (August 1971) noting that the result of all this noise had been

> . . . in typical American pseudo-democratic tradition . . . a political compromise between two organised oligarchies, one bent on using the co-option technique to preserve the status quo, the other interested in promoting the careerist interests of a privileged intelligentsia within an oppressed group.

He called for the formation, as a matter of "compelling urgency", of a Catholic Sociological Caucus, since it was clear that Catholics were grossly underrepresented and Jews overrepresented in the ASA. In order to crush this international Zionist conspiracy immediately, he wanted the 20-member executive committee of the ASA to be composed of

> two blacks (one man, one woman): one Chicano (or Chicana on alternate elections); one person to be in alphabetical rotation Amerindian, Asian, and Eskimo; and sixteen white Anglos. Of the latter, eight will have to be men and eight women; fourteen will have to be heterosexual and two homosexual (one of these to be a lesbian); one Jewish, ten Protestant, four Roman Catholic; and one in alphabetical rotation Buddhist, Mormon and Muslim; fifteen will have to be sighted and one blind; eight must be juvenile, four mature and four senile; and two must be intelligent, ten mediocre, and four stupid.

Then, he claimed, there would be a truly democratic cross-section of the American sociological profession—provided that with each census they allowed for the re-apportionment of seats.

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This seemingly parochial and frequently foolish debate within the sociological profession shows (among other things) that ideological commitment to racial or sexual equality is not enough. Indeed the greatest obstacle to sexual equality can be the aura of equality associated with a belief that once certain formal discriminations are removed all will be well. Many of these formal obstacles to sex equality are hard-won "protections at work"—hence the difficulties in which Trade Unions on both sides of the Atlantic find themselves in this debate. A concern for legal protection of women at work is too easily dismissed as yet another example of male chauvinism—that it is so, in many cases, does not help. There has, however, been a failure of liberal theory—with its belief that the emancipation of women would be achieved when they had equality before the law and in the market place. As Harriet Holter's[1] work shows, even in societies which have advanced furthest in this direction, like Scandinavia, this has done little to eliminate the social bias against women. The stress there on sexual equality makes the oppression of women hard to identify. And what is worse, in this situation women are told that they have nothing to complain about—meanwhile back in the kitchen the normative pressures continue invidious discrimination. The facts of this discrimination in Western Europe are well displayed in Evelyne Sullerot's *Woman, Society and Change*.[2]

THESE FACTS are increasingly collected and diffused, yet sociologists are not currently too successful at explaining them. We have the facts: what we need are the theories. But now, for a variety of interesting reasons, traditional sociology shows signs that it may be beginning to fail us. Women present more than just a local problem for the sociological profession (as well as for academia as a whole and the other professions, as Cynthia Epstein's and Alice Rossi's[3] analyses show)—they can also be seen as part of a general crisis in traditional sociological analysis. Reinhard Bendix, with a deep (and Weberian) intellectual pessimism, sees women as yet another 20th-century group demanding an analysis for which our sociological inheritance has left us ill-equipped. When Bendix surveys the social and political changes of the twentieth

[1] *Sex Roles and Social Structure*. By HARRIET HOLTER. Universitetsforlaget, Oslo, N. kr.45. £2·65.
[2] *Woman, Society and Change*. By EVELYNE SULLEROT. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £1·75, paper 80p.
[3] See their articles in the valuable collection, *The Other Half: Roads to Women's Equality*. Edited by CYNTHIA FUCHS EPSTEIN and WILLIAM J. GOODE. Prentice-Hall, £1·25, $2·45.

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century[4] he remarks two pervasive shifts that call into question the remaining legacies of the Enlightenment. He identifies these shifts as, firstly, the transformation of radical protest: we have come full circle from Marx turning his back on utopian speculations about the future and pursuing a rationalist approach to capitalist society. With Lenin to follow, and Mao to be going on with, and continuing by way of Guevara and Debray we come back to

> a secular religion based on the charismatic prestige of insurrection which has taken the place of both analysis of social conditions and the search for popular support.

He wants us to believe that "the Marxian belief in theory and practice has been abandoned"—not difficult when reading Valerie Solanas' S.C.U.M. Manifesto[5] or the manifestos of the Red-stockings or the Feminists.[6] The second shift he identifies is the declining belief in reason within the scientific enterprise (one could safely add the social science enterprise as well), the current fuss about pollution being only the latest indicator of the marked transformation, since the discovery and military application of atomic energy, of the belief in progress through knowledge. This double transformation—in the rational analysis of society and in the application of reason—signifies, Bendix claims, "a great, perhaps a fatal, weakening of the Enlightenment tradition."

Sociology is itself a child of the Enlightenment, spawned in reaction to the transformation of society by the industrial and democratic political revolutions of two centuries ago. If the Enlightenment tradition, which despite the protestations or ignorance of many of its practitioners continues to be central to sociological practice, is being declared dead, or dying as it is by Bendix, where does this leave sociology? There are changes in 20th-century society that call into question the relevance of 19th-century theories forged to manage understanding of changes in society since the eighteenth century. This is a large theme, yet it is clear that in the last part of the twentieth century there is a need for analysis of many groups—women, racial minorities, youth, the old, intellectuals, and what have become known as "deviants"—with which 19th-century theories were largely unconcerned. At the same time the utility of such rational analysis is being questioned, as Bendix has pointed out.

THIS MAY EXPLAIN why analysis of the social situation of women in industrial society is frequently both so unsuccessful and so contradictory. Immediately under consideration here we have examples of increasingly desperate attempts to apply apt quotations from 19th-century sociologists—liberal, reactionary or radical;[7] of what has become dignified as "middle range theory" emanating from 20th-century American sociologists, that is to say those theories capable of direct empirical testing;[8] of sociography in the British tradition, ameliorative, reformist and modest in tone;[9] and lastly of Tavistock-influenced depth case studies.[10] While these books inform one another little if at all, they exemplify some of the current central problems faced by sociologists when attempting to analyse aspects of the lives of women.

JULIET MITCHELL'S study is avowedly Marxist. Her analysis is in part an elaboration of her well-known article, "Women: The Longest Revolution," first published in the *New Left Review* in 1966. It is confident, strident, sectarian, and in places tortuous as it seeks the relevant quotation from Marx, or Engels or Lenin. It is the only book under review that attempts a total view, though it leaves its readers longing for some mere vulgar empiricism. She has of course not abandoned her Marxian belief in theory and practice. Women are seen as the agents of consumer capitalism and we are told, in characteristic style, that

> what we are witnessing in this general denigration of women is an inevitable consequence of the socio-economic system of capitalism in which it operates. The inferiorization of women is essential to its functioning.

Though she wants us to ask feminist questions, she also wants us to come up with Marxist answers, and her book is an "on-going" attempt to elaborate a specifically Marxist theory of

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[4] *The Twentieth Century*. Edited by ALAN BULLOCK. Thames and Hudson, £8·40; McGraw-Hill, $29·95. There is another version of this essay in Reinhard Bendix's *Embattled Reason: Essays on Social Knowledge*. Oxford University Press, £4·40; Oxford University Press, New York, $9·75.

[5] *S.C.U.M. Manifesto*. By VALERIE SOLANAS. Olympia Press, 25p. S.C.U.M. stands, of course, for the Society for Cutting Up Men.

[6] Reprinted in Epstein and Goode (eds.), *op. cit.*

[7] *Women's Estate*. By JULIET MITCHELL. Penguin, 25p.

[8] *Woman's Place: Options and Limits in Professional Careers*. By CYNTHIA FUCHS EPSTEIN. University of California Press, £3·80, $7·95; paper £1·20, $2·45. *Occupation: Housewife*. By HELENA ZNANIECKI LOPATA. Oxford University Press, £4·25; Oxford University Press, New York, $9·50.

[9] *Homes in High Flats*. By PEARL JEPHCOTT with HILARY ROBINSON. Oliver and Boyd, £2·75, paper £1·75.

[10] *Dual-Career Families*. By RHONA and ROBERT RAPOPORT. Penguin, 45p.

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women's oppression. The central elements or key structures of women's situation she sees as "production, reproduction, sexuality and the socialization of children." In this she has a great deal in common with those she would call bourgeois sociologists and their insistence that it is out of an analysis of the interrelationship of economic and domestic (or familial) social institutions that a sociology of women in industrial society will emerge.

It is this same insistence in the Pahls' work,[11] for all its methodological inadequacies, that saves it from being Sunday colour-supplement sociology. Their study of *Managers and Their Wives* captures some of the elusive tensions generated by the conflicting demands made by a career and by a family. In the families they describe, this conflict is resolved at the basic level in the very traditional manner of the wife staying at home and the husband having the career—in marked contrast to the general situation analysed by Epstein and the particular situations described by the Rapoports. Conflict in the Pahls' families frequently centred on the wives' desire to have a high-achieving husband *and* to see more of him at home. The Pahls have added to the scant ethnography of the British middle class—so scant are good data on domestic life that great expectations centred on Geoffrey Gorer's new study of *Sex and Marriage in England Today*.[12] Unhappily these expectations are not realised. It could be said that the data are under-analysed, if this were not to give an impression of some rigour in his work; simple cross-tabulations on a sample of nearly 2,000 will not do in this day and age, nor will guesses at which percentages are significant. The many tables and percentages will mislead the casual reader into thinking that this is a work of science, when in truth the tables are frequently so elementary as to be virtually worthless. The book is full of initially interesting quotations from informants but it is impossible to assess their representativeness and weight. It is unpleasant to be so harsh but this squandering of scarce research resources makes one despair.

[11] *Managers and Their Wives: A Study of Career and Family Relationships in the Middle Class*. By J. M. and R. E. PAHL. Allen Lane The Penguin Press, £3·25.

[12] *Sex and Marriage in England Today*. By GEOFFREY GORER. Nelson, £2·95.

MORE HAPPILY, there are two fine examples of the elaboration and empirical testing of middle-range sociological theory. Cynthia Epstein's *Women's Place: Options and Limits in Professional Careers* is mainly about female participation in

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the professions. She seeks to answer the questions

> why does it happen that no matter what sphere of work women are hired for or select, like sediment in a wine bottle they settle to the bottom? Why do the best women—those in whom society has invested most heavily—under-perform, under-achieve, and under-produce?

Her analysis is avowedly Mertonian—it is written in terms of roles and sociological ambivalance rather than class conflict and capitalism.

Helena Z. Lopata's analysis of the occupation of housewives in twelve Chicago suburbs is also in terms of social roles—though employing Znaniecki's theory rather than Merton's. It is more descriptive than Epstein's analysis but the narrowness of the research technique (there is a great dependence on questions addressed to respondents, such as "what are the roles, in order of importance, of the man in the family?") is more than compensated for by the novelty of many of her data. She aims to examine "the ways women define the major social roles connected with their adult life in an American urban area." The Women's Liberation movement will disapprove of Dr Lopata's book, for not only does she conclude that housewives are becoming increasingly competent and creative in their social roles, but she attacks the view that the only source worthy of intellectual identity is the job or career. Lopata's work demonstrates to her satisfaction that despite the current women's liberation orthodoxy, the home is not necessarily uncreative or limiting. She sees this orthodoxy as anything but liberating in giving women a negative evaluation of their role of housewife. Many housewives, from her evidence, would appear to find their occupation extending, creative and many-faceted. Epstein's and Lopata's studies nicely balance the two currently central sociological concerns with women—that of work and that of home.

Nobody in Lopata's study was poor and Epstein's analysis, by definition, was of "top" and consequently rich women; naturally, then, both studies are about options and choice. In marked contrast, Pearl Jephcott's study of families living in high flats in Glasgow, in the British reformist Fabianesque tradition, is concerned with their lack of such freedoms. She clearly demonstrates that tenants are restricted in self-expression and personal freedom; that elected councillors have the idea that they, sanctioned by the polls, will decide how their tenants shall live. Her conclusion is that local authorities should discontinue high-rise housing except for a limited range of carefully selected tenants or in cases of extreme housing pressure. The whole approach shows her faith in reasoned analysis—that her work may change the actual practice

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of housing policy in Great Britain and therefore the way that families organise their lives. A similar belief, applied to the opposite end of the social scale, pervades the Rapoports' work on *Dual-Career Families*—an elaboration of their well-known paper published in *Human Relations* in 1969. The publication of their five case-studies of families with both spouses in top professional jobs is frankly innovative in intent:

> to the extent that this contributes to the choice process for future generations of young families and to the everyday process of living for those already committed to variant patterns of different kinds, this book will have served its purpose.

The Rapoports are superb fieldworkers and these case-studies, undertaken with the active co-operation of the five families, allow a detailed understanding of how various elements of family experience add up and are dealt with to produce a whole meaningful pattern of both family *and* work life. It is this kind of understanding that is lacking in the Pahls' study. Like Epstein, the Rapoports are concerned with options and choice and, like Jephcott, they believe that the diffusion of detailed knowledge through analysis and description will increase options and choice in the future.

THIS FAITH IN REASON goes some way to defy Bendix's pessimism. Yet one suspects that those involved in the struggle for women's liberation will not stop to analyse; they will continue to seize upon sociological findings when these fit their theories. It is to be expected, then, that Lopata's study will be castigated by them, and Epstein's mildly approved of. Sociology will continue to be found in a public and politically contentious arena that many of its practitioners enter inadvertently or only with the greatest reluctance; that it should be there at all is debatable. What is needed is a confident and rational analysis of society that is based both on sound empirical work and on advances out of and away from 19th-century categories; then sociology will be able to maintain its inherited faith in the application of reason.

The political climate within sociology (in America at least, as it appears from this side of the Atlantic) of which the activities of both the Black and the Women's Caucus are indicative, does appear to threaten this faith. Clearly these Caucuses do not want only, if at all, to apply reason to society—they desperately want to change or even destroy that society. Some time soon sociology will have to take a stand. But behind what, now that the value-neutral barricades are down?

Demystifying Deviance

By D. M. Downes

NOTHING APPEARED more rational to criminologists in the late 19th century than the application of the methods of natural science to the explanation of criminality. But consider the following, taken from the English edition of Lombroso and Ferrero's *The Female Offender*, published in this country in 1895:

> A comparison of the criminal skull with the skulls of normal women reveals the fact that female criminals approximate more to males, both criminal and normal, than to normal women, especially in the superciliary arches in the seam of the sutures, in the lower jaw-bones, and in peculiarities of the occipital region. (p. 28)

Taken from 313 pages packed with similar findings, this passage exemplifies the three major fallacies which vitiated traditional criminology at its outset: one, the absolute differentiation between "criminals" and "normals"; two, the assumption that convicted offenders constituted a representative sample of criminals in general; and three, the assumption that crime—a social construct—somehow originated in physiologically determined attributes peculiar to criminals. Mystification was complete.

Until quite recently, it was assumed that as long as explanations of crime were purged of such crudely mechanistic theories as those of the biological school, mystification had been dispelled. Since the early 1960s, however, a critique of mainstream sociological theories of crime and delinquency has been mounted in America, most influentially by Becker, Cicourel, Lemert and Matza. They argued that even reformed criminological theories still operated with too over-determined a model of man: that the deviant was seen as the prisoner, not of genetic traits, but of the external forces of structure and culture. The search for the causes of crime encouraged a methodology which over-differentiated the criminal from the non-criminal, and those subjected to official control procedures from those who were not.

The logic of this critique has been to reverse these three propositions. In this view, crime and delinquency are better understood as integrated

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with rather than somehow isolated from conventional society. Those officially labelled criminal or delinquent are more accurately seen—in Goffman's phrase—as "suffering from contingencies" rather than from a unique set of deviant traits. The emergence of some groups as more deviant than others is best accounted for in terms of the "negotiation of reality" by diverse groups with conflicting definitions of the situation, rather than as the outcome of some pathological feature either in the individual biographies or community settings of the members of such groups, or in the social structure as a whole. Deviant careers develop on the basis of a series of contingent choices, with recurrent deviation posing problems of identity which may be resolved by the emergence of the deviant role as that most central to the deviant's consciousness. The nature of the societal reaction to the deviations may be crucial in compounding this self-concept.

It follows that this approach gives especial emphasis to the problematic nature of laws and the manner of their enforcement, and to the deviant's own conception of the world and his own expressed motivations, not necessarily as accounts to be reconceptualised at a higher level by the expert but as meaningful revelations of the actor's consciousness in its own right.

THE BOOKS by Michael Phillipson, Laurie Taylor and Steven Box, and that edited by Stanley Cohen, give us the first real opportunity to see what British sociologists make of this new perspective. That they basically share it is self-evident, but they differ in the emphases they give to different philosophical and methodological strands within it, and they would give rather different answers to the question as to how much of our existing stock of knowledge and concerns we should simply abandon, how much we should salvage, and how much can largely be taken over unchanged.

Mr Phillipson is the strongest advocate of the clean sweep view.[1] He argues that the very term *criminology* involves scientific distortion, since—alone among the sub-fields of the human sciences—its terms of reference are set by laymen, in particular by those in authority. This acceptance of the criminal norm as somehow unique and above question has led criminologists into an implicit conservatism from which they can only break free by broadening their subject-matter to the study of social deviance in general. By extending the scope and range of analysis to cover any situation where social norms exist as

[1] *Sociological Aspects of Crime and Delinquency.* By MICHAEL PHILLIPSON. Routledge, 80p.

Institute of Biology Symposium Number 20

THE FUTURE OF MAN

edited by F. J. Ebling and G. W. Heath

February 1972, xviii + 212 pp., £2·80

Progress in biological science directly affects the choice of futures for human society: this is the main theme of the present work.

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guides for action, we should avoid the political bias of focussing only on those norm-violations labelled criminal. Also, the central thrust of traditional criminology—that crime is caused by antecedents to each and every criminal act (which research should be able to unravel)—flatly contradicts the notion of free will which underlies the concept of criminal responsibility. Subjective sociology, which aims at an interpretive understanding of deviance, by-passes this dilemma. By endowing the actor with the capacity for reflective action (as distinct from the incapacity to act other than by reflex), we are freed from the determinist bind.

Social meanings, their creation, maintenance, modification and change, are the pivot of Mr Phillipson's conception of the alternative perspective which sociologists of deviance should adopt. Deriving from the phenomenology of Schuetz, and its elaboration by Garfinkel and Cicourel, the strength of this approach is its practitioners' insistence on taking nothing for granted beyond the human actors' capacity to construct social meaning out of the properties of face-to-face interaction. They reject the casting of sociological explanation at the level of structure and culture unless it can be shown that such constructs have meaning for the actors themselves. "The social structure of a society can best be understood as a vast shifting complex of social meanings." These meanings cannot be inferred from people's actions: they can only be derived from communication with the actors themselves.

This is an impressive and original book, far above the standard of most introductory texts. But the perspective Mr Phillipson adopts is not satisfactorily related to other levels and methods of enquiry. His rejection of all research based on the official statistics verges on the dogmatic, and accords oddly with the importance of the results of the East London project on which he collaborated: surely similar leads could come from other projects of this kind? Also, while he emphasises the need for congruence between theories cast at the levels of the total society, the community, and face-to-face interaction, the real need is to integrate these levels in any satisfactory theory. As Dreitzel has argued:

> The social world is not only structured by language but also by the modes and forces of material production and by the systems of domination. Furthermore these three factors cannot be analysed independently of each other, but, for the explanation of any social behaviour, must be seen as mutually dependent variables.[2]

STEVEN BOX focusses on a different problem in his critique of traditional criminology[3]: its practitioners' acceptance of the view, based on the official statistics, that rates of criminal deviation are inversely related to social status. Subcultural theories of delinquency in particular are based, *inter alia*, on the need to explain the 4 or 5 : 1 differential between lower working-class and middle-class delinquency rates, and do not seriously question the validity of taking the official version of reality for granted. Following on the work of Chambliss, Chapman, Cicourel and Kitsuse, and adducing a wide range of "self-report" studies of delinquency, Mr Box argues that the official figures do far worse than over-state the differences: they represent the end-product of a set of social accounting procedures which create wide apparent class differences where none really exist. The reality is that the social classes share roughly uniform rates of criminal deviation: unfortunately, working-class deviance is more visible (since "on-street" deviance coincides with maximum police surveillance, from which the small private social systems which make up the middle-class world are screened off); and working-class deviants are more powerless. Mr Box clearly regards criminological collaboration with the official definition of reality as responsible for a quite unnecessary amount of theoretical mystification. Merton was led to Americanise Durkheimian anomie theory to account for skewed rates of deviation. Strain theories of delinquent subcultures were devised to endow working-class adolescents with special motivations which would enable them to commit higher rates of infraction than their middle-class counterparts. Cultural diversity theorists elaborated a distinctive cultural genealogy to account for working-class deviation.

Devastating as Box's critique undoubtedly is, it would still be premature to accept his conclusion that because the inter-class differences in the rates revealed by self-report studies are far smaller (they are by no means eliminated) than those in the official version, *therefore* we should abandon theories initially based upon the need to explain the latter. Firstly, only two of the studies he reports are both methodologically adequate and appropriate to his case: Martin Gold's study in Flint,[4] and Lynn McDonald's in London[5] (which Mr Box rightly reinterprets to yield conclusions quite contrary to those of the author). Clearly we need more self-report studies, with the kinds of safeguards devised

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[2] Hans Peter Dreizel (ed.), *Patterns of Communicative Behaviour*, Introduction, p. xvii (Macmillan, 1970).

[3] *Deviance, Reality and Society*. By STEVEN BOX. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, £2·95, paper £1·95.

[4] Martin Gold, *Delinquency in an American City* (Brooks, Cole 1970).

[5] Lynn McDonald, *Social Class and Delinquency* (Faber, 1969).

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by Gold and Belson, to be conducted in different community contexts and especially in the inner-city areas most pertinent to subcultural theory. Secondly, ascribed social status, taken singly, was never regarded by subcultural theorists as more than a clue: it had to be combined with community type, school attainment, and access to opportunity structures before it was thought to yield any explanatory power.

Box's own adaption of control theory answers the question "Why don't we all break the law?" with the reply "We would if we dared." We are held back by fear of the consequences only as long as we have established commitments and attachments to, and beliefs in, the conventional order. While this represents a considerable advance upon Hirschi's earlier formulation, and is skilfully integrated with Lemert's notion of secondary deviation, it does not, as it stands, adequately account for the kinds of delinquency subcultural theorists set out to explain.

Laurie Taylor is clearly more reluctant than Phillipson to move too far away from existing mainstream macrosociological theories, at least until they have been exhaustively examined, from a variety of perspectives, for any interpretive or explanatory yield.[6] In accepting the need to move towards a phenomenology of deviance, he emphasises the costs involved in assuming that "the interior view is somehow the primary perspective", particularly if it means ignoring or playing down "the structural location of the deviant, the conflict of social and economic forces with which he has (however unconsciously) to come to terms." He also seeks a congruence between sociological and psychological perspectives, and therefore considers a far wider range of evidence is germane to the deviancy issue than do the other authors. This eclecticism at times makes for fragmented exposition, but the book is most interesting as a defence of eclecticism—of the need to take into account a variety of perspectives and methods, since no single approach can yield a comprehensive developmental account of any form of social action.

Taylor seeks to locate the sources of social meaning not only in the intersubjective world of face-to-face interaction but also in the systems of power relations and institutional settings which encompass that world. Symbolic interaction is accompanied by symbolic domination and suppression. He manages to convey the fact that deviancy theory is not solely about competing definitions of reality, however crucial that may be: it is ultimately about a world in which people *get hurt,* by racketeers, by social stigma, by dehumanised work processes. He argues, for example, that in crucial respects organised crime is coterminous with, rather than oppositional to, capitalistic organisation, and in ways which are not necessarily unique to America, however much the peculiar political processes of the States may have contributed to its full blown emergence there.

One wishes that Donald Cressey[7] had adopted something nearer this perspective in his otherwise excellent paper on organised crime and criminal organisations, in which he conveys the nature of the narrow escape which Britain had in the mid-1960s from the offer of "technical assistance" made by American confederated crime to "underdeveloped British criminals." (p. 8) Cressey deplores the muddle of terms used by sociologists to describe rackets of very different organisational calibre and scope. But Cressey himself might be accused of concentrating too narrowly on purely legalistic devices to prosecute organisations rather than individuals as the most appropriate means of combating organised crime. As he admits, if other factors were left unchanged, organised crime could well escape scot-free while the laws designed to fetter it are used against

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Jonathan Cape £2.50

[6] *Deviance and Society.* By Laurie Taylor. Michael Joseph, £4.
[7] *Organised Crime and Criminal Organizations.* By Donald Cressey. Heffer, 35p.

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political deviants. Why not, as Morris and Hawkins, Schur and others have suggested, de-criminalise the activities, such as gambling, which organised crime finds so lucrative?

In her contribution to *Images of Deviance*,[8] Mary McIntosh has at least begun to remedy some of the deficiencies noted by Cressey by carefully distinguishing "craft" from "project" crime. She conveys how far the increasing sophistication of property protection leaves human beings—the only software left in the otherwise impregnable armoury of theft-proof devices—increasingly vulnerable. The unblowable safe leads straight to the bank manager. The other essays in this collection are similarly acute. The main effect of the American example is revealed not by a wholesale taking over of theories to be applied in a British context, but rather by a new-found confidence to ask questions about forms of deviance hitherto treated as somehow anomalous, and to strike out in new theoretical directions. For example, Jock Young, in a striking paper on drug use, shows a conceptual flair which would traditionally have been regarded as not quite proper. In the process, he shows how the chief effect of police harassment on one drug-using group was for its members to re-locate drug-use from the periphery to the core of their system of values. His analysis of the mass media as an increasingly important generator of stereotypes, and his notion of moral panic, alert us to processes we usually ignore, out of sheer familiarity: the rapid rise and fall of "social problems", fashioned out of "events which are *atypical*, presented in a *stereotypical* fashion and contrasted against a backcloth of normality which is *over-typical*." As Stanley Cohen stresses in his introduction, whenever we see terms such as deviance or social problem, we must ask "Says who?"

What Young terms moral panic was virtually a way of life for certain sections of the middle and upper classes in late Victorian London. "The rising tide of pauperism and crime threatens to overwhelm us", wrote Sir Charles Trevelyan in 1870. The attempts of the "moral entrepreneurs" of the London middle class to check this tide by engineering reforms to "moralise the poor" are the theme of *Outcast London*.[9] In this flawlessly written and massively documented study of the crisis which developed between the East End and the West End of London between the 1860s and the 1890s, Stedman Jones charts the transformation of middle-class attitudes towards the "casual poor" from complacency to condemnation to a collective fear which found its supreme expression in the "theory of urban degeneration." (Some impression of equivalent American fears can be culled from Joseph Hawes' brief descriptions of 19th-century reformers.)[10]

By the 1860s, the poor districts of London

> had become an immense *terra incognita* periodically mapped out by intrepid missionaries and explorers who catered to an insatiable middle-class demand for travellers' tales. . . . But the most extensive and the most feared area was the East End.

With the decline of ship-building, silk-weaving and engineering; with a chronic surplus of casual labour and a soaring population, swollen by immigration; with the adoption of "sweating" to exploit this labour and compete with the large-scale factory production of the provinces; with the irregularity of employment caused by seasonal demand, harsh winters and slumps in the trade cycle, small wonder that the East End began to fester as a symbol of demoralisation, "a disquieting alien presence in the midst of mid-Victorian plenty."

It was particularly disquieting to that section of the professional middle class most imbued

[8] *Images of Deviance*. Edited by STANLEY COHEN. Penguin, 40p.

[9] *Outcast London: A Study in the Relationship Between Classes in Victorian Society*. By GARETH STEDMAN JONES. Oxford University Press, £4·50.

[10] *Children in Urban Society: Juvenile Delinquency in Nineteenth-Century America*. By JOSEPH M. HAWES. Oxford University Press, £3·90, Oxford University Press, New York, $8·50.

CAN WE SURVIVE OUR FUTURE?

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with the puritan ethic, and therefore probably least equipped to understand the situation. To them, the problem with the poor was not their poverty or irregular work: it was their pauperisation and their demoralisation. (They either ignored or were unaware of Mayhew's clear accounts of why the poor behaved as they did.) To Octavia Hill and the Charity Organisation Society, the problem emanated from the "deformation of the gift." Charities were failing to discriminate between the deserving and the undeserving poor: the need was to channel relief by procedures which would screen out the latter. Moreover, an urban squirearchy was needed to re-settle the East End to provide leadership and moral initiative.

By the 1880s, this solution had not only failed: it had marginally worsened the situation by the influence exerted by the C.O.S. on the Artisans Dwelling Act of 1875. Fears grew that the residuum, far from gradually disappearing, formed a substantial proportion of working-class London, that its condition was attributable not, as had been thought, to demoralisation, but to degeneration through the stultifying processes of urban life. More punitive solutions began to be aired: the wholly degenerate should be sent to labour colonies; they should be sterilised; transported; left to die. The starkness of these proposals is heightened by the intellectual standing of those who propagated one or more of them at different points between the early 1880s and the First World War: Charles Booth, Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells among them. From 1889 onwards, however, the problem of the residuum receded. The Dock Strike of 1889, orderly and non-violent, reassured middle-class London that the poor were not, after all, dragging down the respectable working class. The First World War absorbed all surplus labour, and after the war, social concern shifted to the industrial decay of the provinces: "The casual poor were shown to have been a social and not a biological creation."

Jones has a clear advantage over contemporary sociologists of deviance: he can confidently assume that the casual poor did not *intend* to be that way. They were either born poor or had poverty thrust upon them. Transferred to deviation, this paradigm led us to seek causal links between different forms of deviance and certain structural and cultural variables assumed to be crucial in the shaping of behaviour. That we appreciate the immensity of that assumption is the force of the new critique. To demystify is neither to explain nor to understand: it is to bring about the conditions under which alone such processes become possible.

The Elite & the Conspiracy

The Mandarinate of the Books—By Donald G. MacRae

GOOD CASES are often made intolerable by their defenders. Interesting, open cases can often be dismissed if they are defended badly through incompetence, stupidity, or obvious malice. The better side has lost many an argument through an inappropriate rhetoric. Equally a well-chosen rhetoric, accredited virtue—even self-accredited—in the proponents of a position, or the exploitation of ignorance and suspicion by the ignorant and suspicious, have won many a position in debate and influenced society. I know few debates worse conducted on all sides than the long-lasting, low-key controversy in both Britain and America over advertising. Sitting on the Labour Party Commission on Advertising (set up by Hugh Gaitskell under the chairmanship of Lord Reith, and brushed aside by the Wilson government, perhaps rightly, when it reported), I decided that I had better things to do than continue to concern myself with these matters.

From the Commission I learned to admire Reith, a man who extended my knowledge of human capacity, and I met people on the whole interesting and amiable, but who already, with few exceptions, knew what they thought and who were unwilling to be moved by evidence or argument. (The Commission contained supporters of both main political parties and of neither.) But advertising is like dram-drinking. My intention to abstain has not lasted. I find myself involved in research in the field. Mr Fred Inglis' new book, *The Imagery of Power*,[1] subtitled *A Critique of Advertising*, draws me back to the debate.

[1] *The Imagery of Power*. By Fred Inglis. Heinemann Educational Books, £2·70.

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Mr Inglis is a Lecturer in Education at Bristol. He is very much in the Denys Thompson tradition, and indeed Mr Thompson introduces his book. Now it was Thompson's *Culture and Environment* which a generation ago made me think—I was counter-suggestible—that there was more to advertising, and more to be said for it, than I had thought. But what turned me off is what turned a very important set of people on. *Culture and Environment* has been one of the most influential books in recent English history.

The people who latched on to it were school teachers of English, lecturers in education, and believers in that new canon of English studies which Dr Leavis and his colleagues were establishing. I am not directly concerned here with that canon. To me, as an outsider to these things, it seems clearly better in its actual judgments, its reasons and methods of judgment, its revaluations than the older orthodoxies. Its social concerns were serious—too few people remember that Morris Ginsberg contributed to *Scrutiny*—but to my mind amateur (not a bad thing) and often narrow and unexamined. Indeed they involved, to borrow from Empson, a version of pastoral. And as Empson showed, pastoral is a very protean mode. Now versions of pastoral are frequent in the history of sociology, although we are more likely to call them primitivism. They have little place in its present, but underlying Thompson and, I think, Mr Inglis is a version of pastoral. There is also a kind of populism; and, as with Russian and American populism, this goes along with a suspicious and even a conspiratorial view of things.

Now one might think, if one is not a populist, that all this mattered very little. I think it matters a good deal. Large numbers of children, probably all those in fact who are not in Catholic schools wherein other populisms may be found, are at some time exercised in this kind of approach. Many of them conduct solemn exercises on the Pretensions and Deceptions of Advertising at the opportunity cost of other, more demanding and rewarding studies. (Interestingly they rather seldom unmask bureaucratic, scientistic, or other modern usages.) Advertising is felt to express and exacerbate the diseases of modern industrial civilisation. It is the enticing puppet mask and the controlling puppet string of sinister interests which deny the sturdy heritage of such odd associates as Lawrence, Orwell, George Sturt, and Cobbett. Yeoman England, Puritan England, and Merry England alike are its victims. Gradgrind today sings a TV jingle.

It might be nice if the world were, or had ever been, so simple. I don't think so, but it is a possible belief. What is impossible is to believe anything so simple and at the same time know any real social and economic history, any comparative sociology, and any modern economics. Mr Inglis deploys quite a lot of economic data, some social facts, and some analysis of the advertising industry and its procedures. He tries to be fair to what he hates. He makes mistakes of fact—but we all do. But he deserves less forgiveness in that he both gravely under-estimates his fellow citizens and the nature and problems of symbolic communication, and is also remarkably irrelevant. Advertising is not the giant he thinks, and his own argument disproves him. Most of the less than 2% of the national income spent on advertising consists of transfer payments; much advertising is essentially informative (that is, all of it, even at its most extravagant, contains an element of information). One may hate marketplaces, though the alternatives are worse. The extension of our markets, and therefore of the division of labour, and therefore of productivity (as Adam Smith well knew), is today made possible by the mechanical media of communication—the press, radio, television, film, etc. Public countervailing powers exist and will probably multiply. But the assumption of manipulable idiocy in others is so arrogant that, even when one recalls how universal are sin and stupidity and how one partakes in them, one is astonished.

BUT THE REAL CHARGE is the cultural one: the corruption of language and image, of virtue and simplicity. It is the rage of the disappointed optimist and the fury of the righteous feeling impotent in the tides of this world that lie behind this charge. Now we must all learn that thought is not all-powerful and get over our chagrin about it. But as a matter of fact one must also suggest that those who think like Mr Inglis are mistaken in not believing themselves powerful. In a generation of teaching they have been very influential; they have successfully created suspicions and discontents so that very many of the young believe the whole of society to be a confidence trick. Some discontents are fruitful to the individual and to society, and their absence is death. These mean little beliefs don't seem to me of that kind.

TO ME culture is, has been, always will be a difficult and rare achievement. The demotic has sometimes a genuine vigour—and advertising is one of the hearers of, as well as one of the parasites on, this fact. But one must not expect too much of too many. I am astonished things are not worse: Mr Inglis and his allies that they are not better. But for all his new facts, irrelevant as I think many of them, he and his school really should work harder. They should try to relate

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what they say to the modern analyses of social structure and our growing knowledge of social and economic history. They should re-examine their values, not assume them, and explain their rationale. Being against sin is all very well, but how does one know exactly what sin is? Above all they should take seriously, even in their partly-developed state, the growth of a sociology of communication and the development of new modes of analysing the content of messages. The most interesting research I know in advertising at the moment is essentially structuralist, but in a wide use of that term. It reveals phenomena more profound than anything in Thompson or Inglis, and they might regard it as more worrying for that reason. Why have they not attempted something of the sort themselves?

Indeed why is the study of communication, on the whole, so primitive? The more or less random pile of new books in front of me contains much that is intelligent, in some cases much that is rigorous and even ingenious, but very little that is breaking new ground or is concerned with the deeper levels of content of the communicable. I find this depressing in 1972, although in some cases depression is inappropriate for the intentions of the writers are so deliberately remote from such ambitions.

Take, for example, the reprint of Escarpit on the sociology of literature.[2] It has an intelligent introduction, indeed an elegant one, such as one would expect from two distinguished dons. But the book was first published in Paris in 1958, and the introduction accepts largely the premises of that year, and updates them. Western literature is as odd a social fact as, say, oil-painting or sonata form. This is a book about the Book, about its authors as men in specific social, economic and cultural roles, and about the reading public. It stresses the unique and solitary, the isolated from the immediately social, act of book-reading. It is tantalisingly intelligent on the idea of "the generation" as a real constituent of cultural time. It is well worth reading, once. But it is ultimately disappointing. There is indeed nothing in it of vulgar Marxist ascription of covert interests or the "unmasking" of bourgeois ideology; but if this is all, then a sociological approach is a very barren thing.

Need it be? Dr Goodlad's study of Drama[3] shows that in fourteen years there has indeed been some advance. I must declare an interest here as I was involved a little in Goodlad's researches. His book is a sober attempt to establish facts and techniques in the study of a decade of television and theatre plays. Drama is a Durkheimian ritual which reinforces or makes tolerable—a kind of "reinforcement"—the disjunctions of formal social life and individual existence. It is, as so often the case, an instance of the cultural in society being strong at those junctures where social structure is weakest. It is, I think, a good and original book; not least of its merits is that it permits, aids, and encourages the conduct of further research. In this important sense it is a contribution to knowledge as a social process.

By this, of course, I mean knowledge as the activity of scholars, scientists, critics, and technologists—if you like, as the vocation of an intelligentsia. But this idea of knowledge is separate from, if included within, the talk that is now very current about a "Knowledge Revolution" or a "Knowledge Explosion". More physicists, economists, engineers, *et al.*, we are constantly told, are today living and working than in the whole of past history. Very likely this is true; after all, there are so very many more people than ever before. The learned journals, librarians and the libraries, the book-trade, the media, the computers, the information retrieval business are all said to be groaning under the

[2] *Sociology of Literature.* By ROBERT ESCARPIT. Translated by ERNEST PICK. Second edition, with a new Introduction by MALCOLM BRADBURY and BRYAN WILSON. Frank Cass, £2·15.

[3] *A Sociology of Popular Drama.* By J. S. R. GOODLAD. Heinemann Educational Books, £3·50.

Journal of Social Policy
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burden. Investment in knowledge—or the knowledgeable—is believed to be more important than investment in the more famous and traditional means of production.

One of the leaders in claiming attention for all this sort of thing is Amitai Etzioni. His *The Active Society* appeared first in 1968. Warren Breed, asked by Etzioni "to reduce the more than 400,000 words of that volume to some 70,000 words", has now done so.[4] One wonders why Professor Etzioni didn't use only 70,000 words in the first place, but that is perhaps unkind. Although prolix, *The Active Society* is a reasonably rich book full of scientistic utopianism. Its richness is, however, largely irrelevant to the concerns of this review-article. Indeed it bears out one of my points.

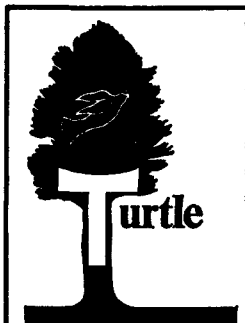
> Knowledge [we are told] does not exist only in the minds of individuals; like other societal assets, knowledge is stored in collective facilities . . . it is nevertheless fruitful to view it [knowledge] as an asset and to study the production, processing, and consumption of knowledge as societal activities.

No doubt, and we shall come back to this; but knowledge has its own laws and structures; it is specific contents and usages. Knowledge and communication are certainly separate things, but they are separate only in something of the sense that form and substance are set apart in Aristotelian metaphysics. And as in so much of what is written about the "Knowledge Revolution" (or Etzioni's "post-modern" period since 1945), content, use, and structure are conspicuously unexamined and unanalysed. The very use of the word "asset" is interesting as, of itself, forcing an analysis *ab extra* on knowledge.

But to be just to Etzioni and Breed, their concerns are to establish not a thesis about knowledge and communication but to argue that a "radical transformation of the technologies of communication, knowledge and energy . . . followed World War II" and to hope that "post-modern society" can be self-guiding. (Let us leave energy out—though it is hard not to ask, a little nuclear power apart, what has changed technologically here in the last fifty years?) I don't believe that to talk of a technology of knowledge is a correct usage: indeed it seems to me self-defeatingly wrong. But communication? There indeed has been a transformation in the saturation of rich, and some not too poor, societies by television. Anyone who can recall the BBC television service before 1939 will admit a change of degree that would satisfy any Marxist by being also a change of kind. There are no references to broadcasting, radio or television in the index to Etzioni's book, nor to communication satellites.

THE TROUBLE INDEED lies in much modern sociology, not just in these volumes; and it is that quite simply the approach employed, whether it is well-used or not, excludes any taking seriously of the cultural and its content in social life. In this context the letter of this kind of social structuralism is death to understanding. But here, surely in compensation, is a vast volume of nearly one thousand pages, *The Process and Effects of Mass Communication*.[5] It is a new edition of an old book, but so heavily revised that it is a new book to all intents and purposes—certainly, having used the old version with students, I find this version altogether unfamiliar, though some old friends like the Orson-Wellsian invasion from Mars scare of 1938 are here. And when, for example, Herbert Goldhamer writes about "Communication Technology" he really means technology.

But though a handy if heavy book of readings, one doesn't really learn much. Indeed one begins to hold a better opinion of Mr Inglis or Professor Escarpit—especially the latter. On the whole what we have here is Behavioural Science endistancing people from the social and cultural. One almost sighs for a touch of "radical sociology." And one has something of the same feeling about Jeremy Tunstall's specialised study which is accurately described in its almost 17th-century title: *Journalists at Work: Specialist Correspondents: their news organizations, news sources, and competitor-colleagues*.[6] Mr Tunstall of the Open University is a most productive and underrated sociologist. His old book on *The Advertising Man* (1964) seems to me still worth attention, not least where it is most impressionistic.



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[4] *The Active Society*. By AMITAI ETZIONI. The Free Press, paper £2·95. *The Self-Guiding Society*. By WARREN BREED. Collier-Macmillan, £3·50, $7·00, paper £1·50, $3·00.

[5] *The Process and Effects of Mass Communication*. Revised edition. Edited by WILBUR SCHRAMM and DONALD F. ROBERTS. University of Illinois Press, $15·00, £4·10.

[6] *Journalists at Work*. By JEREMY TUNSTALL. Constable, £3·50.

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But the present book is not impressionistic. It attempts to place *all* full-time British journalists in certain fields in terms of socio-economic and functional variables. The fields are politics, aviation, education, labour, crime, soccer, fashion, cars, and foreign correspondents in Bonn, New York, Rome, and Washington. (Advertising, oddly enough even for cars and fashion, turns out to be an unimportant pressure on these people. One can, of course, explain this away by quoting Humbert Wolfe on the British journalist—"*but seeing what the man will do/ Unbribed, there's no occasion to.*" Still, I would not be convinced.)

Anyone who wants to know about these people and their relationships must read this book along with Tunstall's earlier work, *The Westminster Lobby Correspondent*. It can legitimately be regarded as a competent, factual addition to our picture of the communications industries. What begins to worry me is that our data may be collected for the wrong purposes in the wrong categories both by academic sociologists and by government statisticians. There is something of life in these pages, but one feels something evanescent and important has got away. Or perhaps it is that it has been suppressed by our methods, our classifications, and our general ideas—in so far as most social researchers have general ideas and not just *idées reçues*.

AFTER ALL, AND LET ME yield to temptations I have so far resisted, McLuhan is far more right than his critics in his attempts and even in many of his answers. Society, so far as it exists, exists in the mind alone. And, to reverse the McLuhanite adage, the message is the medium. In the context of the press the message is communicated very largely by the neglected provincial press. In his *The Provincial Press and the Community*[7] Mr Ian Jackson lists, for example, 68 evening newspapers in England and Wales. Add to these all the morning papers and weeklies such as the *Goole Times*, *The Howdenshire Gazette*, and the *Clitheroe Advertiser*. Except for Mr Jackson we—most of us—know only a corner of this world. (I don't think, by the way, that he mentions any of my three weeklies, all published by that bashful giant, United Newspapers.) His picture, despite the growing monopolisation of ownership, is far from black. All these papers are made possible by advertising, yet the law in its uncertainty seems to be a greater limitation on the journalists than are the interests of the advertisers. Which need not stop one agreeing with Jackson's judgment that this is

> essentially a conservative communications medium. It strongly upholds family and institutional life; it typically demands discipline. . . . It endorses capitalistic assumptions and the Protestant ethic.

This is a refreshing, useful, and unpretentious book. At a common-sense level it does not forget that the message is the medium or neglect the external forces impinging on the messages.

Nor, at the opposite pole of oligopoly and scale, British television, does Mr Peter Black neglect these things.[8] At the level of good journalism—a high level, rarely achieved, easily put down, much underestimated—this seems to me a splendid book on the institutional politics and content of television in Britain. It also reveals the British mind at its work of unconscious hypocrisy (see Chapter XII, "The Object into Self") in a way that almost produces a warm sympathy for our logic-choppers and honest men wanting to have their administrative, financial and moral layer-cake and eat it—which is not the worst of ambitions. Mr Black does not have faith in rich men, even when called Pilkington. Neither does he think them, which is to do them at their worst far too much credit, members of some infernal council of Mephistos and Beelzebubs. It would be a pity if this were the only book on our television. It is not academic, nor based on replicable researches—one could not replicate this excellent TV-critic's career and experience—but it is clear, intelligent, and based on the belief that the medium matters and that the message deserves attention. No more useful single book is available.

But oddly, while not forgetting the message, Black's *The Mirror in the Corner* does neglect some aspects of the medium. So do the academic researchers. McLuhan has tried to argue that the TV image is blurred and draws one into it to complete the seen with unseen detail. It is, therefore, a participatory medium. This is, I think, a local mistake. For reasons I don't quite

[7] *The Provincial Press and the Community*. By IAN JACKSON. Manchester University Press, £3·60.

[8] *The Mirror in the Corner: People's Television*. By PETER BLACK. Hutchinson, £2·10.

If we are not stimulated by triviality . . . let us feast at the table of the gods!

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understand, American television, coast to coast, is visually less clear than is British. (The British viewer sees American programmes better than their original audience, not always to his gain.) But the important thing is to be found not in the definition of the image so much as in the sequence, juxtaposition, and counterpoint of images in relation to sound. Analysis of this is endlessly complex, for the makers of programmes cannot help but do more and other than they know or intend. Time, space, causality, personality, are all broken and refracted in a new prism. This must carry into lived experience. Psychology is, apparently, too crude to help us here.

Secondly, the nature of the medium is reinforced by its need. To be under the compulsion to fill by such complex means so much time—soon more—forces the hasty deployment of an unexamined vocabulary of images, themes, archetypical ideas, archaic modalities of feeling and expression. The grammar of this is all but unexplored and its deeper structures unexamined.

Yet this is true in a wider sense—even in a world of semiologists, semanticists, ethnolinguists, sociologists of language and of art, and so on. One now begins to see the problems and even to wonder about the articulations and disjunctions of the symbolic world in relation to that social structure and history which we can only know in terms of the symbolic. But we are only beginning. To return to advertising, it is at this level, where the data are simplest (as in advertisements) that the Thompson-Inglis case would have to be made, if it can be made. And reading all these books on communication and knowledge, I have found nothing of this necessary study.

Of course we must also know the institutional, social-structural, and economic facts. Here, at least, some of these books are helpful if rarely exciting. The most academic of them are by no means the most instructive—social science seems to produce not so much obscurity as a Brechtian alienation: an effect which has no compensating virtues either of objectification or of zeal. Yet ultimately the task in hand is one involving rigour, risk, patience and imagination. Academics are still more risk-free in their vocations than most others, and they thus have the duty to dare in their own fields. Rigour and patience are the badges of their trade. They are not required to be less imaginative than other people. Quite inevitably they are an élite, with the obligations that an élite position brings.

As an elite they are still bound to the Book. The achievement of linear order which yet allows ambiguity and debate and the dialectic of alternatives is one of the major achievements of the Western bourgeoisie, embodied in print order. In the flux of the media the Book is more important, more frequent, more diffused, and more influential than ever. Revolutions may or may not have been made in the British Museum's Reading Room. They are certainly not made in the cinema or on the box. The censors are right in believing that men are influenced by the printed word even if they draw wrong conclusions from the fact. And the Book is still comparatively cheap, and authors and publishers comparatively free.

How the physical book gets into the hands of the self-isolating reader, purely involved with symbols, is the business of publishing. Anthony Blond has written a jokey, sometimes slipshod, quite wide-ranging introduction to all this in *The Publishing Game*.[9] He has a bee in his bonnet about Jews as publishers—though I haven't done the statistics to test his belief. He is weak on educational publishing, which is very influential, profitable, and at its best as creative (or more so) as any other part of the book trade. He won't seriously mislead the young aspirant—though that aspirant might want to know more about phenomena like the Longman, Penguin, Ladybird *mélange* than Mr Blond considers. Such huge capital, such range, such institutionalisation deserves more systematic study (and I wonder what Mr Inglis would suspect it of). But Mr Blond is fun and compulsive at the level he aims at. I don't know where else one would find the same information, so up-to-date.

He does not give us a sociology of the Book or contribute to our understanding of Symbolic Forms, and very likely he wouldn't recognise such things if he met them. It would, however, be nice to have them. Suppose literacy declines, will not the élite role of the Book, as I suspect, increase? But is there any evidence that literacy will decline? And, if it does, will not teaching methods and educational philosophy be more to blame than TV? Either way the Culture of the Book seems secure even if it is disguised as a micro-fiche. I welcome this, though I can understand those who hate it. Knowledge and communication are ultimately matters to be understood through linear order and in no other way, for there is no other way. To understand society we must understand communication, not as conspiracy, but as and in itself. One must also accept that culture operates through élite reference groups—local, national, cosmopolitan, historical, dissident—and that the most influential of these élites, in anything but the short run, is a kind of mandarinate of print-order, a People of the Books.

[9] *The Publishing Game*. By Anthony Blond. Jonathan Cape, £2.

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Other Books Received

Peter Abell. *Model Building in Sociology.* Weidenfeld, £3·70

V. L. Allen. *The Sociology of Industrial Relations.* Longman, paper £1·75

David E. Apter. *Choice and the Politics of Allocation.* Yale University Press, £3·75

Zevedei Barbu. *Society, Culture and Personality.* Basil Blackwell, £2·10, paper £1·10

J. A. Barnes. *Three Styles in the Study of Kinship.* Tavistock, £3

John Beddoe. *The Races of Britain.* Hutchinson, £3·50

T. O. Beidelman (ed.). *The Translation of Culture.* Tavistock, £5·75

Daphne Nicholson Bennett. *Parents Should Be Heard.* Hutchinson, £2·60

Basil Bernstein. *Class, Codes and Control. Vol. 1. Theoretical Studies Towards a Sociology of Language.* Routledge, £3

André Beteille. *Caste, Class and Power.* University of California Press, £2·85, $7·95; paper £1·40, $2·85

David Bull (ed.). *Family Poverty.* Duckworth, £2·95 paper £1·25

John P. Campbell, Marvin D. Dunnette, Edward E. Lawler, III, Karl E. Weick, Jr. *Managerial Behavior, Performance, and Effectiveness.* McGraw-Hill, $12·50

Lynette Carey & Roy Mapes. *The Sociology of Planning.* Batsford, £4

R. P. Cuzzort. *Humanity and Modern Sociological Thought.* Holt, Rinehart & Winston, £2

Jon Gower Davies. *The Evangelistic Bureaucrat.* Tavistock, £3

Norman K. Denzin. *Sociological Methods: A Sourcebook.* Butterworth, £2·40

Jack D. Douglas (ed.). *Understanding Everyday Life.* Routledge, £4·20

J. E. T. Eldridge. *Sociology and Industrial Life.* Michael Joseph, £4

Boguslaw Galeski. *Basic Concepts of Rural Sociology.* Manchester University Press, £2·76

Philip Gammage. *Teacher and Pupil.* Routledge, £1·20

Oscar Gish. *Doctor Migration and World Health.* G. Bell & Sons, £2·75

Barney G. Glaser & Anselm L. Strauss. *Status Passage.* Routledge, £3·25

Erving Goffman. *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life.* Penguin, 40p

Erving Goffman. *Relations in Public.* Allen Lane The Penguin Press, £3·50

Georges Gurvitch. *The Social Frameworks of Knowledge.* Basil Blackwell, £3

David H. Hargreaves. *Interpersonal Relations and Education.* Routledge, £3·75

R. E. Henkel & D. E. Morrison. *The Significance of Test Controversy.* Butterworth, £5·50

C. R. Hensman. *Rich Against Poor.* Allen Lane The Penguin Press, £2·95

Ted Honderich. *Punishment; The Supposed Justification.* Penguin, 35p

Timothy Johnson. *Network Communities.* Weidenfeld, £2·75

Arno Karlen. *Sexuality and Homosexuality.* Macdonald, £7

Ernest Krausz. *Ethnic Minorities in Britain.* MacGibbon & Kee, £2·25

C. Lacey. *Hightown Grammar.* Manchester University Press, 84p

Alasdair MacIntyre. *Against the Self-Images of the Age.* Duckworth, £3·50

Jacques Maquet. *Power and Society in Africa.* Weidenfeld, £1·75, paper 90p

Pierre Maranda & Elli Köngäs Maranda (eds.). *Structural Analysis of Oral Tradition.* University of Pennsylvania Press, $20·00

Leonard A. Marascuilo. *Statistical Methods for Behavioral Science Research.* McGraw-Hill, £6·50

Heinz Maus. *A Short History of Sociology.* Routledge, paper 90p

John Barron Mays (ed.). *Juvenile Delinquency, The Family and the Social Group.* Longman, £3, paper £1·75

Fred Milson. *Youth in a Changing Society.* Routledge, £1·50

David W. Minar & Scott Greer (eds.). *The Concept of Community.* Butterworth, paper £2·20

Edgar Morin. *Rumour in Orleans.* Blond, £2·50

Ivor Morrish. *The Background of Immigrant Children.* Allen & Unwin, £3·50, paper £1·90

Nigel Morland. (ed.). *The Criminologist.* Wolfe, £3·50.

Rodney Needham (ed.). *Rethinking Kinship and Marriage.* Tavistock, £4

Jack Parsons. *Population versus Liberty.* Pemberton Books, £3·25

Thomas F. Pettigrew. *Racially Separate or Together?* McGraw-Hill, £2·85, paper £1·90

Anthony J. Reiss. *The Police and the Public.* Yale University Press, £3·80

R. W. Revans (ed.) *Hospitals: Communication, Choice, and Change.* Tavistock, £1·80

Timothy Rogers (ed.). *School for the Community.* Routledge, £2·50

Arnold M. Rose (ed.). *Human Behavior and Social Processes.* Routledge, paper £1·75

Arun Sahay (ed.). *Max Weber and Modern Sociology.* Routledge, £1·50

Donald A. Schon. *Beyond the Stable State.* Maurice Temple Smith, £2·50

Ursula Sharma. *Rampal and His Family.* Collins, £1·50

Moshe Shokeid. *The Dual Heritage.* Manchester University Press, £3

Phillip E. Slater. *The Pursuit of Loneliness.* Allen Lane The Penguin Press, £2·25

Richard F. Sparks. *Local Prisons: The Crisis in the English Penal System.* Heinemann, £2·50

Amy Sycamore & Portia Holman. *Sebastian's.* Longman, £1·25

Elbert W. Stewart & James A. Glynn. *Introduction to Sociology.* McGraw-Hill, £2·40

George G. Thompson (ed.). *Social Development and Personality.* John Wiley & Sons, £5·50

Dov Weintraub *et al. Immigration and Social Change.* Manchester University Press, £3

H. V. Wiseman. *Political Systems: Some Sociological Approaches.* Routledge, paper £1

Peter Worsley (ed.). *Two Blades of Grass.* Manchester University Press, £4·80

Nur Yalman. *Under the Bo Tree.* University of California Press, £4·05, $8·50, paper £1·85, $3·85

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Five Japanese Children's Verses

Big Cold, Little Cold

Big cold, little cold!
Down the mountain
A child came crying
Tears untold.
What's he saying
Through his crying?
Through his crying
He says Cold.

Snail of the Paddy

Snail of the paddy, snail of the paddy,
Off to the hills now, go, go, go.
That's where I went in the spring last year
And a big black bird they call a crow
Pecked me this side, pecked me that side,
Rolled me over on my back,
Pecked me this side, pecked me that side,
Pecked this paddy-snail blue and black:
Never for a second time, no, no, no,
Back to the hills I will not go.

The Priest of the Mountain Temple

(A ball-bouncing chant)

The priest of the mountain temple
Was fond of bouncing ball
But that high mountain temple
Contained no ball at all:
So he stuffed a cat in a paper bag
And when he kicks it now,
Bam goes his foot on the paper bag
And his football goes *Miaouw*;
Bam, Bam, Bam as he kicks the ball,
Miaouw, Miaouw, Miaouw!

Zui Zui Zukkorobashi

(A counting-out chant)

Zui zui zukkorobashi!
Sesame, beanpaste mixed like so.
Chased by a tea-tin, *topping shan,*
If you're the last, then out you go.
The mouse who lived in the straw-made rice-bag,
Nibbling rice, went *chu, chu, chu.*
Even when his father called him,
He went on nibbling *chu, chu, chu.*
Even when his mother called,
He wouldn't do
As she told him to.
Who's the person who broke the tea-bowl
Down by the well-side?
Who? Who? Who?

Mister Moon

Mister Moon, Mister Moon,
Why haven't the stars come out?
Because the full moon hates them,
That's why they won't come out.

What's that there? A baby owl,
A little owl that skims the pond.
And what is that beyond the owl?
Nobody knows what lies beyond.

translated by Graeme Wilson

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AUTHORS & CRITICS

William Gerhardie

By Michael Holroyd

THE CAREER of William Gerhardie, who celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday last year, presents an extraordinary example of how, in the ever more densely-grown jungle of the printed word, a writer of rare gifts can become lost to view.

His first novel, *Futility,* was written mainly at Oxford. Another undergraduate, John Rothenstein, who first shared a set of rooms with Gerhardie in Worcester College, has given a vivid impression of what he was like: "Few people I have ever known have an acuter sense of the absurd, of the difference between the realities of life and the obscuring cant." Yet there were times, Rothenstein concedes, when he resented the midday emergence into their common sitting-room of this tall, nervously-pacing being with the high-veined forehead, the sensual mouth (red, in the memory of the late Lord Sackville, like a begonia)

> whom sleep had charged with the desire for aggressive argument, about politics or literature, but more often about sex or religion, which I regarded as private matters. This view of them he ridiculed, forced me to declare myself, assailed any conclusions I had reached, and in general . . . compelled me, as no one had before, to think clearly and independently. . . . Association with Gerhardie was a rigorous discipline, for he talked almost continuously and scarcely ever went out.

Owing to this hibernation, Gerhardie's career at Oxford was socially and athletically unobtrusive. He took his degrees of B.A., of B.Litt. and of M.A. quietly, he remembers, "without exciting the university." Shunning all forms of out-door exercise except lawn tennis, he spent most of the time in talk, in particular about his military intervention in Siberia, where he had served as a captain on the staff of the British Military Mission. The tragi-comic aspects of this episode were a constant source of inventive reminiscence to be distilled into *Futility*. He neglected to win prizes, and his chief work in the English school (as his tutor Nichol Smith pointed out) was the completion of this novel.

Gerhardie sent it successively to thirteen publishers who persisted in returning it to him "as if it were some kind of tennis ball sent over to them for that purpose." Thinking that a passionate recommendation from some leading writer might do the trick, he eventually forwarded the typescript to Katherine Mansfield, whom he had never met but whose stories he admired. Unknown to him, she was in the mountains of Switzerland, dying of consumption. But she replied by return of post, read it within a week, and at the end of a fortnight had found a publisher, Cobden-Sanderson. "It is a living book," she wrote to him (14 November 1921). "What I mean by that is, it is warm; one can put it down and it goes on breathing."

It was published in 1922, very well reviewed and, in the eyes of the world, made its author an instant success—but of esteem rather than coveted circulation. Everyone had read the book, but no one seemed to have bought it. Cobden-Sanderson euphemistically reported it to be selling "steadily"—that was about a couple of copies every couple of weeks. *Futility,* which stunned the world of letters, had left it silent with admiration.

In a letter to a friend the following year Gerhardie wrote: "I haven't abandoned all hope. . . . As for Wells—Ah! I don't expect he will ever read it now". His publisher had sent copies to Shaw, Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells. Bennett, who was to become one of Gerhardie's staunchest admirers, greatly enjoyed the book; and Shaw told him: "If you're English, you're a genius, but if you're Russian. . . . " at which point Gerhardie quickly broke in to expatiate upon his undoubted English parentage and ancestry. But it was Wells who made the novel famous. "Why was there no shouting about Gerhardie's *Futility*—shouting to reach the suburbs and country towns?" he asked in *The Adelphi*. ". . . true, devastating. A wonderful book."

GERHARDIE USES HIS WAR-TIME EXPERIENCES in *Futility* to throw into relief his main theme. It is perhaps the first English work to strike the "waiting" motif that was to become fashionable many years later with Beckett's *Godot*. The father who gathers about him an army of wrangling dependants as his hopes of a fortune rise while his actual fortune diminishes, when asked at a crucial stage what he will do, decides: "I think I'll wait. It can't be long now." Against this tragically unchanging background is set the story of an Englishman brought up in Russia, and the pathos of his growing love for Nina, the second of three bewitching daughters. "One wonders at the firmness of the hand which has held together all the fun, pathos and irony of the thronged sprawling tale,"

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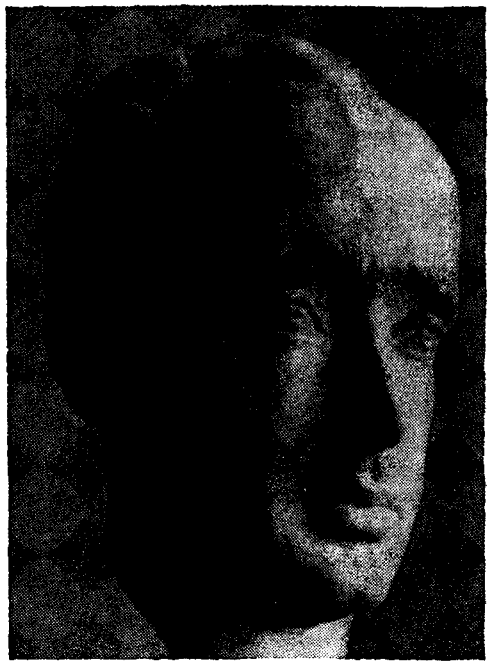
wrote Edith Wharton in her preface to the American edition, "and guided it so resolutely to an inevitable conclusion".

LIKE *Futility*, Gerhardie's second novel, *The Polyglots*, published in 1925 when the author was twenty-nine, draws largely on personal experiences. The son of a successful British industrialist living in St Petersburg, and his Yorkshire wife, Gerhardie had been considered the dunce of the family and sent to England in his late teens to be trained for what was loosely called "a commercial career"—that is, to acquire some financial acumen or, in default, marry a rich bride. But he detested commerce, and dreamed only of the dramatic triumphs with which he hoped to take the London theatres by storm. To improve his English style he was studying Wilde, and an elegant cane, long locks and a languid expression were parts of his literary make-up at this time.

During the War he was posted to the staff of the British Military Attaché at Petrograd and, arriving there with an enormous sword bought second-hand in the Charing Cross Road, was welcomed as an old campaigner. The Russian Revolution (which ruined Gerhardie's father who owed his life to being identified as "the British Socialist *Keir Hardie*") sent Gerhardie back to England. But in 1918 he set out again, and after crossing America and Japan reached Vladivostock, where the British Military Mission had established itself. After two years in Siberia, mostly in the company of generals, he sailed home by way of Singapore, Colombo and Port Said—a journey that forms the closing chapters of *The Polyglots*.



WILLIAM GERHARDIE

The Polyglots is the narrative of a high-spirited young officer who comes across a Belgian family, rich in eccentrics, to whom he is related and with whom he lives while on a military mission to the Far East. There are obvious parallels with Gerhardie's own life. His impressions of the First and Second Revolution in Petrograd and the Allied intervention in Russia of 1918-20, of the whole business of interfering on an international scale in other people's affairs, are recorded here and in *Futility*. His characters are never comic "Russian" stereotypes, they are ourselves, and the people we meet everyday whose full humour we do not appreciate until our eyes have been opened by a great writer. "In both novels," Walter Allen writes,

> the nature of the comedy is defined by the tone of the prose in which they are written. It is highly personal, light and glancing, often lyrical but always self-deflating. . . . It pins down unerringly absurdity and contradiction—of characters and aspirations and situations—but does so without malice; the narrator is as conscious of his own absurdity as of that of the other characters; the comic, we are made to feel, is the other face of the tragic, and absurdity is at the heart of things.

Much of *The Polyglots* was written at Innsbruck. Gerhardie completed it under difficult conditions, while his father was dying. His mother would read out pages from the manuscript to the old man "to kill time", and for the most part he listened without comment, though occasionally pronouncing some passage to be "instructive." But when she came to the sea-burial of Natasha—a scene of exquisite verbal simplicity — she began to cry, and this bothered him. "Don't cry," he urged her. "It's not real. It's only a book. Willy has invented it."

On *The Polyglots* were pinned all their hopes of re-making the family fortune, but Gerhardie's father died a few months before publication. The book did make Gerhardie's name as a novelist; but as to the fortune he later calculated that, contrary to expectation, it had brought in "something equivalent, in terms of royalties, to nothing."

YET GERHARDIE'S NOVELS "on Russian themes" attracted a considerable following in the 1920s. He toured America delivering lectures; he was taken up by Lord Beaverbrook, and described

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by Arnold Bennett as "the pet of the intelligentsia and the darling of Mayfair". No writer, as Neville Braybrooke has reminded us, could "have been more lionised". But a number of writers were suspicious of the fuss made over him at this time. In the long run the most valuable action that Lord Beaverbrook ever performed for Gerhardie was to provide him with the prototype of Lord Ottercove in *Jazz and Jasper*[1] (1928) and successive novels—a marvel of sympathetic humour; while the least valuable service rendered by Arnold Bennett was unintentionally to categorise him as a perfect dandy, and to proclaim: "The man has genius."

Far from being one of those cynical and sophisticated good-time-in-a-bad-world stereotypes, so rampant in the gay '20s, Gerhardie believed neither in the good time nor the bad world. Despite a title that suggests embittered disillusionment, *Futility* had questioned why man was having such a bad time in a good world; and in *The Polyglots* and *Jazz and Jasper* the author had further explored this theme. By 1930 the period of popular post-war discouragement was at an end, but the mislabelling attached to Gerhardie's ironical tragedies stuck. "Sophistication, cynicism and the like, which still cling to me, I don't know why, have not endeared me to anyone," he wrote to his publisher in May 1931. "Sobriety, a dogged dullness, goodness and honest stupidity should be stressed as features characteristic of me. Then England will begin to read my books."

ENGLAND HAD CEASED to read his books once he had begun to write about Englishmen. It was all very well for Russians and other foreigners with unpronounceable names to behave in a "Chekhovian" manner; but Englishmen, living just round the corner in Kennington, simply did not do so. They were too sensible.

In this peculiar way Gerhardie's work began to lose favour. The novels he wrote in the '30s are in no sense inferior to those of the '20s. But the swing in fashion to sociological literature and politically "committed" verse and fiction did not produce a climate in which Gerhardie's individual gifts could be readily appreciated. *Pending Heaven* (1930) was the first to suffer although, as the critic Gorley Putt has pointed out in his book *Scholars of the Heart,* this novel contains within it the same beat of life as its predecessors:

> It recaptures the impudent tenderness of *Futility* and *The Polyglots* and with it the authentic Gerhardie note. There are a couple of enchanting, exasperating Gerhardie children. And in this gay pavilion there are those clear panes through which can be seen the white radiance, when not of eternity, then of the inescapable human predicament.

Pending Heaven is the story of two men treading the donkey-round of paradise deferred, their literary friendship strained to breaking point by rivalry in love. The opening chapter is consecrated to Gerhardie's meeting with that sensitive and ebullient character Hugh Kingsmill, with whom he was to form a long, precarious friendship. "Kingsmill's habit, I regret to say," he wrote in *Memoirs of a Polyglot,* "is to abscond and set up house with someone in whom I have invested a good deal of emotion, and then to defend the purity of their hearth against my visits, though indulgent enough to consent to meet me outside his new home". Kingsmill's remarkable personality helped to provide Gerhardie with the character of Max Fisher—"a great, sensitive, witty being, boisterous, tender, and refreshing as a sea breeze".

Max Fisher's search for love—"a state of well-being native and near to him from which he has been sundered"—is the theme of *Pending Heaven.* "But as each woman who attracts him figures for a time as the custodian of the happiness he is seeking," Kingsmill wrote in *The Progress of a Biographer,* "he becomes more and more involved in the world from which he is trying to escape, until death suddenly sets him free".

The particular excellence of *Pending Heaven* is that through the imaginative use of symbol and metaphor it expresses complicated things very simply and lucidly. The tone is one of freshness, of warmth and suppleness. We are spared that glaze of intellectuality which can come between the writer and his subject, making simple things seem complicated. Gerhardie does not set out to invent "psychologically convincing characters" since he believes (as Philip Toynbee has explained) that "this involves a superfluous artifice which cuts across the grain of his natural material". He also believes that the construction of artful and well-balanced plots—in the manner of Henry James—is a mistaken ambition for the novelist, because elaborate artifice only strangles the plots that exist in life itself. His own ultimate aim as a novelist has been to reveal the beauty of the world, in however strange, wry or distinctive

[1] Originally so entitled in 1928, this novel was renamed *My Sinful Earth* in 1949. In the Revised Definitive Edition of the works of William Gerhardie which Macdonald are at present bringing out, this title has been definitively revised to *Doom.*

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a form. "Candour and tenderness are the guardian angels of this novelist," wrote Gorley Putt, "—and frivolity his attendant imp." But since the comic and the tragic attitudes are deeply intermingled in Gerhardie, *Pending Heaven* is neither farce nor satire. Its humorous, lyrical pages, which give one continual small shocks of delight as one reads them, are intimations of a genuine poetic sensibility responding to the underlying mystery of life.

Pending Heaven marks a watershed in Gerhardie's literary career. His next novel, *Resurrection*, which was published four years later in 1934, seems very different from his first books. If *The Polyglots* was conceived by the Evelyn Waugh generation at Oxford to be the young man's bible, *Resurrection* became the mature reader's *via ad poesem*. Already, in *The Polyglots*, he had touched the nerve of faith. "If," he asks, "the whole world be unreal, by what standard, what undying reality is it so? If we are to be dead for all time, by what living truth is it to be?" Elsewhere in the novel, when the narrator is asked whether we survive after death, he answers in the affirmative. But the next life, he adds, is disconnected from our world: it is a release from memory, a perpetuation of the immortal I.

ANOTHER POSSIBILITY involving the shedding, like dirty linen, both of the memory and of the self, is put forward in *Pending Heaven*. Mr Jones, in this life, is Mr Jones by virtue of his constant anxiety to be helpful to Mr Jones, to go out of his way to serve Mr Jones. When death comes, all that is left of Mr Jones is a soul-liberating feeling that cares not two hoots for the late Mr Jones. Yet, it is possible to argue, Gerhardie says, that this impersonal feeling represents, like the butterfly concealed within the grub, the real, the integral Mr Jones who, having got rid of his bodily shackles, is at last able to be his unrestricted self.

Gerhardie who, as I think his short story "A Bad End" shows, had once been afraid of death, nourished a poetic yearning for immortality which was in no way supported by sentimentality.

> The immortality I desire, [he confessed in *Memoirs of a Polyglot*] I cannot imagine, for the immortality I can imagine I am wise enough not to desire. My hope is that, if there cannot, must not, be a heaven according to my present liking, there will be one according to a view of things to which I shall be won over.

As a natural optimist he was "fully confident" in his survival after death; as a natural realist "I would not care to stake £5 on it, if it came to the point". That, in 1931, was the extent to which he was inclined to take belief on faith.

THREE YEARS LATER his beliefs had completely altered. In *Memoirs of a Polyglot* he had first suggested the possibility of an alternative state of immortality—a Mr Jones "suffused with memories mellowed by this distance of time into poetry, rightly defined as 'emotion recollected in tranquillity.' " It is this view of a Mr Jones *in excelsis* to which he was won over while writing *Resurrection*, and it is this conception which he explores in his novel.

Resurrection is an adventure story—a "thought-adventure" as Walter Allen calls it—of a novelist who, in the book, is writing a novel to be called *Resurrection*. Early on, while resting before a London ball, the hero wakes to find himself detached from the gross envelope of his body, an astral projection unconfined by the prison of time and space. Following this occult experience, he goes that night to the ball at which, against a background of social comedy, this theme is taken up and developed into a passionate argument for the immortality of the soul, illustrated by the recollections of a year rich in travel and having the power to evoke a vanished lifetime in a day.

When I first read William Gerhardie's books some fifteen years ago, I was under the impression that he had already achieved, in a permanent form, the state of immortality about which he wrote with such eloquence. *Resurrection*, it seemed to me, was his masterpiece. Rereading his books now I am still of that opinion. It is, as Toynbee has written, "an astonishing Proustian masterpiece . . . which embraces more of Gerhardie, more of his attitudes, personality and literary achievement than any other". But it is also, as Hugh Kingsmill warned readers in his Preface to the 1948 edition, "a bewilderingly rich book in which it is easy to lose the way." Many have done just this. To Aleister Crowley, the Great Beast 666, Gerhardie figured as a dangerous rival in the world of coloured magic. "You are right to brush aside Gerhardie's vague experiments and half-baked metaphysics," Crowley urged James Agate (4 October 1934). "Why not listen to those who have given a life's work to the subject?" But Agate would not listen, and the Great Beast continued to shake his head in wonder at the attention Gerhardie's single astral projection had attracted: "Why, I've 'ad 'undreds!" he complained.

Resurrection is not a volume of hocus-pocus. Some critics, it is true, have questioned whether it is a novel in the accepted sense; but such classifications are beside the point. It is

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perhaps what *Tristram Shandy* was supposed to be, Kingsmill once observed, but wasn't. The form which it takes, in its originality, may appear strange at first, but this is no arid literary experiment. The shape and style, even the highly self-absorbed tone which Graham Greene described as "an impudence if we did not feel it as a charm," are all dictated by the unusual material and what Gerhardie needed to structure out of it. As one grows familiar with the book one begins to appreciate that it is so comprehensive in plan, to use the words of Edwin Muir, "that no better form could have been devised for the writer's purpose of describing an experience of his in which his soul leaves his body, and from this experience setting out to demonstrate the immortality of the soul."

Resurrection is a philosophical not a scientific work. Its significance is not simply that it convinced Gerhardie that we do not die, but that it has revealed to him a poetically invaluable stereoscopic illumination of transfigured reality. As witty as *Futility* or *The Polyglots*, it displays a dialectical genius and a power of poetic invention that many would not have suspected in these earlier novels.

"In the present I am held in a vice by the future," Gerhardie reflects. "But if I strive to live in the future I am held in a vice by images of the past. However much I twist and turn, I am doomed to live in the past. Only in death can I redeem the present—be free to roam in it at will." This underlying theme he subsequently formulated in the phrase "Nothing is until it is over." To the future, to immortality itself, he looks forward with a sense of nostalgia. "A man's real life," Hugh Kingsmill explained in his lucid critique of *Resurrection*:

> . . . is not in his desires, so engrossing till they are realised, nor in his projects, so clear in anticipation, so vague in recollection, but in the feelings and images, irrelevant to his purposes, which float above him as he presses forward, the hound Habit and the bitch Anxiety at his heels, what is left of him by the one being torn to rags by the other. Only in the realm of memory is he safe: "From here he can retrace his steps in their world and the two dogs cannot touch him; so he lives his life over again, lingering in the roads and lanes through which he has fled with the two angry hounds at his heels, and this time it is good."
>
> To illustrate his meaning, Gerhardie narrates the story of a certain year in his life. In this narrative, a masterpiece of imaginative humour, the humour is rooted in a perception not of what is socially incongruous, humour's usual subject matter, but of what is spiritually incongruous. The habit, which still lingers on, of regarding humour and religious insight as incompatible derives from the Old Testament conception of the divine. In the presence of an angry God, as of an angry employer, schoolmaster or drill-sergeant, the range of humour is necessarily a narrow one. Humour and the universe have enlarged their boundaries together, and the subject matter of humour in its highest development is the other side of ecstasy, the soul looking back at its strange movements when it was tethered to the tree of Time, as ecstasy is the soul untethered and content. So after the narrative comes the vision—"Dream on, tall elms in windy sunshine. Grow green and young. Oaks, send up your sap through lusty hollows! Trees, stretch out your branches, drink with your leafy lungs the ocean air! And I'll live on. . . ."

QUITE DIFFERENT in mood, though still unmistakably Gerhardiesque, was his next novel, *Of Mortal Love*, which I suspect to be his own favourite. It is a simple love story, its narrative extending like a chain of tiny trigger movements releasing enormous emotional forces. The characters, especially the enchanting and wayward Dinah, may behave superficially or appear rootless: but the theme of the novel is a profound and ambitious one—a charting of the development of human love, through succeeding stages, from the erotic to the imaginative—the very theme, in reverse, of Donne's poem *The Ecstasy*.

Few things are more difficult to achieve than unsentimentalised simplicity. The book was first published in 1936, but there is evidence to show that Gerhardie had been engaged on it as early as 1920. A love story, pure and simple, was always one of his most cherished literary ambitions, but from year to year he would postpone it for writing less fragile and elusive. Urged by Katherine Mansfield in 1922 not to abandon it, he continued steadily, if intermittently, to bring it to fulfilment. Even after the first publication he considerably reshaped its structure for a new edition that was brought out thirteen years later.

Of Mortal Love is remarkable for its carefully-pitched tone—a deft blending of humour, pathos, and tenderness that is exactly appropriate for revealing the mystery of the love it chronicles. Its form is most skilfully and deliberately wrought, yet the mood is one of complete naturalness, and it achieves a miraculous mixture of candour and sophistication. "Nothing in the world comes between Mr Gerhardie and the true expression of his feelings," C. P. Snow has written of this novel, "—without the slightest trace of moral vanity, without any preconception of what one is expected to feel, he just sets down what his emotions truly are, in simplicity of heart, in a spirit free from shame, both innocent and penitential."

For twenty years Gerhardie was extraordinarily prolific. Besides his novels and short stories he wrote a critical study, *Anton Chekhov*, (1923), which is spoken of as a standard work in modern Russia and a brilliant autobiography, *Memoirs of a Polyglot* (1931). He collaborated with

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Hugh Kingsmill on a book about Casanova; with Prince Leopold Loewenstein-Wertheim on a manual of detailed character studies through self-analysis; and with Brian Lunn on a fantastic history of mankind presented through the imaginary experiences of Satan. In 1938 came his last novel, the Dickensian *My Wife's the Least of It;* and two years later his final work, a massive study of the Romanov dynasty which is substantially a history of Russia. Then silence.

THERE HAVE BEEN A NUMBER OF attempts to revive serious interest in his work during the last thirty years, but by far the most ambitious of these is represented in the revised definitive edition of his works that Macdonald is now preparing. Gerhardie has never lacked admirers. "He is one of the immortals," Olivia Manning wrote of him. "He is our Gogol's overcoat. We all come out of him". One possible reason for his unjust neglect is suggested by comparing his career with that of E. M. Forster. Forster's six novels were written over a period of nineteen years; Gerhardie's seven over sixteen years. In addition, both produced a volume of short stories, *The Celestial Omnibus* and *Pretty Creatures*, and published several non-fiction titles. Forster's reputation subsequently swelled with every year he failed to write a novel. But while, with nervous modesty, he backed further and further into the limelight, Gerhardie, "a novelist of at least equivalent stature and achievement" in Philip Toynbee's estimation, seemed to be swaggering off the literary stage altogether. Forster's disciples have always, almost unanimously, agreed that his masterpiece was *A Passage to India*, followed by *Howard's End*. But among Gerhardie's followers there has been no such consensus. Robert Nye has singled out *Of Mortal Love*—"a sort of prolonged and infinitely complicated orgasm of the imagination"—as his finest novel; but Anthony Powell wrote that the material in *Of Mortal Love* sometimes seems to be not quite sufficiently assimilated by the author: "that is by the high standards set by *The Polyglots*." It would not be going too far, he added, to say that *The Polyglots* was "a classic"—whatever Edith Wharton, who much preferred *Futility*, "may have thought to the contrary". On the other hand, Arnold Bennett's favourite was *Jazz and Jasper* (a novel for which Edith Wharton had not a good word) until it was displaced in his affections by *Pending Heaven* (described by Edith Wharton as "a peach"). To this I should perhaps add that *Resurrection*, my own first choice, is dismissed by C. P. Snow, one of Gerhardie's most appreciative critics, as "not my favourite".

This critical disagreement has created a confusing situation, and readers approaching Gerhardie's work for the first time might well do worse than start with *Memoirs of a Polyglot*. From this autobiography they will learn, of course, many facts about the author. His life has been full of "odd and incredible events", as the poet Michael Ivens has written.

> In 1930, for example, he had set out for Africa to buy himself a harem and found himself, by accident, sharing a cabin with Himmler. The then unknown Nazi official was captivated by Gerhardie's project which, after an excellent start in which Himmler politely carried William's case ashore and, as an apothecary's son-in-law, obligingly sniffed at the anti-flea powder Gerhardie was prudently buying at a French chemist's, ended in a series of Gerhardiean mishaps . . . Then there was the unfortunate affair of the collapse of the entire plumbing system in Edith Wharton's château because of half a loaf jettisoned by him down a lavatory, and the story of the prolonged deposit of an urn containing his father's ashes in the left-luggage of a Paris railway station.

But it is not primarily for its information, not even simply for its marvellous spirit of comedy that *Memoirs of a Polyglot* is a permanently valuable book. This value comes from its self-revelation, in particular from its revelation of Gerhardie's literary personality, and his technique of making life a vocation and distilling it in fiction.

> It is the book of a man who has found his way through the world by the light of his own lamp, [wrote Desmond MacCarthy]. Like Mr George Moore he was born candid, and his subtlety springs from a kind of childishness . . . Valuing himself for having preserved—without the smallest effort, by the by—his integrity of vision through life, he naturally takes a detached view of his general behaviour, and can record his faults, follies and failures with amusement or unblushing curiosity.

The new re-issue of his works comes at an appropriate time. The last thirty years, though silent, have not been uneventful. Gerhardie has lived the life of a London hermit, locked and bolted in his flat without newspapers or television or sometimes even radio and heating, his only link with the outside world an endless telephone line, and the remembrance of things past. But in room after room of this flat, stacked in innumerable cardboard boxes, a new novel, *This Present Breath*, has been gradually and with meticulous care evolving. And the answer to those who may have felt anxiety over Gerhardie's creative future must lie with this tetralogy in one volume, over which he has been working for almost quarter of a century, and which bears its epigraph from Dante's *Paradiso: Legato con amore in un volume.*

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London

BUST UP: *The bra is dead, but its uplift lingers on in a punster's paradise created by its historian, Wallace Reyburn. His book "Bust-Up" published today by Macdonald, reveals its inventor as one Otto Titzling, whose name, unaccountably, never passed into the language.*

Titzling had a bust-up with his father, who was also an engineer of sorts. He built bridges. The trouble was that father's hoardings proclaiming "Put your trust in a Titzling" were readily translated as, "Put your bust in a titsling."

Titzling junior, Hamburg born, first designed a chest halter in 1910 to raise the sagging fortunes of a robust Icelandic opera singer called Swanhilda with whom he roomed in New York. He died in 1942, after a thrusting career in Hollywood, never suspecting that his emancipating invention would be cast off in the name of women's lib.

THE GUARDIAN

London

ORAL MANIPULATION: *It is amazing how many varieties of meaning attach to common words like "shit" when employed by Black Americans, depending on how the emphasis is placed, to signify approval, anger, or pleasure, disgust or disbelief. This can be done simply by the use of either the long or short vowel. Some notation to indicate the number of possible variations (and sometimes the unnerving polarities possible within a single word) would be a great assistance to the uninitiated in grasping the creative genius Black Americans show in the oral manipuation of language.*

THE GUARDIAN

Madrid

"REPRESSIVE TOLERANCE," OR JUST DOING THEIR OWN (FASCIST) THING: Youths smashed the windows of three Madrid book stores early today, poured red paint over a bust of Pablo Picasso exhibited in one and destroyed books, the police said.

The youths hurled stones with the names of Communist leaders painted on them and left leaflets behind saying that they were members of "the anti-Marxist fighting command." The stores all sold politically liberal books and art.

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

New York City

NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR BIKE CHAINS: *A few weeks ago* [*writes a reader*] *I complained to The Voice readership about my second bicycle being stolen, whereupon I was labelled by Walter Freeman as having the "oppressor-establishment psychology," since the theft was a* Political act [*his roman*] (*Voice Letters, November 11*).

But what Freeman does not understand is that the conditions of the proletariat must reach a certain low point before the time is ripe for the overthrow of the bourgeoisie. What the thief did—by the amelioration of his bikeless state—was only to prolong the period we must endure this capitalist phase of history. Indeed, one might well argue that I was encouraging the final triumph of the people by audacity to own a three-speed bike.

THE VILLAGE VOICE

Manchester

ACCENT ON ACCENTS: Roy Jenkins, leader of the pro-Common Market rebels in the Labour Party, and Lawrence Daly, the anti-European mineworkers' leader, met on a London to Manchester express yesterday. A belligerent Mr Daly said to the deputy Labour leader: "I respect your integrity, but why don't you resign?"

Mr Jenkins: "But if I did that now Labour's MPs would not have a choice. But it will all be resolved next week in the new elections."

Mr Daly: "Roy, as a miner's son, how did you get an accent like that?"

Mr Jenkins, in his impeccable Knightsbridge tones: "Because I had a bad education."

DAILY MAIL

London

FOUR-LETTER WORDS? *The Communist daily, the "Morning Star," has become too highbrow for some of its readers, if resolutions for the party's congress this weekend are anything to go by.*

Cambridge University Communists detect a "patronising tenor" in editorials and Park Branch, Ilford, complains that too often articles, like party publications, are "incomprehensible to the average working-class reader."

It thinks the paper should be written in "working-class language."

DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

PRESTIGIOUS: *I am dismayed* [*writes a reader to the "Daily Mail"*] *to find a slovenliness in the use of words: you fall into the current schoolboyish error of using the word "prestigious" as though it had some connection with the word "prestige." It hasn't.*

Rather the reverse. Its origin is in juggling or legerdemain and by extension, "illusory," "deceptive," even "deceitful." I expect better of you.

I DISAGREE [*replies the "Mail" writer*]. *One of the beauties of the English language is its infinite capacity for the change and development of meaning.*

I am content to rest with Fowler's "Modern English Usage": "Vogue words get worn out and others take their place. Slipshod extensions consolidate their new positions. Barbarisms become respected members of the vocabulary." Thus Modern Usage dictates that "prestigious" means that which is worthy of prestige or high esteem. I shall continue to use that definition.

DAILY MAIL

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LETTERS

Theatre & (French) Politics

I HAVE JUST read with great satisfaction John Weightman's review of *1789* in the December number of ENCOUNTER. He need not fear being in a minority of one. Any historian of this period who, like myself, had the misfortune to suffer an evening of this ghastly palimpsest of travesties, will count himself among the critics. Every ecstatic review was further salt in the wound—so that Weightman has come as balm, for which many many thanks. I, too, had intended to go to the discussion but was so dismayed by the experience of the play the evening before that I couldn't face it. I anticipated exactly the situation described. Perhaps a useful antidote would be Flaubert's description of the pseudo-Jacobins of 1848 in the *Education Sentimentale*, but I doubt if any *evidence* can wean the children of Marx-and-Coca Cola from the same diet of frothing romanticism first perpetrated by Michelet.

Frankly to place Michelet and Mnouchkine in the same category is to do the old man severe injustice. At least he knew what happened and rarely lied about it. My own revulsion at the proceedings in the Round House was simply due to the appalling mangling of very simple historical evidence received in the service of the fantasies of the Left. I may say that I count myself, God help me, a Socialist, and have not the slightest objection in principle to carnival theatre as such. I had rather anticipated and hoped that it would deal with the side-show theatre of the Palais Royal and the *boulevardes* of the next century—and possibly with the theatre of the revolution itself, but no such luck. Instead there was an infantile farrago of historical events. I suppose this response is at least partly a matter of indignities done to one's vested interests, but I can't help feeling that even the most Marxist of historians of the Revolution would share the view that his is hard and complicated work, not the caricature presented in *1789*.

The presentation of episodes was predictably and depressingly selective. Obviously there were no September massacres because Mnouchkine's hero Marat (at which point I went very queasy in the stomach) would have emerged in a less than heroic light. The blatant falsifications are too numerous to list—but the presentation of the *cahiers* I found almost more hair-raising than anything else, since they are one of the basic sources of information about the incidence of rural taxation for any student of the *ancien régime*. Any glance at the *cahiers* of the Third Estate of a rural province would (and probably did) tell her that they are full of complaints about the tithe, the *champart*, the *banalités* and all the other afflictions which in her account are suppressed by the winsome gullibility of the poor peasant and the ruthless machinations of the bourgeois. Poor Alfred Cobban, Richard Cobb, poor Clio—this idiotic woman has done more to set the popular impression of the French Revolution back by decades than all the combined canon of Marxist historiography, at *last* on the defensive about the thesis of the "bourgeois revolution."

PERHAPS THIS KIND OF PANTOMIME is more distressing to anyone who feels himself part of the Left than to others. (Wasn't it Marx who called 1848 a tragicomedy played by a provincial troupe of players?) Because it's just such *divertissements* which not only vulgarise history but act as *ersatz*-ideologies for a socialist intelligentsia. I suppose it was a lurid augury of things to come when the students chose the *Odéon* for their endlessly tedious debates in May 1968 on the Novus Ordo Mark II. Poor Barrault—hoist with his own petard. One review (I can't remember which) claimed that leaving *1789* one was filled with a kind of euphoric happiness. Personally I felt as euphoric as a tub of brimstone, but for those who did the revolution and them-there-common-people became a great hoop-la of infant delights, a fairy tale in which the Goodknight People smote the Witch Privilege and the Dragon Bourgeois and all lived happily ever after.

Sideshow history may be fine as entertainment. As an attempt to relate historical truth it should be treated no more seriously than the costume extravaganzas of the telly-Tudors. Lies dressed up in theatrical ingenuity become gaudier lies. The Left has quite enough mythology to be going on with; it does its past, and for that matter its future, no service to add to the burden of its fantasies.

SIMON SCHAMA

Christ's College,
Cambridge

Havelock Ellis

IN HIS ARTICLE on "Havelock Ellis & Company" [ENCOUNTER, December] Arthur Calder-Marshall provides a wealth of gossipy biographical detail in an extremely authoritative tone. One wonders how much of this would stand up to academic scrutiny in view of the fact that (for instance) simply by reference to a good atlas it is possible to discover that there is no such geographical entity as "Kanga Creek"—the place where Calder-Marshall alleges Ellis taught. Ellis wrote a short novel entitled *Kanga Creek* which he explicitly states in his autobiography is *based on* the year he spent as the only teacher at a remote bush school at *Sparkes Creek*, near Scone, New South Wales.

As a matter of interest, this is only one of the many places at which he taught (badly) during his four years in Australia, but was indeed the one at which he lost his Christianity and found his vocation. Having visited the area in question, I can assure you that there was not much else to find there!

MARGARET COOMBS

London

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Disestablishing Science?

Dr Bronowski's Reply to His Critics

I AM PUZZLED by the high sound of passion in some of the comments that you have published on my proposal for the Disestablishment of Science [ENCOUNTER, July]. Anthony Wedgwood Benn fears that I have gone over to totalitarianism; Eugene Rabinowitch suspects me of conspiring to set up a separate scientific lobby. Nothing in my analysis or my scheme gives any grounds for these emotional responses: we had better go back to what I originally wrote in my article in your pages.

I began by showing that the problem of conscience that scientists now face goes much deeper than the familiar issue of their share in war work. The open morality of intellectuals in general, and scientists in particular, is fundamentally at odds with the remoteness, the secrecy, the apparatus of evasion that governments have erected between themselves and the public. Yet the individual research worker depends more than ever on money granted to him by a government department, and so on the good will of the department. There is, therefore, a growing danger that science is identified in the public mind with the government establishment and its itch for power.

That was my diagnosis. By way of remedy, I proposed three steps. *First*, unless a scientist is willing to work inside a government department, he should refuse all monies that are dispensed directly by departments. *Second*, we should press for the pooling of all these monies in a single research fund, which would be divided by scientists themselves with the help of community representatives who are not spokesmen for official policies. And *third*, we should begin to explode the anachronism of national policies and rivalries, by moving to make the research pool international.

I turn now to the comments that you publish in your September issue. It is clear that my diagnosis is accepted in substance by all the writers, except Wedgwood Benn. He objects that, in my strictures on the credibility of recent governments, I make no distinction between democratic and totalitarian governments. He is right; but my reason is not indifference to democracy—quite the contrary: I am alarmed to see democratic statesmen aping the totalitarian disregard for the public, and I quoted chapter and verse for that.

As for my proposals, which are confined to fundamental research in the universities, nowhere do they threaten the public with a dictatorship of scientists on the one hand, or (on the other hand) with the withdrawal of scientists from the more general, social problems in which we all share as citizens. Sir Peter Medawar and Gerard Piel evidently accept that: the gist of Professor Medawar's letter in particular is that things are quietly going my way anyway, and that the allocation of research funds to scientists by scientists without partisan strings is becoming a norm, in one disguise or another. I am less optimistic or less trusting. I do not believe that such deep changes come about without open action; but otherwise there is no difference in principle between us. I would certainly applaud Piel's extension, that my single research fund should serve the arts, humanities and sciences together.

I GO ON TO THE long and scattered argument by Edward Shils that you publish in your November issue. My article ran to 8 pages in all; Shils' comments on only some parts of it occupy 6 pages. Of course I am flattered by so much detailed attention, but I naturally wonder, as your readers must: Why the disproportionate length? The reason soon becomes clear. Shils is giving an exposition of quite a different scheme from mine, and much of his space is spent in dressing up his implausible Aunt Sally to put in place of my scheme—it is what I must have meant, he says, or ought to have meant, never mind how far it departs from the standards for science that I advance. So the reader is told that I propose that "the government should turn over to the scientists, in a lump sum, the equivalent of what it has been spending on research and development, including, of course, military research and development"; that I am "thinking of *applied*, as well as fundamental, research throughout"; that my proposal "implicitly includes scientists working in industrial research"; that it "clearly intends that the scientists exercise great power over government"; and that my "programme rests on the belief that scientists are the best custodians of the common good." I am opposed to every one of these propositions that Shils fathers on me; on the contrary, I believe them to be foolish, impractical, and harmful; and they are out of keeping with my central aim, which is visibly to remove the scientist (and every intellectual) from the alliance with power-seekers. Shils reaches the ultimate absurdity when he denies the testimony by Hubert Bloch that my scheme is now well established in Switzerland, on the ground that I ought logically to forbid the Swiss government and industries to undertake any direct research of their own!

When I advocated the Disestablishment of Science, I did not know that it had already been practised for many years in Switzerland, quite on the lines that I proposed. I ought to blush for my ignorance; but since it has had the happy result of confounding the wilder alarums in the critical comments, I cannot suppress a modest delight. There is really nothing to stop us now: it works.

J. BRONOWSKI

The Salk Institute,
La Jolla, California

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WHEN, ONE DAY, *the history of the intellectuals in our time comes to be written, there will be two remarkable entries for Maxim Gorky. The Russians, after all, invented the word "intelligentsia", and perhaps they know best its tragic ordeals. One entry, inevitably, will record Gorky's famous* trahison. *But this is, of course, well known—how he returned from exile in Italy to become one of Stalin's abysmal "engineers of the soul." He took a high post and sang the song of Soviet success. In that dismal year of 1930, dark with starvation and the onset of purges, he grandiloquently announced that "Millions of eyes begin to gleam with the same joyous flame. . . ." When he visited the Siberian corrective labour camps he found the inmates to be nothing less than "heroes" of socialist reconstruction, happily undergoing the soundest form of penal therapy. I remember as a boy reading his famous "humanist" address to the illustrious Paris Writers Congress of 1935 (Malraux and Pasternak were there). He was, for a brief interlude, an effective persuader, as he apostrophised the birth of a New Man, "reading Shelley in the original. . . ." And when Stalin, in his murderous wrath, turned on heretics and dissenters, Gorky argued in one of his stylish short sentences: "If the enemy does not surrender, he will be exterminated. . . ." (It could be that Gorky himself was, subsequently, exterminated; Richard Hare, in his biography, writes that "we still do not know for certain.")*

This was Maxim Gorky at his worst, and this much is notoriously certain. The spectacle of his monstrous behaviour recently moved one East European intellectual, full of personal bitterness at Gorky being quoted at him in a GPU prison, to a cry of unforgiving outrage (see: Tibor Szamuely, in The Spectator, *14 August 1971).*

But what few of us were certain about, until just the other day, was the "other Gorky." I can recall once hearing Irakli Tseretelli, the gentle president of the Russian Duma during the 1917 Revolution, make the generous reminder (years later, in New York exile) that Gorky had tried to defend him against Bolshevik hooliganism. Boris Nicolaevsky, sometime member of the Marx-Engels Institute in Moscow, once showed me some rare copies of "Novaya Zhizn," Gorky's weekly paper during the Revolution, to which not even the complete Soviet bibliography makes a reference, for it has to this day been completely consigned to the Orwellian memory-hole.

And Bertram D. Wolfe has recently published that infamous memorandum, prepared at Lenin's request by his wife, Krupskaya, which outlined in 1923 the new Index of forbidden books for Soviet libraries (and it included the works of Plato, Kant, Schopenhauer, Solovyiev, Taine, Ruskin, Nietzsche, and Tolstoy). It was this which horrified Gorky so much that he wrote angrily from Capri that he intended to renounce his Soviet citizenship!

NOW WE KNOW MORE. *A full collection of Maxim Gorky's regular articles in his "New Life" weekly during 1917-1918 has now been made available in English.*[1] *And, at long last, it gives him his moment of glory in the chequered history of the modern intelligentsia.*

Gorky's paper did not endure for long. He was permitted to write as he pleased only for a single year of the Revolution. The first number appeared in April 1917, and one of his first editorials announced: "We strove for freedom of speech in order to be able to speak and write the truth." The last numbers appeared in the summer of 1918 when he was leading a campaign against "lies, slander, and violence" and, on Lenin's personal orders, the paper was shut down. But in this one volume of his collected articles he has managed to preserve for us an immensely valuable, and indeed unforgettable, record of the spiritual crisis of a Revolution—as revealing in its way of the revolutionary ambivalence in 1917 on the ideals of freedom, tolerance, and law, as Madison's papers are on 1776 or Condorcet's fragments on 1789.

For it clearly took no process of "disenchantment", no god-that-failed, for Gorky to come to grips with truths and realities. From the beginning, i.e. *from the downfall of the Tsarist monarchy in February 1917, he had few illusions about the difficulties and dangers facing the liberal democratisation and the cultural modernisation of Russian society. There was an old obvious enemy on the Right —the forces of restoration, vindictive, anti-Semitic, autocratic, desperate. There was also, increasingly, a new enemy on the Left—the cold, ruthless, irresponsible ideologues whom he called "the maniacs of a beautiful idea." We hear little in these pages of the former, but mainly of the dramatic tension with the latter until his paper falls victim to that not unfamiliar species of radical militance which fights for freedom, but never on behalf of those who think differently.*

THE CONFLICT WAS, *in a word, with the Bolsheviks—and how furiously Gorky fought it one would never ever guess from reading, say, the so-called historical accounts by Leon*

[1] Maxim Gorky, *Untimely Thoughts: Essays on Revolution, Culture and the Bolsheviks* (tr. and ed. by Herman Ermolaev), published by the Garnstone Press, London, and Eriksson, New York (1971).

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. . . MAXIM GORKY: The Shame & the Glory

Trotsky or Isaac Deutscher. Gorky saw the dangers of a Leninist putsch early on. But at first he put things generally, even vaguely.

"It is time [he writes on 23 April 1917, in No. 5 of "Novaya Zhizn"] to cultivate in ourselves a feeling of aversion to murder, a feeling of revulsion towards it. . . . Is it possible that the memory of our vile past, the memory of how hundreds and thousands of us were shot in the streets, has implanted in us, too, the calm attitude of the executioner toward the violent death of a man?

"I cannot find harsh enough words to reproach those who try to prove something with bullets, bayonets, or a fist in the face. Were not these the arguments against which we protested, were not these the means of repressing our will, the means by which we were kept in shameful slavery?"

He had hopes that things might become "more honest, kinder, more humane", but he could not avoid seeing that the knives and the revolvers were out on "the brutalised street." He heard the rumours of some "action by the Bolsheviks" during the summer, and he expressed his fear of "all the dark instincts of the crowd." Polemics were beginning to be mounted against him and his weekly, but he stood by his Social Democratic principles: "I consider myself a heretic everywhere."

"No matter in whose hands power rests, I retain my human right to be critical of it. And I am especially suspicious, especially distrustful, of a Russian when he gets power into his hands. Not long ago a slave, he becomes the most unbridled despot as soon as he has the chance to become his neighbour's master."

By the 7th of November he could no longer avoid naming names.

"Lenin, Trotsky, and their companions have already become poisoned with the filthy venom of power, and this is evidenced by their shameful attitude toward freedom of speech, the individual, and the sum total of those rights for the triumph of which democracy struggled.

"Blind fanatics and dishonest adventurers are rushing madly, supposedly along the road to the 'social revolution'; in reality this is the road to anarchy, to the destruction of the proletariat and of the revolution. On this road Lenin and his associates consider it possible to commit all kinds of crimes. . . . I ask: Does the Russian democracy remember the ideas for the triumph of which it struggled against the despotism of the monarchy? . . . Does not Lenin's government, as the Romanov government did, seize and drag off to prison all those who think differently? . . .

"The only honest answer to these questions must be an immediate demand to free the ministers and other innocent people who were arrested, and also to restore freedom of speech in its entirety. Then the sensible elements of the democracy must draw further conclusions; they must decide: Is the road of conspirators and anarchists of Nechayev's type also their road?"

NINE NEWSPAPERS HAD BEEN *suppressed by the People's Commissars for publishing, without changes or editorial comments, the defunct Provisional Government's decree scheduling the meeting of the freely-elected Constituent Assembly (in which the Bolsheviks were, of course, only a minority). Facing discontinuance, too, were the "Zemlya i Volya [Land and Freedom]" of the Socialist-Revolutionaries and the "Novy Luch [New Ray]" of the Mensheviks. Nor was Gorky's own independent paper without danger. In January 1918 a group of militants, objecting to his sharp criticism ("the demonstration was not conducted by you so it is not for you to criticise it"), threatened him with a sales boycott and warned him "soon you will be prohibited." Gorky published their letter and warned darkly against a new "autocracy of political savages." Although at a later time he was to make his reconciliation with them, at the moment he was pulling no punches.*

"Vladimir Lenin is introducing a socialist order in Russia by Nechayev's method—'full steam ahead through the swamp.'

"Both Lenin and Trotsky and all the others who are accompanying them to their ruin in the quagmire of reality . . . cold-bloodedly dishonour the revolution and dishonour the working class by forcing it to organise bloody slaughter and by inciting it to outrages and the arresting of completely innocent people. . . . Imagining themselves to be Napoleons of socialism, the Leninists rant and rave, completing the destruction of Russia. The Russian people will pay for this with lakes of blood.

"Lenin himself, of course, is a man of exceptional strength. For 25 years he stood in the front rank of those who fought for the triumph of socialism. He is one of the most prominent and striking figures of international social democracy. A man of talent, he possesses all the qualities of a 'leader' and also the lack of morality necessary for this role, as well as an utterly pitiless attitude, worthy of a nobleman, toward the lives of the popular masses. . . . Therefore he considers himself justified in performing with the Russian people a cruel experiment which is doomed to failure beforehand. . . .

"This inevitable tragedy does not disturb Lenin, the slave of dogma. . . . Life in all its complexity is unknown to Lenin, he does not know the popular masses, he has not

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Laqueur's "Jewish Question"

MR BENT HANSEN [ENCOUNTER, December] has unwittingly reproduced the arguments of the New Left based on ignorance of history, half-assimilated Marxism, and political slogans. A short gallop through the pages of history may cool his fevered brow.

1. The Jews have never left the Holy Land, not since their last independent stand under Bar Cochba in the 2nd century, A.D. Thus, in 614 they helped the Persians to capture Jerusalem (who were alleged to have carried off the true Cross). In 1099, the Crusaders massacred the Jewish population when Jerusalem fell, but they returned in greater numbers a little later on. Of course, neither the Byzantine Christians nor the Moslems (Turks since 1075) would allow the Jews to become an absolute majority. But that was hardly their fault, and the Jews continued to be an important factor in the population.

2. Jerusalem has had a relative or absolute Jewish majority for as long as records were kept (*i.e.* over one century). Baedeker editions of the late 19th century confirm this.

3. Jerusalem has never been the capital of any country from the time of Bar Cochba to the rise of the present Israel. The Caliphs used Ramlah as their capital and the Turks governed "Southern Syria" from Damascus.

4. Geographically and economically cis-Jordan and Trans-Jordan are one. The League of Nations recognised this in the Palestine Mandate. The Colonial Office, however, partitioned the country for Imperial political expediency (to find a throne for their protégé, the Emir Abdullah).

continued from the previous page

lived with them. But he—from books—has learned how to raise these masses on their hind legs and how—easiest of all—to enrage their instincts. The working class is for a Lenin what ore is for a metal-worker. Is it possible, under all present conditions, to mould a socialist state from this ore? Apparently it is impossible; however—why not try? What does Lenin risk if the experiment should fail?"

Nobody could be blunter. Lenin was "leading the revolution to ruin" and, as for Trotsky: "To frighten by terror and violence those who do not wish to participate in Mr Trotsky's frenzied dance on the ruins of Russia is disgraceful and criminal."

THE ATMOSPHERE GREW *more menacing. The young Stalin had already got himself on the record with a characteristic dictum: "The revolution is not disposed either to pity or to bury its dead." One Red Naval proclamation stated: ". . . for every one of our murdered comrades we shall answer with the death of hundreds and thousands of the rich."* Pravda *reiterated, with only slightly more cautious arithmetic: "For each of our heads—a hundred of yours!" For Gorky this was the "arithmetic of madness": "to me—as, probably, to all those who have not yet completely lost their minds—the stern proclamation of the sailors represents not a cry for justice but the wild roar of unbridled and cowardly beasts."*

Where would it all end? By April 1918 Gorky detected the "readiness for mass-murder of unarmed and absolutely innocent people." (The blood in Bluebeard's Castle, of which George Steiner has been writing, evidently began running a little earlier than he thinks.) ". . . However they threaten me, I will always say that brutes are brutes and idiots are idiots, and that one cannot achieve the triumph of social justice by resorting to murder, violence, and similar methods." Gorky tried to speak of the old ideals: "of conscience, of justice, of respect for man", but the words choked him: "The Russian revolution is perishing."

> *". . . [According to the Bolsheviks] since the people were tortured, they also have the right to torture . . . the right to avenge torture by torture, violence by violence. How can one get out of this circle?"*

The calamitous answer was, alas, that the circle was closed. Gorky's "serious, sensible people", devoted to a new democratic and progressive order for Russia, were "powerless in the turbulence of inflamed passions." He saw that now "Life is governed by people who are in a state of continuous 'excitability and irritability'. . . ." The "sectarians and fanatics and utopians" had taken over. They were, he wrote in June 1918, the representatives only of a "purely external, formal revolutionism", and in their cold asceticism they were "emasculating the creative power of the revolutionary idea."

Worse than that, in their demagogic insistence on "deepening the revolution" they were only deepening the Russian national tragedy for generations to come.

> *"The [people] will have to pay for the mistakes and crimes of their leaders—with thousands of lives and torrents of blood. . . . For the welfare of the Russian people, even a million persons could be killed. . . . Even more can be killed. Why shouldn't they be killed? There are many people in Russia and there are plenty of murderers. . . ."*

IT WAS A *murderous vision, and might well have proved an intolerable burden for a Goya, a Shakespeare, a Nietzsche. How did Maxim Gorky in his years of Italian exile manage to survive it? He should never have returned from Capri.*

M.J.L.

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5. The "Palestinians" already have a State of their own in the total area of Palestine; it measures 32,000 sq. miles as against Israel's 8,000. The fact that they prefer to call it "Jordan" is their affair, but should fool nobody.

6. There need have been no Arab refugees had not the Grand Mufti returned from Nazi Germany and proclaimed death and destruction to the U.N. partition proposals.

7. The Arab argument (used by Mr Hansen) that they should not be asked to make sacrifices for European anti-Semitic excesses, is propaganda which is irrelevant. The fact is that so long as Arab Nationalism was suppressed by the Turks, the French and the British, minorities (including the Jews) had a fair chance. But before the French came in 1830, the position of the Jews in Algeria was deplorable, and it remained so wherever Imperial writs did not run (as in the Yemen). With the rise of Arab Nationalism, the Jewish minority was doomed—Zionism or no Zionism. Other minorities were similarly affected. Iraq celebrated its independence in 1936 by a massacre of its original inhabitants—the Assyrians, who happened to be Christians. In fact, the survivors petitioned the U.N. to resettle them in South America. Greeks, Maltese, Italians and, of course, Jews, were driven out of Libya, Egypt and other countries. More than half the population of Israel consists of penniless refugees from Arab lands, who have placed an intolerable burden on the young State. Mr Hansen is either unaware of this or has suppressed it because it does not suit his thesis.

Finally, would Mr Hansen have the courage to explain to an Iraqi Jew in Israel, whose community was driven out *en masse* from Iraq in 1951 without compensation, that he is a "colon in Jerusalem" and has no right to be there? And that, while it may be unfortunate and unfair to be driven out of a country where your forefathers have lived for 2 millennia, it is generally acceptable in the case of Jews, but is totally unacceptable in the case of an Arab who may have to move a few miles down the road—not even if he is offered compensation?

DAVID PREISKEL

London

Johnson's "Third World"

MUCH OF Gunnar Myrdal's writing has been devoted to explaining the damage to both equality and economic growth done by controls (*e.g., Asian Drama,* chapter 19 and Appendix 8) and to proposing greater reliance on prices. This was also the theme of Harry Johnson's article in ENCOUNTER, October 1971. Nowhere has Myrdal explicitly or implicitly told "the leaders and thinkers of [underdeveloped] countries that they are the completely helpless victims of absolute social determinism" (Johnson's letter in ENCOUNTER, January 1972, p.96). Indeed, Myrdal has always set his face against any trace of determinism, although he regards politics as part of society rather than autonomous. It is therefore hard to see why Harry Johnson singles him and his followers out as representatives of such views. There remains one point of real difference. Myrdal does believe that "insults" and "condescension" towards these leaders and thinkers—with which Johnson charges him and his followers—belong to the language of diplomacy, not of social inquiry (*Asian Drama,* Appendix 1). The international fraternity of scholars should not recognise the sensibility of politicians when stupidity and wickedness, or the touchiness of colleagues when scientific pretensions are exposed.

PAUL STREETEN

Queen Elizabeth House,
Oxford

AS A LONG-TIME ASSOCIATE of Gunnar Myrdal and a scholar of international repute in his own right, Paul Streeten is certainly entitled to a respectful hearing of his defence of Myrdal. However, Myrdal has left his mark on development economics for good or ill; and the flavour of that mark is not altered by the fact that, in places, Myrdal recognises that prices have a function and should be relied on more.

"Determinism" is admittedly a tricky concept, and my remarks on that score were directed more at my own critic's specific views than at Myrdal's general methodology. But rightly or wrongly I do discern in conceptual approaches such as Myrdal's—or for that matter Galbraith's—which depict society as a static disequilibrium system that can only be budged by the "proper" kind of political change, a form of determinism in sharp contrast to the view that society is in a process of evolutionary change.

On the question of "insults" and "condescension", I would draw a line between the proposition that all politicians are necessarily venal to some degree—and the social scientist is entitled and ought to say so when necessary—and the proposition that politicians in less developed countries are culturally condemned to be so unless guided by the superior wisdom of western social scientists. I would also draw a line between what a man writes (or perhaps merely signs) about his methodology and what he communicates by his attitudes. It is a basic fallacy of the Myrdal approach, in my view, to believe that explication of one's methodology is a purifying ritual that entitles one to lay claim to the odour of sanctity.

HARRY G. JOHNSON

London School of
Economics and Politcial Science

Flaubertian Trick

IT WAS NICE to see my old pal François Bondy doing another of his amiable dissections of M. Sartre. Greetings through these pages, François. A small correction as well: *The Stoic Comedians* is Hugh Kenner's fine book, not Roger Shattuck's. You were probably playing flaubertian tricks. Thus the *Dictionnaire* on *Auteur: "On doit 'connaitre des auteurs'; inutile de savoir leurs noms."*

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Black Panthers (continuing story of)* . . .

Los Angeles

THE NUDE BODY *was that of a young black woman. It was found stuffed in a sleeping bag November 12 in a gutter in the Los Angeles suburb of Lynwood. An autopsy showed the woman was in late pregnancy. She had been shot twice in the right arm, once in the left leg, once in the stomach and—finally—in the head. Some time, perhaps several hours, had elapsed between the first and final bullets as evidenced by the swelling of the leg.*

That same day, a Friday, Superior Court Judge George Dell issued a bench warrant for the arrest of Saundra Pratt, 23. Dell had been struggling since July to complete the trial of 13 Black Panthers and Mrs Pratt had held up the proceedings before by failing to appear in the courtroom. Now, Dell was ready to revoke her bail.

The warrant was never served for the reason that Mrs Pratt was the woman in the sleeping bag. Her identification was printed in the newspapers and broadcast that weekend.

When the trial was about to resume the next Monday morning in the Hall of Justice in downtown Los Angeles, chaos broke loose in the courtroom. Six Negro men, brought in from a holding tank, suddenly attacked the six other defendants in the case, including two women. Blood spurted from faces, two men wrestled on the floor, chairs were overturned, curses rang through the room.

THE RIOT WAS NOT *ended until a dozen deputies poured into the room with revolvers drawn. Only then were the attackers subdued. One of them was Elmer Pratt, 29, known among the Panthers as "Geronimo". He was Saundra Pratt's husband.*

Almost a month elapsed. Then, on 7 December, construction men tore down boarded doors and windows in an abandoned Los Angeles apartment building to begin renovation. On the floor they found the unconscious form of a young Negro woman. She had been shot in the temple and left to die.

At USC-County Medical Center she was identified as Marcia Blake, 25. She was a Black Panther, a friend of the Pratts. By early last week she had sufficiently recovered so that a police officer talked with her but there was no indication she had identified her assailant.

"The Panthers are like the Mafia," another police investigator said. "No matter what happens between them they won't talk to the law about it."

No arrests have been made in either case. It appeared that Mrs Pratt had been tortured in an attempt to get information but that was only speculation. However, to those who had followed the bitter dissension within the Black Panther Party it was obvious that the vendetta had reached the point where the women as well as the men are now to be the bloody victims of the power struggle between Huey Newton and his one time close friend, Eldridge Cleaver.

Newton, the handsome young black of great charisma, and Cleaver, by far the cleverest of the Panthers and author of the best seller "Soul on Ice," had worked in warm harmony when Cleaver joined the party shortly after it was formed in Oakland, California, in 1966. Newton had the title of "Minister of Defense and Supreme Commander." Cleaver was "Minister of Information" but his influence was far greater than the title implied. He was actually the party theoretician.

WHEN NEWTON *was jailed in late 1967 after the fatal shooting of an Oakland policeman, Cleaver became, de facto, top man. But he kept overt allegiance to Newton, pushing the Panther exhortation to "Free Huey." But he also began building his own empire, appointing his deputies to high party posts. One of them was Elmer Pratt, a Vietnam veteran who was trained in guerrilla warfare. Pratt was named Deputy Minister of Defense and head of the Panthers in Southern California. Cleaver himself had served half a dozen*

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* See: Melvin J. Lasky, "A Reading of the Black Panther" (ENCOUNTER, January 1971); Colin MacInnes, "A Dissent" (March 1971); Martin Kilson, "The 'Put-On' of Black Panther Rhetoric" (April 1971).

In a reply to critics (March, pp. 95–97), such splinter groups were characterised as "inevitable (and even understandable) excrescences, always painful, often ugly and poisonous." A further point was made:

> When we consider the actual history of the reforms which have improved man's lot, given him fairer shares and greater personal rights, it is not the desperadoes who have persisted over generations, educating and organising and legislating, until real meliorative turning-points have been reached. They are the heroes only in their own short-lived melodramas. Except for a few tragic circumstances when such small bands of "barbarians of virtue"—full of love for Man in general, and of hate for the mankind around them—managed to come to power, revolutionary noises are their specialty and only achievement.

This is being increasingly confirmed by recent events.

As we go to press, the final stages of the internecine warfare between various Black extremist factions appear to have been reached. After horrendous denunciations of each other ("Stokely Carmichael is a CIA agent," etc.), Eldridge Cleaver, who had been called "a neo-fascist adventurer", has definitively split with Huey Newton and Bobby Seale, who have been called "the new Uncle Toms of the Honkies." Still in Algiers, Cleaver will now (according to a statement in the *Herald Tribune*, 19 Jan.) be devoting his long-distance efforts to "urban guerrilla activities" as a member of the "Afro-American Liberation Army."

Meanwhile, back on the domestic front, the *New York Times* (19 Dec.) reported the following about the leader whose group had organised the murder of two Black Panthers in California: "*Los Angeles.*—Ron Karenga, black nationalist, filed suit Thursday for a divorce from his wife, Brenda, who now lives in Bristol, Va. Karenga is currently serving a term of 1 to 10 years for torturing two women followers with a hot soldering iron and a vise because he feared they planned to poison him." ED. NOTE

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. . . Consequences of Violence

years in jail on charges ranging from robbery to rape to assault. In late 1968, he was charged with violation of parole for carrying a concealed weapon. Freed on a $50,000 bond, he fled the country—first to Cuba and then to Algeria where he set up a Panther "Headquarters-in-Exile."

Once Cleaver fled the country, the power vacuum soon was being filled by two of Newton's top lieutenants—"Chief of Staff" David Hilliard and "Chairman" Bobby Seale who had been co-founder of the party along with Newton. Then in September, 1970, Newton was released on $50,000 bail. Last Wednesday in Oakland, manslaughter charges were completely dropped against him (after three mistrials). No sooner had Newton been freed than the power battle was joined. Newton began "purging" Cleaver appointees, withdrawing for one thing Elmer Pratt's authority—an act which Pratt ignored. The Cleaver faction was not slow to react. Two of Newton's emissaries were murdered in New York.

THEN BEGAN *the great war of manifestos and communiques from bases 8,000 miles apart—Cleaver in "exile" in Algeria and Newton in a $550-a-month high-rise apartment overlooking a lake in Oakland.*

Cleaver said the only answer for justice for the blacks and a revolutionary overthrow of the American system was "guerrilla warfare." You can only get justice from the end of a gun, he said. And he promised to return and lead the guerrilla movement himself. Newton, in Oakland, was on the other hand trying to change the "image" of the Panthers from a party devoted to violent confrontation. He said in a speech last April that the Panthers were going to get involved in the church and in the overall black community. "The Black Panther Party was formed to oppose evils in society. We thought of ourselves in the vanguard of a people who wanted things changed. However, when we looked around we found we weren't in the vanguard of anything. When we moved in the manner we did and to the extent we did, we lost the favour of the black community and left them behind."

Newton was especially critical of Pratt's handling of a four-hour shootout with police at party headquarters in Los Angeles in December, 1969, in which three policemen and six Panthers were wounded. It was at the trial on that case that the riot broke out.

THE ESCALATION *to the present slaughter of women came after Cleaver's wife, Kathleen, returned to the United States last October and proclaimed that Eldridge would follow soon, go underground and lead a guerrilla warfare uprising.*

A man who has been personally familiar with the Panthers for the past two years foresees the intramural killings being stepped up even more. "This started out as a political power struggle. . . . But now it's a love-hate relationship. These people were once very close but now they are turning on each other and in a personal way and once you get women being killed there is no chance of any dealing."

United Press International

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ENCOUNTER Magazine is published in London by Encounter Ltd. (59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS).

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY WATMOUGHS LIMITED, IDLE, BRADFORD; AND LONDON

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